The Indiana Years 1903-1941

> Walter B. Hendrickson

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The Indiana
Years
1903-1941

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For Walter B. Hendrickson, Jr.

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The Indiana Years



INTRODUCTION

Walter brookfield Hendrickson was born in Indianapolis on September 24, 1903, the elder son of Edward ("Ed") Grey Hendrickson (1870-1916) and Margaret ("Maggie") Magee Short Hendrickson (1880-1961). The Hendricksons were members of the up-and-coming middle class who were working to establish themselves in Indianapolis's business community, and their history is a somewhat typical one, reflecting American values and life-styles and city ways in the early part of the century. In this memoir Walter Hendrickson, who grew up to be an historian, serves as the historian of his own childhood and of the Indianapolis that nurtured him.

Ed Hendrickson, the memoirist's father, was one of eight children born to James and Rebecca Hendrickson, who had settled in Connersville in the 1870s. James Hendrickson seems to have been a harness maker. Ed, the second son, was handicapped from birth by a crooked spine and humpback; however, he was gifted with a quick intelligence, a curious mind, and an attractive manner. After completing grammar school in Connersville he moved to Indianapolis and attended business college. Through his work as a shorthand reporter for the Indianapolis Journal, Hendrickson became a member of Albert J. Beveridge's staff, and he moved to Washington with Senator Beveridge in 1899, an experience that helped him throughout his life. Hendrickson returned to Indianapolis about a year later and found a job with the Indianapolis and Martinsville Electric Railway as an accountant.

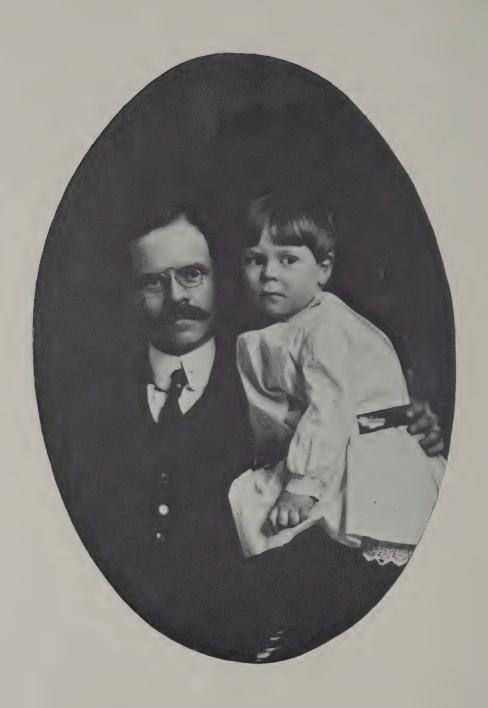
Maggie Short was the elder daughter of Ephraim Walter Short, a Louisville commission merchant, and Mariah Shively. Mariah Short died in childbirth when Maggie was five years old, leaving her two daughters to be reared by a stepmother, who taught them fancy sewing. Ephraim Short encountered business problems following the panic of 1893 and also began to suffer from alcoholism. Maggie dropped out of school at about this time, completing the seventh grade. The Short family moved to Indianapolis in 1900, where the stepmother kept a boarding house and the stepdaughters found employment as milliners.

Ed Hendrickson and Maggie Short were married in 1901, and their sons were born in 1903 and 1905. Hendrickson remained with the interurban company until 1907, when he became the assistant treasurer of the Indianapolis and New Long Distance Telephone Companies. During these years he supplemented his income with home industries: manufacturing face cream and sharpening razor blades. By 1909, however, Hendrickson had moved into a responsible position as bookkeeper for the Bedford Stone and Construction Company, important Indiana builders, and in the ensuing six years was promoted to office manager and then to secretary of the firm. These years were the "golden days" of Walter Hendrickson's childhood memories, and the family lived a comfortable life. This period was ended by the sudden illness of the family breadwinner in 1915 and his death a year later after a somewhat agonizing period of trying to make ends meet.

Walter Hendrickson began to work part time in 1915, before his twelfth birthday, in order to help out at home, and throughout all of his adolescence and teenage years he worked in a variety of jobs to help support himself. He worked his way through high school, college, and years later through graduate school; and the record of his widely varying jobs and the skills each required is a useful introduction to half a dozen businesses in this period. Hendrickson was graduated from grammar school in 1917 and from Shortridge High School in 1920. After exploratory years at Butler (1920-1921) and Purdue University (1921-1923), Hendrickson returned to Butler and was graduated with a B.S. in business administration in 1927.

In 1927 Hendrickson went to work for L.S. Avres and Company, a major department store in Indianapolis, as a management trainee. After several years as an assistant buyer, Hendrickson became a "section manager"—a floorwalker—and his career in retail sales was thwarted by the depression. In 1929 Hendrickson married Dorris Walsh, a fellow student from Butler days, after she completed her M.A. at Smith College. With her encouragement within a few years Hendrickson began to consider an alternative career, and in 1932 he began to take graduate courses in history at the Indiana University Extension Center in Indianapolis (now Indiana University/Purdue University at Indianapolis). By 1936 he had completed his M.A. in history. At the suggestion of his teachers at Indiana University in Bloomington Hendrickson completed his Ph.D. at Harvard University, receiving his degree in 1941. He was hired to teach at MacMurray College for Women in Jacksonville, Illinois, in the fall of 1940 and remained at MacMurray, which became co-ed in 1957, until his retirement in 1968.

Hendrickson's memoir is, among other things, a meticulous recreation of the routines of daily life in the early decades of this century, illuminated by Hendrickson's remarkable memory of what interested him as a child. For readers who never saw an ice wagon or an electric streetcar or an Indian pageant, Hendrickson's account will create an unfamiliar world. For those who share his memories, "The Indiana Years" will be a vivid exercise in nostalgia.



Edward Grey Hendrickson and son Walter, about 1906

CHAPTER ONE

EARLIEST YEARS

I was born in indianapolis on september 24, 1903. My two names, Walter Brookfield, were the middle names of my two grandfathers. The only known remarkable incident that accompanied my birth was that a Dr. Clark delivered me at home while he was dressed in evening clothes. He had been called from a dinner party for the occasion and presumably returned to the festivities. My birth made so little impression on him that the next morning he failed to register my advent into the world with the city statistical agency. This was not a matter of concern until many years later when I had to prove by documentary evidence that I had been born. Fortunately my mother could remember the event and certified to my arrival.

Mine was an exciting and eventful childhood, as is that of every person. It is only as adults that we think of childhood as a period of humdrum, everyday events that are only a prelude to adulthood. In my early years we made three moves of residence, and each was an occasion for adapting to new surroundings, new things to do, and new friends to make.

I was born in a house (long since demolished) in about the 1500 block of Cornell Avenue, a respectable neighborhood of lower middle-class rental property. From the little house on Cornell Avenue when I was two or three years old, we moved to a somewhat larger place on Kenwood Avenue just north of

Twenty-second Street.¹ It was in a middle-class neighborhood, mostly white collar, whereas Cornell Avenue was in a blue collar area. The move was symbolic of the upward mobility of my father, who now had a clerical job with the New Telephone Company,² so-called in contrast to the established Bell Company. It was at the house on Kenwood that I became aware of my younger brother, Robert Edward, born on November 7, 1905.

Two of the new friends the family made were "Uncle" Fred and "Aunt" Dolly Schneider (they preferred to be called "Snider"), who lived across the street in a bungalow, bright with flowers in the summertime. Uncle Fred was a bookkeeper for the Kingan Company, meat packers. Other new friends were "Uncle" Oscar and "Aunt" (?) Matthews, who lived in a large gray house on the corner of Twenty-second Street. Both couples were senior to my mother but contemporary with my father, who was ten years older than my mother. I called the Schneiders and the Matthewses aunt and uncle because my parents called them by their first names, and it would have been too formal for me to have called them Mr. and Mrs. The Schneiders had a teenage daughter who had a job and was married while we lived in the neighborhood. The Matthewses' daughter was in the third or fourth grade and occasionally paid attention to me, a fouryear-old baby. One June, after school was out, she gave me her used drawing book, which much impressed me, and I did my best to copy the lessons.

I was a frequent visitor in the Matthews and Schneider houses. Aunt Dolly was a meticulous housekeeper, who impressed on me that I must wipe my feet so that I would not

¹ Family tradition claimed Newman Street, not far from Cornell Avenue, as the Hendricksons' residence, but city directories identify the Hendricksons' address as 1505 Cornell Avenue in 1903, and 614 North Alabama from 1904 to 1907.

² Edward G. Hendrickson was listed in the city directory for 1907 as an assistant treasurer for the Indianapolis and New Long Distance Telephone Companies, 230 North Meridian Street.

track dust into the house. Kenwood was carefully graded, with sidewalks and buried sewers, but it was unpaved. Nor must I get my feet on the cushions nor disturb the crocheted antimacassars that graced the upholstered furniture. But Aunt Dolly was a good cook, and I could always count on a cookie or a piece of cake whenever I called on her.

I do not recall much about Mrs. Matthews, but I was on good terms with Uncle Oscar, a traveling salesman who was home only on weekends. He invited me into his den, a cosy room with a mission oak table and a morris chair. I thought it was great fun to help Uncle Oscar adjust the rod that regulated the slant of the chair so that he could take his ease. He was a dedicated cigar smoker. Because his wife would not let him light up in the living room, and thus smoke up the lace curtains, he could only indulge his habit in the den where he entertained me by blowing smoke rings. I enjoyed this masculine companionship and was properly impressed when I was allowed to admire the large bowl-shaped ashtray, the interior lining of which, under glass, consisted of red, blue, green, and gold cigar bands.

Our small house, half of a "double," was modern; that is, it had an inside toilet and bath and was centrally heated by a furnace in the cellar. There were electric chandeliers in each room, but they were combined with gas lights. The latter used Welsbach mantles, and we lighted them occasionally; perhaps the electricity was not dependable. The Welsbach mantle was an invention from Germany. It was a short, candle-shaped cylinder that slipped over the yellow gas flame. The mantle was made of a thorium or cerium metal woven into a mesh. When the gas was lit the mantle glowed with a white incandescence that was superior to the open yellow gas flame. Mantles were very fragile, however, and had to be handled carefully when raised so that the gas could be ignited with a kitchen match. It was a breath-holding experience. The electric lights were weak carbon filament lamps and were not as bright as the mantled gas flame.

It may have been that there was a gas cooking stove in the

kitchen, but I do not remember it; I know that once a week the Standard Oil Company wagon, drawn by a single horse, went up and down our street and left a square, oblong gallon can of kerosene—coal oil—on our porch, and picked up an empty. Therefore I presume that we had an oil stove; it may have been that, like many homes, the cooking was done on a coal or wood stove in the winter and in the summer on an oil stove placed on the back porch which was called a "summer kitchen."

A few years ago I was reminded of one of the exciting events in my early childhood, when, in an antique dealer's display, I saw a wooden wagon on four wheels, with an advertisement for "Berry's Varnishes" on the side. My brother and I had such a vehicle when we lived at Twenty-second and Kenwood. It was thirty-six inches long by fifteen wide and very deep. It was carefully made of good soft pine, and the corners were expertly dovetailed. It was yellow, and the advertisement was in red paint. We played with this handsome and unusual wagon all one summer, but we left it out from cover in the next winter. The dampness of snow and rain penetrated the paint, the wood warped and all the joints came loose. In the spring the wagon was hauled away with the trash.

My father and mother were happy with each other, but my father, quite properly for the time, was the dominant personality, and my mother was content to be a homemaker. Her early training in sewing under her stepmother, and then as apprentice in a millinery shop, stood her in good stead as she made dresses and hats for herself and shirtwaists, pants, and pajamas for my brother and me. My father never denied her anything that would make work easier around the house, and I do not remember when she did not have her Singer sewing machine. Later she had a fine washing machine and a vacuum cleaner.

For many years the family suffered no hardships or disasters, and my father, who continued to rise up the economic ladder to better paying jobs, was a good provider. He was a skilled bookkeeper and office worker, but he was not satisfied with his eight-to-five, six-day-a-week job, and sought various

means of increasing his income, perhaps to lead him to become an independent businessman. The first endeavor was the manufacture and sale of "Snowdrift Face Cream." Formulae for such emollients were readily available, as were those for headache powder and other medicines, liniments, soaps, and furniture polish and other household mixtures which could be made at home. Recipe and formula books were steady sellers, as they had been for years, and my father was a ready reader of them; he was squarely in the middle of the American proclivity to invent objects that seemed to be needed, and which could be produced in a household industry with all the family participating.

His face cream was made of glycerine, a rose scent, and a soft, solid material called stearin. The ingredients were combined to make a nongreasy, easy-to-use vanishing cream. The mixing was first done with a hand-operated egg or cream whipper in a glass jar that held about a quart. The materials and the tools were purchased at a wholesale druggist supply store. When the cream was thoroughly whipped, it was placed in small white jars, and the "Snowdrift" label, designed by my father, was attached. It was a good product, and the samples that were passed out by my father to his friends and co-workers were much liked. The amount of money invested in this enterprise was trifling compared to the market price of the product. My father was successful in a small way, eventually acquiring a whipper which would produce larger quantities. He did more advertising and even placed his product in two or three drugstores. After a few years, however, when nothing much seemed to happen, the face cream business was closed in favor of a safety razor blade-sharpening endeavor.

From what I remember about the face cream business, it is clear to me that even at the age of five or six I was interested in business; otherwise so many details would not stick in my mind. Also, I was set an example of the gospel of work in practice. All my life I have been sympathetic toward it, even though I eventually found that I was not really good enough at it to be a suc-

cess, and so, after half a lifetime, I abandoned business to move into the academic world.

. . .

When I was five years old, in 1908 or 1909, the family moved to a new address at 3014 Kenwood Avenue, half of a double, but larger and in a better neighborhood, because my father was making a larger salary. Now he was employed by the Bedford Stone and Construction Company, with limestone quarries in Lawrence County, Indiana. Indiana limestone was, and still is, one of the premier building materials in the United States. The president of the company was Harry S. New, politician and businessman, who had been associated with the Indianapolis Journal at the time my father had worked there. He had been a state senator from 1896 to 1900, and he would later serve a term as United States senator (1917-1923) and as postmaster general in the Harding and Coolidge administrations. Senator New was one of several acquaintances from my father's days as a reporter. While they helped him to get ahead in the world, I am sure that he was an efficient and hardworking bookkeeper who was intelligent and willing to shoulder responsibility. I suppose his crooked spine and humpback also inspired concern in the minds of his friends, and they gave him whatever breaks came along.

The Bedford Stone Company was joined with the Bedford Construction Company in a corporate relationship, and it was a hustling and growing company. Among several Indianapolis buildings it constructed was the Fletcher Trust Building. When it was completed, the Bedford Company moved its offices there,³ and it was shortly thereafter my father joined the company.

I visited this office, which was on an upper floor, with Mother

³ When Edward Hendrickson first joined the Bedford Stone and Construction Company, its office was located in the Traction Terminal Building on the northwest corner of Illinois and Market streets. *Indianapolis City*

and my brother, and I was greatly impressed with the ride up the elevator with its open-grill doors. On the main floor there was an elevator starter, a man in uniform, who ushered us into the elevator car.

My father's office, in which there were two or three desks, was one of a suite of rooms. From the outer office my father took us into the private office of President New—Senator New, everyone called him—who got up from his desk to greet my mother and to pat my brother and me on our heads. He was one of the old-fashioned school of politicians, and he wore their livery, a white vest, a black string tie, and a black "campaign" hat. Back in the other room, I sat in my father's desk chair, and then went to the window to look over the rooftops of the city and survey the Soldiers and Sailors Monument that towered over everything else.

As time went on my father was promoted to office manager and finally to secretary of the company. The latter office required that he gather the necessary papers and take the interurban to Bedford to attend the meetings of the board of directors. There was much excitement at home when he went to one of these meetings, because it required an overnight stay, and my mother scurried about to see that his valise or "grip" was properly packed.

My father made the acquaintance of many people in im-

Directory, 1909, pp. 223, 1311. The company moved sometime in 1915 to the Fletcher Trust Building at 18-20 East Market Street. *Ibid.*, 1915, pp. 228, 539.

The Indianapolis Star, January 26, 1915, described the Fletcher Trust Building soon after its completion: "When the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company moved into its new building at Pennsylvania and Market streets yesterday it opened a banking home of which the entire state will be proud. The new bank's home is not fitted with gorgeous decorations, but with a wonderfully dignified and attractive design of Tavernelle Claire marble in splendid columns reaching three stories high combined with decorations of ivory and gray and adorned with a bit of gilt."

portant positions in the company, including the directors and officers, as well as the subcontractors and suppliers of materials. Occasionally my mother and we children were invited to social functions at the homes of some of these men. One was a Sunday afternoon tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Strathmann, the vice-president and general manager of the company, at their fine residence on North Meridian Street. Bob and I especially enjoyed the large garden of this house and the cookies that were given to us. Mother was always a little nervous on such occasions, and kept careful watch over us to see that we did not disgrace my father.

Our home at 3014 Kenwood was the south half of a double house painted white and with a small railed-in front porch. It had three rooms down and three up, with the rooms in a line. Downstairs were the living room, dining room, and kitchen. The stairs went up out of the dining room. Upstairs were three bedrooms opening off a long hall with a bathroom at the back. My mother and father had the large front room; Bob and I shared the smaller middle room; and the even smaller back room was used as a sewing room. My father also carried on his safety razor blade-sharpening business there. My brother and I used a whitepainted iron bed with foot and head like humps on a camel, and we frequently rode on the foot, using a pillow as a saddle, because the bed frame was made of small iron rods bent to shape. The house was completely modern, with bath and electricity, and it was centrally heated from a coal-burning furnace in the cellar.

One of the first purchases my father and mother made for the house was an electric washing machine. It was a large wooden tub which operated in a reciprocating fashion, so that the water was sloshed through the clothes which were held down by a heavy round board with holes allowing the water to flow freely. The machine was called the "1900 Washer," which meant it was up-to-date and in tune with the new things of the twentieth century. There was a ringer attached to the machine, but it was operated by hand. The tub was filled by hand and drained from a bunghole in the side. Some years later, when we had a proper laundry room, the tub was filled and emptied by means of a hose. When the machine was scrapped, the electric motor was saved, and it still serves in my workshop as the motive force for my bench grinder.

As I have said, my father always provided whatever household equipment my mother wanted, but I feel that he must have been especially pleased with the washer, because of his fascination with machines and other modern things. Of course, my mother, with two small boys to be kept in clean clothes, was very glad to have her washing chores lightened. She always saw to it that we had a bath about four o'clock every day, at which time we were put into fresh clothes from the skin out, and we were expected to refrain from play activity that might muss them. After supper we were allowed to play freely again, and the next morning we put on the same blouse and knee pants that we had worn the evening before and kept them on until the afternoon cleanup. The daily bath and fresh garments were a ritual that was absolutely inflexible. No cries of "Wait a minute," or "Do I have to?" ever swayed my mother from presenting two shiny clean children to my father when he came home from the office.

Mother washed clothes once a week. Even if she did have her "1900 Washer" which saved her a lot of hard work, still she had to heat water on the stove, if it was summertime, and she had to fill and empty the tub and manage the wringer, all by hand. Wash day was usually the traditional Monday, and clothes were hung in the backyard in the summer and in the attic in the winter. Ironing was done on Tuesday, and mother used what were even then old-fashioned flatirons. She thought them better than the newfangled kind with detachable handles. I suppose, however, that she had an electric iron as soon as it was available.

Our home at 3014 Kenwood was ideally located for an exciting and varied child life. It was three houses from Thirtieth Street, a major east and west thoroughfare that was heavily traveled by horse-drawn vehicles and by a few motor cars. In 1911, the last year we lived there, the first annual Indianapolis 500 mile automobile race was held. Thirtieth was a main route to the Speedway. It was one of the few crosstown streets that was paved, so it attracted large numbers of vehicles of all kinds, and we spent many hours observing them. I do not remember how far east Thirtieth Street went, but westward it extended for two miles to Riverside Park on the banks of White River. This was an amusement park with various rides, games, and a roller skating rink, but it also had a free children's playground, baseball diamonds, and tennis courts. We visited the park occasionally, but we could not go there directly by streetcar. We had to take the car down to the center of the city and transfer to the Riverside Park line. But this did not bother me; the more often and longer were the streetcar rides I could take, the better I liked it. Long after we left the neighborhood a bus line was established on Thirtieth Street, thus providing crosstown transportation.

There was always something to see and hear on Thirtieth Street, not the least of which was what went on at the firehouse, on the southwest corner of the intersection with Kenwood. We were not allowed to cross over there, except on rare occasions when my father took us to see the fire drill. This occurred twice a day—at 8 A.M. and 6 P.M. At these times a bell was rung (an electric bell that had a harsh, continuous ring), the stall doors were opened, and the horses ran briskly toward the front of the station. They stopped, one on each side of the tongue of the fire vehicle, and the fireman released the harness, which was suspended overhead, and buckled it in place. The firemen themselves had, at the sound of the bell, dropped whatever they were doing. Those who were upstairs slid down the brass pole, and all took their places on the fire apparatus. The horses were large,

especially bred for speed and stamina, and the firemen kept them beautifully groomed. The drill was soon over, but it was a thrilling sight for two small boys.

Even if we could not cross the street very often and watch the fire drill, we could stay on our side of the street and hear the sound of the bell and the thunder of the horses' hooves on the wood-planked floor and imagine what was going on. Also, from our side of the street we could watch the firemen as they gathered on the shady side of the fire station after their work was done, leaning back in their fire station chairs and exchanging stories with their fellows and adult visitors. Firemen were very rough and rude toward boys who attempted to loiter about the station, but there always seemed to be plenty of visiting adults. While we couldn't see them unless they were outside, we knew that checkers and card games were continuously in progress.

But the actual response of the fire company to an alarm was the greatest thrill for us. The sounding of the bell and the thud of hooves preceded by only a minute or two the opening of the firehouse doors and the appearance of the shining black upright boiler with glistening brass bands. Just in front of the boiler was the pump itself. Smoke began to pour out of the chimney as the firemen got up steam so that the pump would be operating when they reached the fire. The pump was hooked up with a fire hydrant near the scene of the fire and forced water through the heavy canvas hose that was carried by the hose cart that closely followed the engine to the fire. At some stations there was a third piece of equipment—the hook-and-ladder truck, which carried the ladders, axes, and other fire fighting needs. There was a trailing black cloud of smoke as the engine got under way, and the firemen in their black rubber raincoats and hats nonchalantly rode the back steps, swaving with the motion of the flying vehicles. It was only a moment until the whole show was out of sight, but the bells pounded by the feet of the drivers continued to be heard for another minute.

Indianapolis, like most larger cities, had a telegraph system



Fire station at Thirtieth and Kenwood

Bass Photo

for alerting fire fighters to an alarm. On the corners of the city streets were red iron boxes with small glass windows. Hanging next to the windows were little iron hammers. The instructions molded into the fire alarm box said to "break the glass and pull down the lever" that was inside the glass window. Pulling the lever sent a telegraph signal into a central office. From the signal the operator could tell where the alarm was located. He then sent a telegraph message to the fire company nearest the alarm box. The message was registered on a paper tape by punching dots and dashes, a process that I witnessed one time when my father took me to the firehouse. The telegraph system was called the "Gamewell" system, and I had it all carefully explained to me when, at about the age of nine, I read a book called *The Young Fire Fighter*, or some such title.

Another point of interest in our neighborhood was the corner of Thirtieth and Illinois streets, one block east of Kenwood. Illinois Street was a major north-south throughway upon which ran the Illinois electric street railway line. The streetcars themselves were an exciting focus of interest. They ran about every ten minutes both ways. From downtown Indianapolis, they went first to Crown Hill Cemetery at Thirty-fourth Street and Boulevard Place, and then north to Fairview Park, an amusement and picnic park a mile west of Boulevard Place at Forty-sixth Street. There was also an extension of the line north from the intersection of Thirty-fourth and Illinois streets to Fortieth Street. The important thing to me at the age of six was that the Illinois line was a major route and served a well-populated area of the city. This meant that streetcars ran with sufficient frequency for me to watch two or three cars come to screeching stops during the half hour or so that I was at the corner with my mother while she did her shopping. I also very occasionally had the great pleasure of climbing up the steps into the streetcar and riding downtown with my mother.

The streetcars of my childhood, and youth, too, for they continued to be much the same for many years, were comparatively heavy. (The earliest streetcars were short, four-wheel affairs, not much longer than the horsecars that preceded them.) My streetcars had four-wheel trucks fore and aft and were operated by two men—the motorman who staved in the cab at the front end, and the conductor who rode inside and collected fares. The motorman managed the throttle which controlled the speed, and the handle that regulated the air brakes. I recall how amazed I was at what was called the "deadman's throttle." It was an arrangement by which, if the motorman passed out for some reason, such as a heart attack, thus taking his foot off the deadman's throttle, the power was shut off and the car would glide to a halt. So, to operate the car, the motorman had to keep his foot on the deadman's throttle while at the same time he regulated the speed by means of the controller (a large handle) with one hand and with the other he set and released the air brakes. At the same time, with his other foot, he pounded a large metal knob on the floor that made contact with a raucous bell on which he tromped as the car started, causing everyone to look out the windows to see what was happening. If he rang the bell wildly while the car was in motion, it usually meant that someone or something was threatening to get on the track.

Streetcars had open rear platforms, and there was an iron pipe rail by means of which people could assist themselves to climb the steps and board the car. The rail was also something to hold on to while the passengers opened the sliding door into the car. At the front end, at which passengers could board the car, there was a small vestibule with a sliding door. From the vestibule I could look into the cab in which the motorman rode. I always tried to get my mother to get on the car this way so that I could peek into the cab. Another vantage point was the front seats inside the car from which one could look through the window and observe the motorman doing his four-limb performance.

But mother preferred to get on at the back end, because there was more room in which she could maneuver her two small boys up the steps and through the door. I always took as long as possible to get on the car at the back end, because I could watch the older boys and men who rode out there. This was a daring thing to do because the car swayed and bumped along when top speed was reached. Also sometimes I could watch the conductor lean over the back end and replace the trolley which had gotten off the wire because of a fast stop.

This was only one of the conductor's duties. He usually stood by the rear door where he could see when all the passengers were safely aboard, and then he pulled a cord that ran overhead the length of the car. The cord was attached to a bell that the motorman could hear. Two pulls on the cord meant go and one pull meant stop. There were also buttons by each of the windows, which, when pushed, rang a buzzer and told the motorman that a passenger wanted to get off at the next stop. The other principal task of the conductor was to collect tickets from the passengers. Tickets, which were sold by the conductor, were five cents, six for a quarter, and twenty-five for a dollar. The six for a quarter kind were blue and the twenty-five for a dollar were brown. There was a picture of the Indianapolis Soldiers and Sailors Monument on both. As the conductor took a ticket, he punched it. Each conductor had a punch with a different symbol-star, half-moon, square, etc.-so that the man that took a particular ticket could be identified. I suppose this had something to do with the counting of tickets by the bookkeepers. The conductor's punch was kept in one of the several leatherbound pockets of his blue uniform coat. In between stops for passengers, the conductor put away his punch and counted the tickets he had taken. When he accumulated fifty, he reached into another pocket and got out a rubber band and put it around the bunch of tickets. The bundles were deposited in still another pocket. I know about these rubber bands because one conductor, perhaps trying to be friendly, or maybe he was a tease who liked

to annoy, put a rubber band around my ear and I didn't like it. I felt a little better when he allowed me to keep the rubber band. The conductor was a busy man; he took tickets and he sold tickets, called out the name of each street as we approached, and signaled the motorman when to start and stop. Since some passengers got on the front end of the car, he had to go the length of the car to collect tickets. If the car was full, and there were passengers standing, he had to push his way through the crowd. During rush hours it was not always possible for the conductor to collect tickets from everyone, and some alighted at their destination with their tickets still in their hands, pleased that they had had a free ride.

During my life in Indianapolis, I saw many changes in the kinds of streetcars and the way in which they were operated. During the First World War, in order to save coal, which was used to generate electricity, the streetcars adopted a skip-stop system, so that they would have to be stopped and started only half as many times, thus saving electricity and coal. Pay-as-you-enter was later introduced. It was a labor-saving measure because it eliminated the conductor. The motorman's cab was opened up, and passengers could enter only at the front end, where, under the eye of the motorman, people deposited the fare in a collection box. With the collection boxes, paper tickets were replaced by metal tokens.

And, of course, in Indianapolis, as elsewhere, motor buses were introduced. There was a brief period in which there were privately operated Ford touring cars which carried passengers over a regular route. They were called "Jitneys," because they charged a nickel a ride. They were eventually banned because they were not very safe. The bus company was soon absorbed by the streetcar company and by the mid-twenties buses were operating in all parts of the city. But streetcars continued to be the principal means of transportation during my childhood and youth. We never owned an automobile then, and so the swaying, jolting rides on the streetcars, the buzz of the signal

buttons, and the loud and sometimes frantic ring of the bell to warn people off the track, were very familiar to me. There was an excitement in riding a closed car, and looking out the window at the houses and people and horses and dogs that seemed to flash by my eyes. This was mild, however, compared to riding on the summer cars, which were put in service with the first warm days of summer. I suppose they were used on all the lines, but I particularly remember going out to Fairview Park sitting on the broad wooden seat of an open car and being able to look in every direction at the scenes that streaked by. The wind blew in our faces and mussed our hair, and we got wet if a sudden rain came before the curtains could be pulled down. I envied the older boys and men who stood on the running board, held on to the hand holds by which the passengers hoisted themselves up into the seats, and courted the danger of losing their grip and falling off as the car went around a curve.

There were still other things at Thirtieth and Illinois streets for me to see and do besides watch the streetcars go by. At this corner was the equivalent of a modern shopping center. There was a drugstore, a grocery or two, a dry goods store, a shoe repair shop, a plumber's shop, a dentist, a physician, a bank, a branch post office, a bakery, a barber shop, and other shops and stores.

In the days before automobiles at intervals along the main lines of transportation there were clusters of shops like that at Thirtieth and Illinois streets. Some had more or fewer businesses, and there were different combinations. In general they were located within walking distance of a considerable population. On Illinois Street they were located at Thirty-fourth, Thirtieth, Twenty-second, and Sixteenth streets, as well as at points both nearer to downtown and farther out. Many of the businesses were "Mom and Pop" enterprises, and they were open as early in the morning as customers appeared and stayed open as long as necessary to serve latecomers. We did not patronize all the stores at our corner shopping center; usually I was just conscious of their presence. Many household needs were

met by peddlers and door-to-door salesmen. We did visit the grocery store occasionally, but mostly mother obtained groceries by calling on the phone to place her order, which was delivered to our kitchen.

Mother did go to the dry goods store once in a while, but mostly she went downtown to buy the materials she used in making our clothes, because the big department stores had a better selection of fabrics. But she picked up items such as needles, pins, thread, and other "notions" at the corner store. The same was true for our shoes, and about the only kind we bought at the neighborhood store were our summer sandals. We did make use of the services of the shoe repairman, who put new heels and soles on our shoes and replaced lost buttons. Even though we did not go into all the stores, we always looked into the windows as we passed or while we waited for the streetcar.

Our favorite store was the drugstore. It not only sold medicines—prescriptions and patent medicines like cough syrup. headache powders, tonics, and salves—but also toiletries, wallpaper, house paint, and a multitude of other "sundries." Of more interest to us children was the case of penny candies and the stock of toys: tops, kites, rubber balls, jacks, and marbles. We also liked the soda fountain. Not only did we enjoy the ice cream sodas, but we were charmed by the magnificence of the marble front, the large lamp with a multi-faceted colored-glass shade, the shining metal of the fixtures, and the mirrored back bar. Our favorite mixed drink was an ice cream soda, a large glass of creamy fiz with solid fruit and ice cream in the bottom, which we had to dig out with a long-handled spoon. While the glass was seved in a metal holder with a handle, a soda was not meant to be drunk. Proper etiquette required that the liquid should be sucked through a paper straw, but the consumer should not "hit bottom," for then an uncouth, noisy bubble of air would be drawn up through the straw. We sat around a marble-topped table whose legs were made of wrought iron. There was a little table for small children, but we never sat at it because by then we were too big—five and seven years old.

On one well-remembered occasion we had Coca Cola, which was considered to be a daring thing to drink. When first put on the market, it did contain a small amount of the product of the coca tree, which was also the source for cocaine. But my father, sophisticated and enlightened as he was, knew that there was nothing dangerous about it now. The coca derivative was replaced by a small amount of caffeine, which is what gave the partaker a lift. The reason we were drinking Coke was that the Coca Cola Company had passed out free coupons in our neighborhood. From this start so early in life, I became a lifetime Coca Cola addict.

. . .

I have mentioned that many items were delivered to our home, including ice for our icebox. The driver of a two-horse wagon with high sides carried 500-pound blocks of ice. The Polar Ice and Fuel Company⁴ was our supplier. As the iceman drove slowly along Kenwood Avenue, he kept a sharp lookout for the ice card that housewives placed in a window or hung on the front porch rail. The ice card was a foot square with the numbers 25, 50, 75, and 100 on each side, or sometimes diagonally in the corners. This told the iceman how many pounds was wanted, and he stood on a step on the back of his wagon to use an ice pick to cut off the required amount. If it was just a 25- or 50-pound piece, he caught it in the sharp points of his ice tongs and carried it into the kitchen. If it was a larger piece, he placed a heavy burlap sack over his shoulder, hoisted the ice onto it, and strode off. Icemen were all big-muscled.

We had an icebox that was like a chest. It sat firmly on the floor and had a lid that was lifted up so that the piece of ice could be dropped in. The butter, milk, and whatever else needed refrigeration were placed around the block of ice. There was a hole in

⁴ Located at the corner of Twentieth Street and Northwestern Avenue. *Indianapolis City Directory*, 1909.

the bottom of the box, and water from the melting ice dripped into a shallow pan. The "pan under the icebox" had to be emptied at least once a day, and father and mother reminded each other that it had to be done before they went to bed.

While the iceman was in the house, we children climbed onto the back step of the wagon and helped ourselves to the shards of ice that were left from the chipping operation. We kept a close watch for the iceman, and when he started back to his wagon, we quickly scattered. Once mounted on the high seat, he drove on, and the bolder ones among us tried to hop on the rear step and ride along. The trick was to be able to hop off before the iceman made his next stop, and to stay hidden until he made a call on another customer.

About the time we were using the old-fashioned and inconvenient icebox, a new and more efficient upright "refrigerator" was introduced. It had a large compartment for ice on one side and another with shelves for food on the other side. Below the ice chamber was a compartment that was the coldest place in the refrigerator. Through it ran a drain pipe down to the "pan under the refrigerator." Whereas the icebox had a heavy lid to keep it as airtight as possible, each compartment of the refrigerator had a separate door with a handle that was easily operated but provided a tight seal.

Some people had the mistaken idea that if the melting of the ice could be slowed down, they could save money. They therefore covered the block of ice with a heavy layer of newspaper. As a matter of fact, the coldest temperature was provided when there was a steady melting of the ice and consequent cooling of the air in the refrigerator. We soon had one of the new refrigerators, and I do not recall that my mother ever used newspaper, probably because my father, with his practical mind, explained why the newspaper application was self-defeating. In most houses, ice was brought in only in the warm months; when the weather got cold, refrigeration was provided by placing the perishables in a covered box on the back porch. Some people

placed their refrigerator on the back porch all year, and kept food in it summer and winter.

The Polar Ice and Fuel Company kept its employees busy in the winter by delivering coal. The same wagons were used, and coal, like ice, was delivered to the point of consumption. In our case that meant that it was wheeled in a barrow around the side of the house to a cellar window, and then poured into the coal bin close by the furnace. In some apartments and houses that used stoves, the coal was delivered in large canvas sacks that the coal man hoisted onto his shoulder. He then carried it to an inside coal closet, or other container.

Another home-delivered necessity was milk. During my boyhood, "sanitary dairies" were operating, and pasteurization of milk was required by city ordinance. We were served by a milkman who drove a one-horse wagon that had low steps on each side of the center section. This enabled the milkman to step easily from his wagon and carry bottles of milk in a wire basket up to the front porch of his customer. Usually he knew from experience what each housewife wanted, but if she changed her mind, she left a note for him in the empty bottle that was put out to be exchanged for a full one. We did not get to see the milkman very often because he came early in the morning, but when we did, we watched to see if his horse was properly trained so that it would automatically stop at the customer's house and start again when the milkman hopped back aboard. Most milk wagon horses, and those of other delivery services, could do this.

Another door-to-door salesman that played a large part in the household economy was the coffee, tea, and spice man (called "the coffee man"). The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company had a nationwide network of merchants who made home deliveries. Jewel Tea and Coffee Company was another national chain, and there were numerous smaller local operations. My mother sometimes traded with the King Koffee Kompany. The advantage of buying from such itinerants was that they gave coupons that could be redeemed for kitchenware, dishes, or other house-

hold objects. There were also the vegetable and fruit men. They were usually gardeners who lived near the city and grew table vegetables. Some were professional peddlers who purchased their wares from the merchants on commission row down by the railroad tracks. In the traditional manner the vegetable and fruit men called their wares, and the housewives came out to the wagon to pick out what they wanted to buy. In season the gardeners and peddlers would have full wagons of a single fruit or vegetable such as strawberries or watermelons or green corn or potatoes. Also, we often heard the cries of the junkman who bought old metal and rags, and the tinker who repaired tin cooking ware (less frequently heard as aluminum came into more general use). Then there was the scissors grinder and knife sharpener who carried his grindstone on his back. Among those who called on the housewives were the insurance men. Prudential and other companies sold life insurance policies in small amounts at a nickel or dime or quarter a week as premiums. My father did not seem to have carried any life insurance himself, and mother felt that she must do so, on him, herself, and us boys. She paid for it out of her household allowance, and I am not sure that my father ever knew about it. She believed it necessary to at least provide for funeral expenses. She did this all her life, even when we experienced hard times, and she sometimes earned small sums as dividends, because they were all mutual policies.

. . .

Kenwood Avenue running north from Thirtieth Street was a lower- to middle-class neighborhood. There were many children on the street, and I had a very happy time with them. A favorite place to play was an abandoned ice cream parlor a couple of doors south of our house. It had lasted through one summer as a wood-framed tented building with a grass and dirt floor, gay with colored Japanese lanterns. After that summer was over, the canvas cover was removed, leaving wooden walls about three feet high, and inside, deserted iceboxes and wooden cabinets

which we used for all sorts of games. We were finally forbidden to go there because our parents thought it was dangerous for us to play among the broken-down objects. The area was also out of sight of my parents, so we were directed to transfer our games to the sidewalk and yard in front of the house.

This we did, using our wheeled toys. I had an Irish Mail, a conveyance that was operated from a seat by pulling back and forth on a handle that controlled a gear that turned the back wheels. It was steered by placing the feet on the front axle. My father thought it was an ideal toy for me because it would strengthen my arms; thus it was superior to the tricycle I really wanted. To me the Irish Mail was stiff and not readily maneuverable, but I did play with it when I could not borrow a tricycle from a playmate. My brother had a small metal wagon with which we also played.

Another pastime during one summer was to pull candle-lighted shoe boxes up and down the sidewalk. These "streetcars," as we called them, were made by cutting "windows" in the boxes and covering them with various colored tissue paper. Inside the car was placed an ordinary household candle. Some boxes were more elaborately made, having a second story or tower also lighted. We were greatly attracted to these pull toys because of their varied colors and the flickering light of the candle. I do not suppose, in that less fire-conscious age, that there was any thought given to the danger of playing with lighted candles.

Another favorite place to play was under the electric street-light north of our house. There was practically no traffic in the evenings, and it was perfectly safe to play in the street at the intersection of Kenwood and an alley. Here was an overhead carbon arc light. In this light, black carbon sticks were energized by electricity, one positively and the other negatively, and there was produced a bright, sizzling light. The carbon elements had to be replaced as they burned shorter, and this was done by an employee of the light company who traveled about in a one-horse wagon. The lamp was lowered to street level by means of a rope

attached to the pole above the reach of any person without a ladder. We children always watched for the electric light man because he gave us the used black carbon sticks. These were broken into smaller pieces, and almost every child had one. They were used for writing on sidewalks and for outlining hopscotch courts, although white schoolroom chalk was better for this purpose.

Under the streetlight the neighborhood children played such games as "Kick the Wicket," in which a stick was leaned against the curb, and a child kicked this wicket as far as he could. The person who was chosen to be "It" ran to get the wicket and put it back in place. Then he could chase the others who headed for a designated home base. If "It" caught a child before he reached the sanctuary, usually the other side of the street, the latter then became "It" for the next game. Another favorite was "Statues," in which children started to run toward a goal. At the call of "Statue!" the children stopped in their tracks. If a child could not do so immediately, or lost his balance and fell, he was declared out of the game. The winners were those who lasted long enough to get to the goal. And, finally, good old "Hide and Seek" was especially exciting after dark, because children ran out of the light into the shadow of a house or the shrubbery, and "It" had a hard time catching a victim to take his place.

I do not remember the names of my playmates, but I remember some of them through association with particular places. One was a boy who lived a block or two farther north on Kenwood Avenue. His family, like a few others, had a horse and carriage, and so there was a barn at the back of their home. This boy introduced me to the world of horses, and we petted and fed the animal in its stall. I also learned the pleasure of a haymow as a place in which to play. It was a small thrill to lie in the hay and look down at the interior of the barn from on high.

Another child lived in a small house a few doors away. His parlor contained an old-fashioned square piano. It seemed very large to me, and I was awed by its enormous, elaborately carved

legs. I never heard anyone play the instrument. Another reason for my interest in this place was what was in the shed at the back of the house. Here were hundreds of developed glass photographic plates. They were loose in boxes, and my friend and I, after trying to make the images visible by turning the plates to and fro in the sunlight, threw them back into the box, smashing them into small pieces. Apparently my friend had no supervision, or such destruction would not have been allowed.

Nearer home our next-door neighbors to the south were my friends as well as my mother's. There was a young man in his early twenties who lived with his mother and an aunt. I was always welcome in their home, except once when I was excluded because the young man had diphtheria and was very sick. My mother expressed her concern by taking over "covered dishes," because my friend's mother and aunt were giving him roundthe-clock nursing and didn't have time to cook. The doctor in attendance knew what to do for this dread disease of the throat and breathing passages. There was no vaccination for it at this time, but its cause was known—a microbe that brought on inflammation that could be so bad that breathing became difficult and temperatures were excessively high. A study of the disease by scientists had produced an antitoxin in the form of a serum injected into the patient. If it was given in time, the course of the disease was halted. My friend was treated properly so that he gradually recovered, and I was once again admitted to his home. I found him pale and thin, and it was several weeks before he recovered robust health. The neighborhood was much concerned, because diphtheria had a reputation for being fatal, and they rejoiced when it was all over.

I do not know whether my friend was an amateur or professional auto mechanic, but in his barn was a workshop with a bench and tools, the latter arranged on the walls. Each tool rested on a silhouette of itself done in black paint. If a tool was missing, it could be noted at a glance; if there was a tool lying on the bench or in use, it could be determined at once where it

belonged. I often found my mechanic friend tinkering with an automobile.

He owned a Buick touring car with a leather top which could be raised in case of rain. It was started by means of a crank in the side of the car just over the running board about back of the front seat. On the running board were a tool box and a tank of acetylene gas which was used in the large headlamps. On the rear was a spare tire. The car stood high off the ground, with the back seat higher than the front, because the drive shaft and the differential gear were placed under the floor and seats without a tunnel as in modern autos. One day in summer my friend invited my mother, my brother Bob, and me to go for a ride. It was about 1909 or 1910, and Mother, not possessing a proper duster and a big hat, just tied a scarf around her hair, and we went out the alley onto Thirtieth Street, where we turned west. I do not remember how far we went, but we went so fast that when we passed other autos and horse-drawn vehicles they seemed to be standing still.

I was very pleased with my first automobile ride. I never had another in the Buick, but I did enjoy a longer one a short time later when I went with friends who lived back of us on Capitol Avenue, a street of large houses owned by well-to-do people. The carriage houses and stables of those on the east side of Capitol Avenue were in the alley behind our house on Kenwood. The auto ride this time was in a Premier, larger than the Buick and with a front crank. I went with my mother's permission, and she stayed home. This time we left the city and drove out in the countryside on narrow gravel and dirt roads, often treelined, from which we caught glimpses of the farmland. I sat on the high back seat and was very quiet. The speed of the machine was so great that I never really got a good look at any particular object. The ride was at least an hour long, and I returned so speechless that my parents never did find out where I had been or what I had seen. Even if I had spoken, I couldn't have told them because I didn't know myself.

The alley back of our house, as I have mentioned, was shared with the children who lived in the fine houses on Capitol Avenue. I was reminded of this alley when I read Booth Tarkington's *Penrod*. My alley, too, was the scene of many boyish adventures, although we had no such fascinating companions as the black boys Herman and Verman. It was a place, like Penrod's alley, in which children of two strata of society met. All of the fine carriage houses and stables were open to boys from the simple Kenwood houses as well as to those from the large and handsome residences on Capitol. As with all children, economic or social status was no barrier to fun.

I made two excursions into territory outside of my neighborhood while we were living on Kenwood Avenue. The first was to see Gentry's Dog and Pony Show, a national touring company like a miniature-tented circus. In 1910 the show came to Indianapolis and was presented at several places in the city. The nearest place to us was at Fall Creek Boulevard and Illinois Street, a walk of about six blocks. I do not recall much about the show; it, like a full-sized circus, had so much going on at the same time that we small children came away remembering only a kaleidescope of color and movement. I do recall, however, at one time there were ponies going around and around in the ring, and barking dogs and nimble monkeys jumped off and on their backs. The

⁵ The Indianapolis *Star*, May 17, 1910, described the "Gentry Bros.' enlarged dog and pony show": "Among the pleasing features to the younger people were three young Shetland pony colts. The younger is but 3 days old, but has already developed a liking for public life and last night insisted on remaining near the front entrance. . . . Among the good feature acts is the Bonesetti family, consisting of eight acrobats. . . . The Four Kelleys, wire artists, also brought forth well earned applause. One of the most sensational acts is that by the Latell Sisters, who are billed as the 'human butterflies' and perform while suspended high in the air. The biggest scream of the show, and the act which caused all to stand up is the trick mule performance, which, while old, has been worked over. The introduction of a negro, who also attempts to ride the mule, and two white bull dogs caused the entire audience to be convulsed."



Indiana Historical Society Library

Dog and pony show parade



Mrs. Pearl Chupp

most important event was after the show, when we were walking northward across Fall Creek Bridge on our way home. My father pointed out to us a bright spot and a misty tail in the eastern sky, and said that it was Halley's comet, right on time in 1910, as the eighteenth-century astronomer, Edmund Halley, had said that it would be.⁶

The other event was an evening visit to a beer garden located on the north bank of Fall Creek just east of Illinois Street. It was a time when beer gardens were popular places of entertainment for the middle class. My father took my mother and her sister, my Aunt Lottie, and me, and my brother. It seemed too far for ladies to walk in their best dresses, so we took the streetcar for the short ride. It was a spot on a green lawn crisscrossed with strings of Japanese lanterns hanging over tables with white cloths and waiters hurrying about and music playing loudly. My mother, very unsophisticated, was not happy in the beery atmosphere, and, much to my father's and my aunt's surprise, we all left early.

⁶ The Indianapolis *Star*, May 19, 1910, published a report from Kirkwood Observatory, Indiana University: "The earth whizzed through the tail of Halley's 'hairy star' today [May 18, 1910] at the tremendous rate of forty miles a second with none of the ill effects pictured as possibilities by the imaginative astronomers. Early morning observers here saw the tail of the comet stretching magnificently half way across the sky. That it was close upon the earth was evidenced by a peculiar phenomenon of perspective, the tail appearing to taper off, almost to a point in the distance."

Halley's comet took on its most impressive aspect after April 20, 1910, with its tail increasing in length throughout early May. On May 18 the head crossed the disk of the sun, but the curved tail was visible in the morning sky for two days after the head had passed to the sun's evening side. At this time, when the comet was closest to the earth, the tail spanned almost the entire horizon. *The Encyclopedia Americana International Edition* (29 volumes plus index. Danbury, Conn.: Americana Corporation, 1980), VII, 367-68.



Walter B. Hendrickson, about 1910

CHAPTER TWO

THE WILLING SCHOOLBOY

As a Four-Year-old Child, and even younger, I knew about books and I had plenty of them, because my parents believed in them. When very young I curled up in a chair or stretched out on the floor pretending to read, even turning the pages, because the book had been read to me so often that I associated the text with the illustrations. My favorite book was a soft cloth one with gaudy illustrations printed on its pages. It was called The Animal Fair and the first lines were, "We went to the Animal Fair, and the birds and beasts were there. The Ring-Tailed Coon, by the light of the moon, was combing his auburn hair." This is all I remember, but it surprises me that I can even do that, because all my life I have been plagued by a lack of exact memory for written words. I have never been able to memorize poems, songs, or other matter, although I always remember the content and meaning. I suppose what I have is an associative memory, rather than a photographic one, although to a degree I can remember abstract things like telephone numbers and street addresses. I have always wished I had a more complete memory, because I had several difficulties in school because I could not memorize, but I have gotten along quite well as an historian with my defective memory.

At a very early age, however, I could recognize and name the

⁷ William W. Denslow, *The Animal Fair* (New York: Dillingham, ca. 1904). The book was priced at 25¢. The rhyme was an old minstrel song. The more common version goes: "The big baboon by the light of the moon..."

letters of the alphabet and I connected letters with meaningful words. My mother's favorite story is about the time she asked my father if he would like a piece of pie. Pie must have not been good for small boys, and my mother said to my father, would he like a piece of p-i-e. Before he could answer, I spoke up and said, "I want a piece of pie."

I do not know when I first began to read, but when I went to school just before my sixth birthday, on September 24, 1909, I got my Sweet Pea Primer, which my parents were required to buy for me. I read it from cover to cover after my first day at school, and I have never ceased reading. When my father found out about it, he decided that I needed expert direction, and he took me to the branch of the Indianapolis Public Library at Thirty-fourth and Illinois streets.8 Here the lady librarian showed me where to find books for children of my age, but I strayed to a section for eight year olds, and I took out The Bears of Blue River by Charles Major.9 It was about pioneer days in southern Indiana, and the adventures of the early settlers in hunting bears. This was not done for sport, but because the bears provided warm coats, bed coverings, even hangings for doors in the crude log cabins of early Hoosiers. The bear meat was always welcome, and the bear fat was an ingredient in soap and in "bear grease," an ointment used for everything from insect bites to open wounds. And, by following bear tracks, one could

⁸ In July, 1910, Indianapolis Public Library Branch No. 9 moved from the basement of the William Bell School at Pennsylvania and Thirty-third streets to the 3300 block of North Illinois. The branch remained at this location until July, 1925, when it was moved to 3209 North Illinois Street. Librarians at the Thirty-fourth and Illinois branch were: Alma W. Wilson, 1909-1911; Ruth Byrkit, 1912; Ruth H. Copeland, 1913; Rose Thienes Kane, 1914-1916; Helen Biedermann, 1917; Margaret Jones, 1918-1920; Dorothea Krull Kuhns, 1921-1923; Mabel Leigh Hunt, 1923-1929. Information provided by the Indianapolis Public Library.

 $^{^9}$ Charles Major's The Bears of Blue River (New York: Doubleday & McClure Co., 1901).



Illinois Street branch library, circa 1913

Indianapolis Public Library



Illinois Street branch library, interior

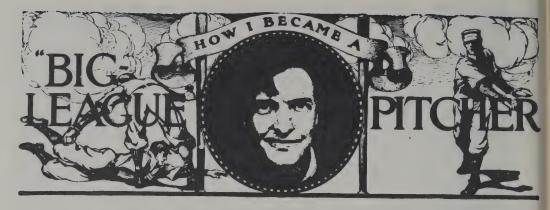
Indianapolis Public Library

frequently find a "Bee Tree," which contained the hives of wild bees and lots of sweet honey.

But these things were not the main interest of the book; it was the action and the excitement of the chase that appealed to me. Being a serious child, however, with an ever-expanding desire to know, many other things were learned from *The Bears of Blue River*. I am sure that my interest was a part of the subconscious force that caused me, after following several false trails, to study the history of the American frontier from the master, Logan T. Esarey, in whose classes I sat. Eventually I taught my own course in the history of the West for twenty-eight years at MacMurray College. I am not alone in my enthusiasm for *The Bears of Blue River*, because it is still in print.

The librarian also introduced me to St. Nicholas magazine, the bound volumes of which could be read in the library but could not be taken home. St. Nicholas carried material for children of all ages, but most of it was directed to the middle years, eight to twelve. It had wonderful stories of adventure at summer camp and boarding school. There were also biographical articles on sport heroes, a column that printed the literary efforts of the magazine's readers, and much more. It was illustrated by blackand-white line and wash drawings and even by photographs. The only articles that made a lasting impression on me were those about Christy Mathewson, the great baseball pitcher, and Francis Ouimet, the first American winner of the United States Open and the British Open golf tournaments. Why these two stuck, I do not know! St. Nicholas remained my favorite magazine reading until about the age of nine, when Popular Mechanics, also in bound volumes, won my allegiance.

There were always many things to read at home besides the books I brought home from the public library. We always took a daily and Sunday paper, although my perusal of them was confined to the comics—"funny papers"—which were just making their entrance. These I soon read for myself, although I also enjoyed having them read to me, because it meant that I had



BY CHRISTY MATHEWSON



EW of the boys who read this article will become Big-League pitchers. The majority of them probably have no such ambition. But nearly all boys play ball, and almost all boy players wish, at some time, to be pitchers.

The first necessity for a pitcher is to have con-

That can't be emphasized too trol of the ball. strongly. A boy may be able to throw all the curves imaginable, but if he can't put the ball where he wants it, the batters keep walking around the bases, and he will never win any ball games. Therefore, I would, first of all, advise my young readers to practise accuracy, until they can place the ball just where they want to send it. Let them pitch to another boy, with a barn or a fence as a back-stop, and try to put one high, over the inside of the plate, the next low over the inside, and then high over the outside, and again low over the outside; and keep up this practice patiently until mastery of the control of the ball is obtained. A boy will find that even if he can't pitch a curve, but has good control, he will be able to win many more ball games than if he has a lot of benders, but no ability to put the ball where he wants it.

There used to be a pitcher in the American League named "Al" Orth, who was called the "Curveless Wonder," because, it was said, he could n't throw a curve ball. But he had almost perfect control, and was able to pitch the ball exactly where he thought it would be hardest for the batter to hit it. The result was that, for several years, he was one of the best pitchers in the American League, with nothing but his control to fall back upon. But he studied the weaknesses

of batters carefully—that is, he was constantly on the alert to discover what sort of a ball each batter could n't hit—and then he pitched in this "groove," as it is called in base-ball.

When I was a boy about eight or nine years old, I lived in Factoryville, Pennsylvania, a little country town; and I had a cousin, older than I, who was always studying the theory of throwing. I used to throw flat stones with him, and he would show me (I suppose almost every boy knows) that if a flat stone is started with the flat surface parallel to the ground, it will always turn over before it lands. That is, after it loses its speed, and the air-cushion fails to support it, the stone will turn over and drop down. The harder it is thrown, the longer the air sustains it, and the farther it will carry before it drops.

My cousin showed me, also, that, if the hand were turned over, and the flat stone started with the flat surface at an acute angle to the earth, instead of parallel to it, the stone, instead of dropping, would curve horizontally. I began to practise this throw, and to make all sorts of experiments with stones.

I got to be a great stone thrower, and this practice increased my throwing power, and taught me something about curves. When I was nine years old, I could throw a stone farther than any of the boys who were my chums. Then I used to go out in the woods and throw at squirrels and blackbirds, and even sparrows; and many a bagful of game I got with stones. But, when aiming at game, I always used round stones, as these can be thrown more accurately.

All this time I was practising with stones, mainly for amusement; I had n't played any baseball, except "one old cat," with boys of my own age. As a matter of fact, I did n't think much about base-ball. Gradually, however, I became

someone with whom I could exchange ideas about what we read. My favorite "funnys" were Happy Hooligan, Buster Brown, Mutt and Jeff, the Katzenjammer Kids, and Little Nemo; in my early years these were as familiar to me as real people.

My mother read the *Delineator* and other women's magazines such as *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Woman's Home Companion*, and my father read *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Literary Digest*, and an occasional *McClure's Magazine* or *Argosy*, which he bought at the newsstand and read coming home from the office on the streetcar. The *Post* cost five cents, and *McClure's* and *Argosy* were each a dime. I am sure that occasionally my father read other magazines of the muckraking age. I enjoyed the *Post* because it was one of the first American magazines to have photographs. My brother and I also looked forward to the arrival of the *Delineator* and others of mother's magazines because of the paper dolls; but, of course, we would never tell other boys about them. For us they were the people of the imaginary lives we lived when we were not playing vigorously, which really did not happen very often.

My first day at school in September, 1909, was spent at School 36, the Benjamin Franklin School at Twenty-eighth Street and Capitol Avenue. (It is an interesting fact that the first school attended by my wife was the Benjamin Franklin in Omaha, Nebraska, and the first school of our son, Walter, Jr., was the Benjamin Franklin in Jacksonville, Illinois—a coincidence that was featured in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch in "Our Own Oddities.") Franklin School in Indianapolis was three long blocks from home. Mother took me the first day, and we were introduced to my first grade teacher, Miss Edna D. Forkner. But I never minded the considerable distance, because I was a strong, well child and enjoyed going to school. My experience at the handsome brick building was good until I came to the third grade. My classroom was on the top floor, and the fire escape was the latest in safety devices. It was a polished metal spiral slide enclosed in a red sheet metal tower. It had a fireproof door

on each floor, and at the bottom of the slide the speed of descent was so slow that the children were able to land safely on their feet when they reached the ground. But I, who had great fun on the slides in the school yard, could not bring myself to enter that dark chamber where children disappeared so fast around the first turn. No matter how the teachers sought to encourage me, and no matter how often the others told me how much fun it was, I would not do it. Finally the principal and teachers, recognizing that I had a real phobia, let me stay behind at fire drills and accompany the teachers as they exited by way of the stairs. Maybe they were just as fearful as I was but could not say so! The whole matter ended when I transferred to another school that had no such fire escape.

Outside of this experience my early school days were happy. Miss Forkner even called at our house to see Mother. Since nothing bad followed her visit, I suppose she had only good things to tell about me. The curriculum was the traditional one of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but we did have art (painting and drawing) and craft work (weaving on a simple hand loom) as well as music (choral singing) and physical education (called calisthenics). The Indianapolis schools were in the forefront of the educational thinking of the time. The school board for a number of years was dominated by German-born and first-generation Germans, who introduced into the system many aspects of the German system, which was considered to be the best in the world and was widely copied. (A similar situation existed in many other American cities, especially in the middle west—Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Omaha, and Louisville, for example.)

Our school day began between eight and nine, recess was at ten, and dismissal at noon for lunch. Everyone went home to lunch, and school did not resume until one-thirty. The day ended at three o'clock, unless a child had to stay after school to be tutored by the teacher or as punishment for some infraction of the disciplinary code. The latter never happened to me; I was always eager-beaverish in whatever subject was being taught so

that I was never bored into inattention and consequent mischief. Spelling was easy for me; I found satisfaction in knowing words and their meanings; and I enjoyed writing compositions. Nor did I have any trouble memorizing the multiplication tables and other arithmetic tables. I suppose I was a model pupil and remained so until high school and college when I strayed from the straight and narrow on a few occasions.

. . .

It was while we were living at 3014 Kenwood Avenue, when I was six or seven years old, that I became really conscious of my relatives outside of the immediate family circle. My Short grandparents visited in our home, and we in theirs. Most Christmases we had our own celebration in the morning and went to "Ma and Grandy's" house in the afternoon where there was another exchange of gifts. This involved carrying white-tissue-paperwrapped packages in brown sacks or market baskets in our arms over to the Illinois streetcar. If it was a cold day, it meant much bundling up in our warmest clothes. My brother and I had winter coats of "chinchilla," a cloth material with little chinchilla furlike tight curls. The color was dark blue. We wore stocking caps or caps with ear laps that matched the coats. Our mittens were on cords that went through our sleeves and over our shoulders inside our coats; we couldn't have lost our mittens unless we tried hard. Sometimes we wore black cloth leggings that buttoned up to our knees. All this was necessary because we not only had to walk to the streetcar line, but we had to wait some minutes for the car to come, then we had to walk a few more blocks to my grandparents' home and repeat the entire trip when we returned, often after dark. But when we did arrive to warm greetings, Christmas tree, and hard candies, there were gathered Ma and Grandy, and Uncle Gene and Aunt Lottie.10

¹⁰ Uncle Gene was Eugene Walter Short, Maggie Hendrickson's half-brother. Aunt Lottie was Carlotta Marie Short, her sister.

One Christmas Uncle Harry from Louisville was there also, so that my grandparents had all the members of their family present, a rare occasion, indeed.

Uncle Harry, mother's younger brother Harry Robert Short, had been taken into the home of my mother's grandparents when Mariah Short died in childbirth, and he was reared by them from about the age of two. He was given a good education, graduated from Louisville Male High School, worked in a bank for a year or so, and then realized a lifetime intention to become a Methodist minister by going to the Louisville Baptist Seminary. (There was no Methodist divinity school in Louisville.) It was while he was attending seminary that he and Aunt Lottie, who was now a traveling milliner, spent Christmas with us. A traveling milliner was a woman who traveled from one small-town milliner's shop to another in spring and fall. At these shops she designed and trimmed individually the magnificent big hats that were fashionable. In the off-seasons she worked in the shops of wholesalers who made flowers, birds, and other materials for trimming hats. There were several such shops in Indianapolis, and there she learned the techniques and materials, which information she took on the road with her. To my six-year-old eves, Aunt Lottie was beautiful and gay, always dressed in pretty clothes. She brought gifts to my brother and me, and she was always ready to play with us.

Uncle Harry, whom we saw infrequently, was about twenty years old at this time, short of stature, with an ever-present smile, and a natural ability to get along with and entertain children and young people. This quality remained with him all of his life, and for many years he was the educational director of the Louisville Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His last effort before he retired was the successful completion of Camp Loucon, a fine church and Sunday school camp. Like my grandfather, he was an amateur naturalist, and I recall a visit with him when he was in his eighties, during which he took me out to the camp to explore its wildlife and natural beauty. He

had a permanently reserved sleeping space in the staff cabin.

On the special Christmas when Uncle Harry and Aunt Lottie were in Indianapolis, they staved with us. On Christmas morning, under the direction of my uncle and aunt, it was decided that we would have a parade of toys. The carpet was pushed back to make a cleared space on the hardwood floor. My new set of nesting blocks, with colored pictures on their sides. was stacked one on top of the other to create a fine tall tower. Around it all of the small and medium-sized toys we had received for Christmas were lined up one after another. There were not quite enough for an entire circle, so we raided the chests containing our old toys. There were dolls, mechanical toys, and small stuffed animals. My cream-colored Teddy Bear with the black shoe-button eyes was seated by the central tower and reviewed the parade. Somehow he represented President Theodore (Teddy) Roosevelt who had just lately left office. Mother, in the midst of all the hubbub, went about her task of preparing the noonday Christmas dinner, but she kept an eve on the proceedings with much clucking and expressions of alarm that the floor would be scratched or some other calamity would occur. But my mother was so happy to have her brother and sister with her that no one was taken in by her warnings. My father, with a magazine in hand, looked fondly on the whole performance, but he was too shy or too afraid of being undignified to join us on the floor. Sad to say, it was but a few years later that Aunt Lottie, crossed in love, committed suicide, a fact of which I was not aware until I was grown.

Uncle Gene (Eugene Walter Short), my mother's half-brother, played but little part in my young life, although later he was my mentor; he found me my earliest after-school job as a newspaper boy and my postcollege employment. But when I was small he was barely out of his teens, and we had little contact with each other. I do, however, remember his wedding in 1911, and I came to know his fiancée and bride, Edna Teverbaugh, very well. Aunt Edna was the daughter of a well-to-do Muncie,

Indiana, storekeeper. 11 Uncle Gene brought his betrothed to call on mother and father while we lived on Kenwood Avenue. She was a beautiful young woman, very outgoing and very feminine in her frilly summer dress and picture hat. She and my mother embraced warmly, and she leaned down to give hugs and kisses to Bob and me. Mother and father, Grandy and Ma, and Bob and I went together by interurban to their wedding which was held. as was customary, in the bride's home. It was jammed with Aunt Edna's friends. After the wedding, ice cream and cake were served. The most excitement was when the young people of the town gave the newly wedded couple a shivaree, an old custom that I suppose can be traced back to caveman days. The young people armed themselves with kitchen pans, metal lids, and anything that would make a noise when clashed together or hit by a stick. Some of the older people thought it very rude of the "shivaree'ers" to interrupt the reception, but it was all in fun. Uncle Gene and Aunt Edna went on the front porch to greet the noisemakers, and they were vociferously invited to go for a ride around the town with all the merrymakers accompanying them. The bride and groom successfully escaped the horseplay, and the crowd dispersed.

Aunt Edna was an accomplished pianist and singer—a soprano—and she was greatly admired by all her Short and Hendrickson relatives. She was kind and generous to my wife, Dorris, when they got to know each other, and Aunt Edna sang at our wedding. But then she was always gracious and cooperative when asked to sing for any occasion. Uncle Gene, who had gotten into newspaper circulation and promotional work, met his future wife when he was employed in Muncie. He then accepted a better job in Memphis, Tennessee, and after a honeymoon in Georgia, they moved there. Aunt Edna was supposed to be a very good catch as a bride, because her father seemed to be very prosperous, and it was thought she would inherit a

 $^{^{11}\ \}mathrm{Edna's}$ parents were Edward Teverbaugh and Emma Sutton.

considerable sum. But his wealth was based on borrowed money, and when he died a couple of years after the wedding his widow, who had always lived a carefree life with servants at her beck, was suddenly without funds, except from the sale of her household furniture. Even the house went to creditors. By this time Uncle Gene and Aunt Edna had moved back to Indianapolis, where my uncle worked for the Indianapolis *Times* and they lived with his parents. Their child, Robert Eugene Short, was born about this time. Uncle Gene undertook to take responsibility for his mother-in-law and her teenage son. Since Ma was running a rooming house, as she usually did, it seemed a good thing for everybody concerned if Mrs. Teverbaugh rented rooms from Ma. (Uncle Gene really paid the rent.)

It was a wonderful arrangement so far as my own family was concerned, because we could visit all our relatives with one call. But it made for difficult relations between Ma and Mrs. Teverbaugh. The latter was not very good at doing housework, and part of the deal was that she would help Ma. What's more, they shared a young grandchild, and each being a possessive person, they did not like it. The situation finally became intolerable, and Aunt Edna and Uncle Gene moved into their own house with Mrs. Teverbaugh, where the latter had the undivided attention of baby Robert. My uncle and aunt were caught in the middle of a tug-of-war between two grandmothers; had their love for one another not been so steadfast, a very unhappy situation might have occurred.

In fact, Uncle Gene was always caring for one or another of his family—Mrs. Teverbaugh, his own parents as they grew older, my mother when she was a young widow and needed some one to advise her on business matters, and me, to whom he gave as much attention as he gave his own son. In later years, when he was educating himself in history, literature, and the social sciences to make up for his sixth-grade schooling, he and I had many hours of conversation. Again, when he contracted tuberculosis of the lungs in his early forties and went through

several years of operations, remissions, and long periods in bed, we renewed our contacts until his death in his fifties.

My mother's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Shively, lived in Louisville, Kentucky. Their home was in a middle-class neighborhood which long since has become a warehouse and wholesale section of the city. My great-grandfather died in my early childhood, and I have no recollection of him, but I have seen his photograph—medium height, well-padded, and well-dressed, with chin whiskers. As well as occupying the two-story town house, he owned a sizable farm south of Louisville which was operated by his sons. The farm was so close to

the city that it was platted and sold for home sites many years ago, all but a few acres and the farmhouse, which remained in the family until the 1930s.

As I said Crandma and Crandpa Shiyely regred Uncle

As I said, Grandma and Grandpa Shively reared Uncle Harry. Their housekeeper was a daughter, my great-aunt Sue Alsop. Whether she was a widow or a divorcee, I never knew. Aunt Sue was our hostess when we visited the family home. She was a buxom, pleasant woman who was fond of my mother. Aunt Sue had hired help to assist her to care for the big house. On the first floor there was an entrance hall, a parlor, and a sitting room which had been converted into a bed-sitting room for Grandma Shively, who was an invalid suffering from what ailment I never knew. She was able to be out of bed for much of the day, and I visited with her as she sat by the open fire in a dress with a shawl around her shoulders. Also on the first floor was a large dining room, a kitchen, and a pantry, and there was a latticed back porch that was used as a summer kitchen.

The house was heated with fireplaces and stoves; there was no piped-in water, and so no bathrooms and no inside toilets. Water came from a pump in the backyard, and each bedroom was supplied with slop jars and chamber pots. In each there was a washstand on which was a large china pitcher and a wash bowl.

Of course, there was neither gas nor electricity; candles and oil lamps were used. In the backyard there was a two-hole brick privy, which was approached by a brick walk through a grape arbor.

This was all strange to me, because I had never known anything but a modern house. There were fireplaces in all the rooms except the dining room, where there was a baseburner. Grandma Shively had a green ceramic vase in the shape of an owl that rested on her mantel. Here she kept "spills." Spills were made of strips of paper, usually newspaper, which were rolled into sharp-pointed spirals. They were used to light lamps and candles from the fireplace and to transfer flame from lamp to lamp.

We did not make many trips to Louisville. One must have been made in the fall, because the days were warm and the nights chilly. Bob and I were taken to an unheated bedroom on the second floor, where we were quickly undressed, put into footed pajamas called Dr. Dentons, and tucked into a great double bed with at least two feather matttresses—one under us and one on top, along with quilts and comforters. We slept snugly and tumbled out the next morning, dressed quickly, and hurried downstairs where Aunt Sue had breakfast ready for us.

At some later time we made another visit, maybe for the funeral of Grandma Shively. We slept in the same room as before, but it was warm weather. That day we went next door to the home of Mother's other aunt—Aunt Maggie Portman. Aunt Maggie was a slender, handsome woman with a warm smile and a quizzical sense of humor. Her husband, Captain Frank Portman of the Louisville Police Department, was a big, beefy, redfaced man. They had a fourteen-year-old daughter, Margaret, who played with Bob and me; probably she was baby-sitting while the family went next door for the funeral.

Cousin Margaret left me free to explore the Portman house, arranged very much like the Shively home. I found the parlor in which there was a large glass-doored wall case that was filled with natural history objects. There were stones of various sizes

and colors. Some were red and white agate and were highly polished. There was a specimen of quartz crystal; a few examples of fossils *in situ* in limestone; a few clam and oyster shells, polished inside to show the delicate colors; a chambered nautilus; a dried starfish; and some dried sponges. There were also some small stuffed birds, and a mounted owl was perched on top of the case. In other parts of the room were mounted deer antlers. Now as a child, of course, I did not know all these names, but later when I developed an interest in natural science I remembered what I had seen in Uncle Frank Portman's "cabinet," as such collections were called.

My child's eyes were opened wide at a proceeding at the noon dinner. Uncle Frank took off his coat, unhooked his belt with the pistol holster on it, took his handcuffs out of his pocket, put them in a drawer, and went to the kitchen and washed his hands. He sat down to a bountiful meal of meat, potatoes, and vegetables that Aunt Maggie had prepared, helped himself generously to everything, and then poured ketchup from the bottle on top, mixed things together and ate with relish, all to the admonishing words of Aunt Maggie and Cousin Margaret. I never knew if this was his usual custom, or whether he was just entertaining the visitors from Indianapolis.

There were other occasions when I visited Louisville. Relatives of both Ma and Grandy still lived there, but of them I have only vague memories—one of a day that was spent with Ma's cousins, the Davidsons, a brother and two sisters who lived together, none of them married. The elder sister, who had a long face and braids around her head, was the housekeeper. John was a window trimmer for a downtown department store, and Canna, the youngest, was in charge of a branch library located in a school building. She took me there with her, and I spent the afternoon looking through the books and magazines in the children's section. This library had tall uncurtained windows through which the sun shone, creaking wooden floors, and long tables with cane-seated chairs. To such a booklover as I, it was a very happy occasion.

At this or another time we spent a day and a night with Aunt Maggie, who had a new husband whom we were told to call Uncle Sam. He, like Uncle Frank Portman, Aunt Maggie's first husband, was big, beefy, and red-faced. They lived on a working farm, and Uncle Sam, who was really a very kind man, took us all through the barn and surrounding area, where we saw cows, chickens, and horses. This was all new to me, a city boy, and I was half-frightened when Uncle Sam lifted me onto the back of a great plow horse. Of course, I would not admit that I was a little scared, but I was much relieved to be put safely on the ground.

The farmhouse was heated by stoves on the first floor, but upstairs all the rooms were unheated except one directly over the sitting room-dining room. It had a grill in the floor right over the stove below, but not much heat came upstairs. We undressed by the stove and dashed upstairs to bed, reversing the process in the morning.

One other Louisville adventure was a visit of a few days that Bob and I made with Uncle Harry and his recent bride, who was our Aunt Mary. How it happened that we were left in the care of our young aunt and uncle, I do not know, but I doubt if Aunt Mary knew what she was getting into when she agreed to care for two boys ages seven and five. We had to be fed regularly, washed and bathed, and supervised at play. It was too much for her, and we were soon sent home to Indianapolis by interurban.

Uncle Harry, just recently ordained, was given his first charge—a circuit of three small churches, including the one in the little town of Shively which was located on land given by Uncle Harry's Grandfather Shively. To supplement his meager salary, Uncle Harry was allowed a house for a parsonage and an acre of land. On the latter was a large garden, the produce from which helped to feed them. There was also pasturage for the horse that transported him by buggy from church to church. We rode with Uncle Harry and Aunt Mary on a Sunday morning when he held services in two of his churches. He visited the third in the evening. In addition to holding these Sunday services, he

had to call on the sick and the aged, be available for weddings and funerals, and meet with church boards, the Ladies Aid Societies, and other organizations of the three churches. One of the perquisites of the preacher's job was the gifts of money he received when he conducted weddings and funerals. Following a clerical custom, Uncle Harry turned these small sums of money over to his wife. The business of preaching three times on Sunday permitted Uncle Harry to use the same sermon, but the preparation of even one was a heavy chore. It had to be an hour long; it had to retell Bible stories with citation to chapter and verse; and it had to be an exhortation to bring his hearers to repent of their sins.

While my brother and I enjoyed the garden and the stable, the highlight for me was the Sunday morning preaching service. The churches were all small with plain pews, a platform up front, with the pulpit in the center, and a highbacked leather-seated chair for Uncle Harry, who was dressed in his preaching suit— Prince Albert coat and gray-striped trousers. At the side of the platform, seated on plain chairs, was a small choir in street clothes, no vestments. The hymns were accompanied by an organ, either hand-pumped or foot pedaled. Although it was a long service, I did not get restless, but it was a long time to keep my head bowed while Uncle Harry gave a fifteen-minute pastoral prayer. He knelt on the platform, with his arms on the seat of his chair, and had a long talk with the Lord, in which he told Him what the people expected of Him. The sermon that followed was interesting to me because Uncle Harry retold some of the Bible stories with which I was familiar.

There were other brief visits to Louisville at intervals in my life, and I kept in touch with Uncle Harry until he died at the age of ninety-one.

My brother and I also visited the family of my father's sister Geneva (Neva) and her husband Walter Hayward, a plumber and mechanic, in Connersville on several occasions. They lived in the Hendrickson house with Grandma Rebecca Hendrickson and cared for her until her death in 1906. My Uncle Bismark (Biz), my father's youngest brother, also lived with the Haywards in Connersville. He was a dwarf, and while of normal intelligence, he grew to be only four feet, eleven inches tall. He was mildly unco-ordinated physically, but he was able to earn a living by working in a factory. He was an ardent member of the Improved Order of Red Men, attended conventions, and took pride in being the smallest lodge member. At one state meeting, however, there was a delegate slightly shorter than he. Uncle Biz claimed it was a foul—the measurement procedure was purposely inaccurate just so he would have to yield his title as the littlest Red Man. Uncle Biz died in early manhood.

The old Hendrickson house was a simple frame structure with parlor, sitting room, kitchen, two or three bedrooms, and a back porch which was the summer kitchen. The size of the Hayward family—three children—made it necessary to build an "addition" of two bedrooms and a bath. The house on Central Avenue was on a large lot with ample side yards, room in the back for a large vegetable garden, a chicken house, and a stable for one horse. The garden was mostly tended by Aunt Neva and my cousins. Aunt Neva also grew the usual flowers—old-fashioned cabbage roses, "flags," and "pineys" as well as such annuals as zinnias, nasturtiums, and petunias.

Our visits were made in the summertime, and my brother and I played with our cousins, especially enjoying a lawn swing which was streetcar, automobile, or any other vehicle our imaginations could evoke. It was a speedy conveyance, and two boys, one on each side, pumping away as hard as they could, made the whole swing jump and sway. It was exciting to get the swing going full tilt, and then to jump off so adroitly that we could land upright. But occasionally we would scare the younger children because of the speed, and sometimes there were bloody knees and elbows when the jumping off process was not successful. Then Uncle Walter would get up from his rocking chair where he was reading his newspaper, and growl at us so fiercely that

we quickly found something else to do, such as going to see the neighbor's horse that boarded in a little shed.

While there was a bathroom in Aunt Neva's house, there was no water in the kitchen. She used a well outside, near the back steps. It had a new-fashioned pump which was operated by a crank rather than by a handle. Inside the pump there was a chain with little buckets attached to it that drew up the water as the crank was turned. As I said, in the summertime cooking was done on the back porch, which was lattice-covered, with morning glory and moonflower vines growing on it. Inside the porch was covered with black mosquito netting, which was a cloth mesh. The door was also covered with mosquito netting, not so much to keep out mosquitoes, but to stop the flies from coming in. They did anyway, and in both kitchen and dining room, sheets of flypaper (paper covered with a sticky glue that trapped flies that landed on it) were used. Cooking in the summertime was done on a coal oil stove. I almost did not live to tell this story, because one day I drank the coal oil that was in a tin cup. I vomited at once, however, and there were no permanent effects. For a day or so I was a sick child and an object of anxious care and much wringing of hands, the first by my mother and the second by Aunt Neva.

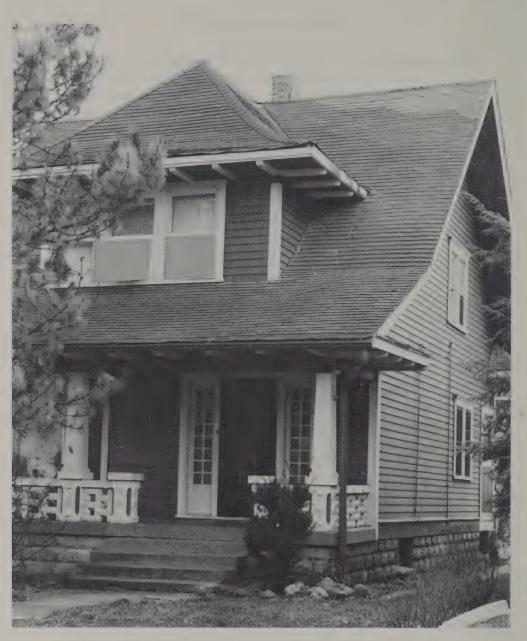
Food was bountiful at the Connersville home. It was served on a long table set up in the winter kitchen. There was always more than we could eat. Fried chicken, mashed potatoes, green beans, tomatoes, beets, and green onions were the menu for Sunday. All the food, including the chicken, was grown on the place. Cucumbers and onions were sliced and pickled, beets were pickled with hard-boiled eggs, and all of them placed in dishes that were not removed from the table from meal to meal.

After a meal the dishes were washed with a dishrag rubbed on a bar of soap in water heated on the oil stove. Then they were dipped and rinsed in another pan of hot water, and dried on a dish towel. They were immediately put back on the table, glasses and plates upside down, and covered with a tablecloth so that

they would be ready for the next meal. The greasy dishwater was disposed of by pouring it over the flowers by the back door, and the table scraps were thrown over the fence into the chicken yard. I never saw clothes washed at Aunt Neva's but on the back porch were tubs and a folding stand upon which to place them, as well as a hand-operated washing machine and wringer.

On Sunday morning my brother and my boy cousins, Clifford and Wilbur, and I went off to Sunday school in care of cousin Lillabelle, who was fifteen or sixteen years old. It was held in a small wooden structure not far from the Hayward home. It probably was a Methodist, Baptist, or Campbellite church. First of all the adults and children gathered in the church auditorium where Lillabelle played the piano for opening exercises. Then the various classes assembled, some in the corners of the church and others in a back room where curtains on wires were drawn to create classrooms. In this church of Babel rudimentary instruction in the stories of the Bible was given. But more significant in the eyes of us children was receiving a Sunday school paper, a four-page sheet with Bible stories and verses. We also received crudely colored picture cards of Biblical characters or religious scenes. It was just such a church and Sunday school that I later attended in Indianapolis, and which was common all over the United States in small towns and middle-class neighborhoods of the cities.

After Sunday school, still in our good clothes, we sat around in Aunt Neva's parlor reading our Sunday school papers and looking at the books, mostly belonging to Lillabelle, that were shelved in a combination desk, bookcase, and whatnot stand, and, except for the upright piano, was the most elegant piece of furniture in the room.



The former Hendrickson home on West 39th Street, a recent photograph

CHAPTER THREE

HOME IN THE SUBURBS

AFTER MY FATHER BECAME SECRETARY OF THE BEDFORD Stone and Construction Company, his salary was increased and the future was bright. He and mother decided that the time had come to fly the flag of the rising middle class to which we belonged. They would own their own home, and it would be in a new and developing neighborhood, where there were other people of the same station in life and where every addition or improvement to house or lot would add to its value. Millions of other Americans were making the same decision, and all American cities were expanding their corporate limits by rapidly annexing developing suburban areas like that into which we were moving.

Our new house was at 335 West Thirty-ninth Street. ¹² It was a single-family, two-story residence with three rooms and a large entry hall downstairs, three bedrooms and bath up, and a full basement. That it was a single house made it at once better than the doubles in which we had been living. It was a typical house of the time that was put up by real estate developers. It was in an "addition" that included both sides of Thirty-ninth Street and Harvard Place, a new street, between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets, and extended from Boulevard Place westward to Cornelius Avenue, where Thirty-ninth Street jogged before it extended to Rookwood. Beyond was farmland. The addition

¹² The first mention in the city directories of the Hendrickson's new address is in the 1913 *Indianapolis City Directory*.

was a part of an area that belonged to a market gardener and florist whose property extended northward from Thirty-eighth Street. It was common for cities of the time to be ringed with such enterprises, and they were bought up by real estate developers. The market gardeners were willing to sell out because increasingly they were faced with competition from products shipped in from Florida and California. South of Thirty-eighth Street a new part of Crown Hill Cemetery was being opened up. On Thirty-eighth Street were the remains of a steam boiler that heated the greenhouses, which were also in ruins.

There were fifty houses in the development, all built in one of three or four basic designs. Some were one-story bungalows and others two-story houses like ours, but they were varied in external appearance and lacked the monotony and sameness that is found in present-day housing developments. Our addition was in the midst of already developed areas to the east and a short distance to the west, so that we were not isolated. Most of these houses were also newly built, so that all the area north of Thirty-eighth was a comparatively new neighborhood. The whole region was adequately served by the trolley line on Boulevard Place just a block from our house.

There were a few streets that were paved, but many were of gravel as was Thirty-ninth Street. It was not until sometime after we moved there that cement sidewalks were put in. Before that there were narrow wooden walks laid directly on the earth, and it was easy for a child to slip off into deep yellow clay or mud that was softened by every rain. In spite of continual warnings, we failed to walk the straight and narrow, and Mother had to clean our shoes. On occasion, during the spring thaw, we went up to our knees in mud. Since we wore knee-length rubber boots, it was easier to step out of them than to pull them out of the mud. So Mother had to deal with us in muddy stockings as well as with our muddy boots. I am sure she was very happy when the sidewalks were put in.

There was no strip of grass between the sidewalk and the

street, and the lots were terraced to some three feet or more above the walk. We and the other proud owners of these new houses planted Norway maples in our front yards, and put in spirea and barberry shrubbery as foundation planting around the front porches. The backyards were devoted to flower beds, fruit trees, and fruit-bearing shrubs. There were no garages because no one owned an automobile, and consequently no driveways crossed the sidewalks. The backyards were enclosed on the alley side by board fences, but there were no fences dividing the lots, and so the whole area from Boulevard Place to Cornelius Avenue was one continuous park.

Developers sold their houses on contract; that is, they collected a down payment and monthly payments that included taxes, insurance, and interest on the unpaid balance. The purchaser did not get a deed to the property until the entire purchase price had been paid, or until the householder had enough equity to permit him to take out a mortgage. Our house and lot cost \$3,600, and the monthly payment was 1 percent of the purchase price per month. My father's salary was about thirty-five dollars a week. I judge that he had saved up a goodly amount for a down payment, because, when we had to sell in 1915, my parents had a sizable equity. Since the house was in process of construction when they purchased it, they were able to specify some details, such as a full basement and lighting fixtures, and select wallpapers, so the house had considerable individuality.

The house was completely modern, with water heated by the furnace and, in the summer, by a gas heater. There was a full bath upstairs and a sink in the kitchen. The city water piped into the house was considered to be all right for drinking, but it was so hard (it contained magnesium and calcium salts) that people did not like to use it for washing dishes or washing their hair. So all the roof gutters were connected with downspouts that eventually emptied rain water from the roof into a cistern. The cistern was connected to a pitcher pump in the kitchen. The drainage system was controlled by cutoffs in the downspouts, so

that in the winter the roof drainage was diverted into the sewer. This was necessary because the melting snows contained so much soot from the smoke that came from the coal-burning furnaces. Only after a spring deluge was the cistern filled.

As well as having running water in the kitchen and in the bathroom on the second floor, there was also a water connection and sink in the basement. This was where Mother did her weekly laundry, using her fine 1900 washer. By means of a hose the tub could be filled directly from the faucet, and because there was a drain in the floor, the tub could be emptied by simply pulling the bung and letting the water run into the drain. There were exit steps from the basement that gave access directly to the backyard, so that Mother could easily take the wet clothes out and hang them on the clotheslines. There was also room in the basement for clotheslines that were used in winter. Gas was also piped into the basement and there was a "hot plate," a twoburner stove that sat on a table which Mother used for heating small amounts of water and for cooking vegetables and fruits in the canning season. But in the wintertime when the furnace was going, water was hot in the pipes. Never had she had such conveniences!

The other side of the basement contained the furnace, the coal bin, and a storage room in which our tricycles, the lawn mower, my father's wheelbarrow, and other infrequently or seasonally used things were stored. Close to the furnace was a galvanized hot water boiler. Water was heated in a coil of pipe that went into the furnace directly over the fire, the hot water was accumulated in the tank, and from there it was piped throughout the house. For use in the months in which there was no fire in the furnace there was a gas heater attached to the boiler. When it was known that the hot water would be needed, for Saturday night baths for instance, my father went down to the basement a half hour before the water would be needed and lighted the heater. Then, when there was enough hot water in the boiler, determined by noting how far from the top was the

boiler hot to the touch, the gas was turned off. If the latter was not done, the water would continue to heat and boil and gurgle and let off steam until someone heard it and hurried downstairs to turn off the heater. This rarely happened at our house, but it was not unheard of that someone else's boiler became overheated and exploded with destructive force. In our house everyone was responsible for reminding my father that the gas should be turned off.

A coal-burning hot air furnace for house heating was one of the great inventions of the early nineteenth century, and the design remained much as it had been in the 1820s. It was a large, round sheet steel object four to six feet in diameter and about six or eight feet in height. The center section contained a cast iron fire chamber. The top section was an air drum from which ran large, round sheet metal pipes ten or twelve inches in diameter that connected with rectangular pipes that ran through the walls of the house to the various rooms where there were cast iron "registers"—gratings—which could be opened or shut to control the flow of hot air. The furnace worked because some place on the first floor, usually near the front door, was the cold air register, a large wooden grating that covered a big round pipe through which cold air was conveyed into the furnace, where it was heated and then distributed through the furnace pipes.

Underneath the firebox or fire chamber in the center of the furnace was the ashpit. There was also a smoke pipe that connected the firebox directly with the chimney. It had a "damper" that could be closed to regulate the draft from the fire. In the door of the ashpit was a small lift door that could be closed and opened by means of a chain that was attached to it; there was a similar chain on the smoke pipe damper. Both chains ran to the first floor near the door that went into the basement. By adjusting the draft and damper chains, the flames and heat could be regulated.

In the winter my father would rise before anyone else, and go down into the basement to fire the furnace. On the way he would adjust the draft and damper so that the maximum air flow was obtained. He then went to the furnace and "shook down" the ashes, using a crank that was attached to movable grates in the bottom of the firebox. The ashes fell into the pit below. He also used a poker to break up the large masses of ashes and slag (clinkers) that formed. This let the air from the open draft come up through the fire. Then he shoveled lump coal from the coal bin, and carefully covered the fire so that it would blaze up around the fresh coal. When the fire was going well and the glowing ashes in the pit had cooled, he shoveled them out and put them in cans or buckets. (They were called "coal buckets," because similar ones had long been used to carry coal to stoves or fireplaces.) Then my father went back upstairs and dressed to go to work. In the meantime my mother arose, dressed, and made her way to the kitchen where she prepared breakfast. On her way downstairs she awakened my brother and me and told us to get up and dress and get down to breakfast without any unnecessary delay.

Before my father left to catch the streetcar which would take him downtown to his office, he checked to see that heat was coming through all the registers and that the rooms were warming up properly. He then shut the draft and partially closed the damper. On cold days, by raising or lowering the draft chain my mother could regulate the fire. If it was very cold, she would go down at noon and put more coal on the fire. She might do this again in the late afternoon. Then at bedtime my father went down to the basement, put on more coal, closed the draft, and banked the fire by putting on fine coal or ashes so that the fire would simmer along.

My father preferred to use Pocahontas coal, a Pennsylvania lump coal with streaks of oil in it which made it burn efficiently. The coal was brought to the house by a coal wagon, and loaded into a wheelbarrow that was emptied into the coal bin through the coal chute which was built into the foundation of the house. Ashes were collected once a week by ashmen who came into the basement by way of the basement door.

I never knew of a furnace system that worked perfectly, and adjustment of draft and damper were often necessary throughout the day. Also registers in certain rooms were shut so that heat would be forced into other rooms. Those rooms that were exposed to the prevailing north and west winds were often hard to heat, and registers in other rooms had to be shut to force heat into them. These were front rooms, and downstairs they were protected by the front porch. On the west side, the neighboring house was a shield. Usually even when our house was cold, great comfort could come from standing over a register from which the heat poured.

Our house was covered with wood sheathing with weatherboard siding and had a roof of wood shingles. Between the sheathing and the siding was a layer of heavy building paper. Consequently the house was quite well insulated, and we experienced no great discomfort in the winter. Such construction was standard in better houses. The interior had wood lath walls covered with plaster, and the entire house was weather-stripped. The house was the usual balloon-type wood house, as I know from my study of social history, but I had an early personal knowledge of the matter, because there were houses being built all around us, and in spite of warnings from our parents, I and other children explored them thoroughly, especially in the early summer evenings after the workmen left and before our bedtime. Our house and others being built had cement block foundations, and during the height of building operations, these cement blocks were made on a nearby empty lot. Under a canvas roof, a workman had a cast-iron form of a building block, into which he put a mixture of sand and cement which was thoroughly moistened and hand-tamped into the form. When completed the blocks were stacked and allowed to cure for a few days before they were used. The blocks for the foundation walls had an outer face that resembled stone, achieved by having one face of the block impressed by a special mold.

The houses were all individually erected, and each piece was cut and fitted by the carpenters on the job, but standard doors and windows were fabricated at a mill. All lumber was transported to the site on special wagons that had beds with tall stakes on the sides and were drawn by two-horse teams. Basements of houses were excavated by using horse-drawn shovels, and the dirt was hauled away in wagons that had bottoms of two-by-fours that could be removed so that the dirt fell directly to the ground. Sand and gravel were also hauled in these small wagons drawn by two horses.

. . .

My life between the ages of eight and eleven years at our home on Thirty-ninth Street ran in a pleasant pattern. My father, as I have said, had a good income, and we lived a comfortable middle-class life. Our house was nicely furnished. My father took up furniture refinishing, and the result was two handsome mahogany rockers for our living room. We also possessed a fairly new morris chair in black leather. Through his contacts at the Bedford Stone and Construction Company my father received gifts of several pieces of furniture for our new home, given to him with hope that the builder or cabinetmaker might earn my father's goodwill and possible favors. Among the gifts was a pair of rockers for the morris chair. It was my father's easy chair in which he sat to read his newspaper. But this large chair with its broad wooden arms made a great toy for my brother and me. We straddled the arms and rocked the chair. At least that was the way it appeared, but we were really riding galloping horses, and we were soldiers, or cowboys, or even Indians.

Another furniture gift was a magnificent solid quarter-sawed golden oak hat rack or costumer, with a seat, a beautiful beveled mirror, and a bracket at one side for umbrellas. Under the seat was a cavernous storage space in which we kept our boots and overshoes. It was placed in the entrance hall, and certainly lent an air of elegance to an otherwise sparsely furnished area, the only other furniture being a couch, black leather or possibly

horsehair. The couch had a high curved end, which served as a pillow, and it was very comfortable for napping.

A third piece of furniture given to us was a large—very large, it seemed to me—storage cabinet that was placed in the basement. It had several shelves that were used to store the canned fruit and vegetables that my mother put up in the summer. But when it was empty, we boys could get into it and stretch out full-length on the shelves. For us it was a bunk bed such as cowboys slept in.

But to return to the first floor furnishings. In the center of the living room was a "library table" about five feet long with a drawer on the front and two, fat, square pedestal legs. It was made of solid oak, stained "golden" like the costumer in the hall. On the table was an electric lamp of elegant gold finish with an art glass shade. It was connected by a lamp cord to one of the lights in the central chandelier in the ceiling. The living room chairs were placed around the table, and the lamp provided light for reading for my father and for the embroidery or other needle work of my mother. In the corner, next to the dining room, was a bookcase with two glass doors. It had been secured through my grandfather who was the freight agent for one of the interurban lines. It was uncalled-for freight, purchased from the electric railroad company at a bargain price.

In the dining room, which was reached from the living room through a wide, high-arched doorway, was a square table with six high-backed chairs with caned seats. There was a china cabinet against the wall, and the wallpaper, selected by my mother, was embossed imitation Spanish red leather, applied as upright panels between narrow moldings. Around the room was a "plate rail," with my mother's best hand-painted plates marching around it. In the wide east window was a large Boston fern on a pedestal, a "fern stand."

The kitchen was equipped with a four-burner gas stove with the oven below. There was also a table with a dropped leaf on each side, and we often ate our noon lunch as well as our breakfast there. A kitchen cabinet stood on another wall. Off the kitchen was a large pantry with a built-in glass-doored cabinet, courtesy of a business associate of my father. The back porch was small, but there was room for the refrigerator and the cleaning implements. The advantage of having the refrigerator there was that it drained directly onto the ground through a special pipe. My mother had a carpet sweeper and, for a time, a mechanical vacuum cleaner which did not work very well. It was necessary to have an annual housecleaning at which the carpets were taken up, hung over the clothesline in the backyard, and beaten with a carpet beater made of loops of wire.

Upstairs, my mother and father occupied the large front bedroom. They had new furniture, including a handsome brass bed and a light-colored maple dresser. It was a pleasant room, and my mother used it for a sitting room where she often did her hand sewing or "fancy work." My brother and I had the smaller second bedroom. When we moved, we inherited the iron bedstead that had been used by my mother and father. We also had the walnut dresser that had been a part of our grandmother's wedding furniture.

The third room upstairs was smaller than either of the other two, and it was a playroom for my brother and me, as well as a spare bedroom for visitors and a sewing room for my mother. My brother and I had been allowed to choose the wallpaper, and we selected a medium-striped green paper with a broad top border showing soldiers or Boy Scouts in camping scenes. In this room we had our lift-top desks and a single glass door walnut bookcase in which we kept our toys and books. There was also a "sanitary couch," made of metal with wire mesh springs, which provided a comfortable bed when its two sides were lifted up. It was supposed to be used for visitors, but more often we boys were sent to the spare room and the visitor took our bedroom.

All three bedrooms had large, walk-in closets. The closets in the two bedrooms were long and narrow and had rods for clothes on hangers. Since there was no attic, the closet in the playroom contained trunks and other things in storage, including my mother's foldup sewing table and my father's razor sharpening bench which he had quit using. Also, of all things, in the closet was a steel-stringed zither. Neither my father nor my mother played it, and I do not know how it was acquired. The zither, of German origin, was a popular folk instrument in the early twentieth century.

The outside of our house was painted green with white trim. Across the front was a wide porch with a cement block railing. At one end was a swing hanging from the ceiling, and there was a "steamer chair," a cane reclining chair such as was used on the decks of steamships. There was a "grass" rug on the floor, and in summer, baskets of growing flowers and ferns were suspended from the ceiling. There was a foundation planting of spirea, and at one end, on a lattice frame, was a luxuriant white clematis vine. The porch was a pleasant place on summer days and evenings because it faced north, and I spent much time curled up in the steamer chair with a book from my father's library.

The front yard was sodded, and so we had a lawn in the first summer. This instant lawn required sprinkling daily, and it was one of my chores, which I performed in the late afternoon. I did not do much grass cutting; I was too small to push the hand mower. But it was my job to clip grass along the cement walk and around the trees. In the front yard, at one corner near the sidewalk, was a calendula, an "elephant ear" plant. Its leaves had a sharp, bitter taste. There must not have been many such plants in the neighborhood, because we were successful in getting unsuspecting children to taste the elephant ears. As I have said, there was one shade tree in the front yard, a promising Norway maple, but it was still pretty small when we left Thirty-ninth Street in 1915.

A narrow cement walk went around the house to the back porch and continued onto the head of the steps that came out of the basement. In the backyard were small fruit trees—cherry, plum, apple, and pear. No fruit was produced on any of them while we were there. Across the back of the lot was a board fence, with a gate that opened on what would, years later, become an alley, but was then but a part of the open fields that extended all the way south to Thirty-eighth Street. In front of the fence were a dozen currant bushes from whose fruit Mother made jelly.

In a corner of the yard near the house was a rose bed that contained a dozen choice bushes. My father had constructed the rose bed on the best horticultural plans, digging out the earth to a depth of a foot, laying a gravel-and-sand base four inches thick, and putting good, rich earth on top. As long as he was physically able, he faithfully covered the rose plants for winter, pruned them when necessary, and produced a succession of fine blooms. There was no vegetable garden, but Mother planted annual flowers around each of the fruit trees and at other places —verbenas, nasturtiums, petunias, baby's breath, etc. And around each of the beds I had to clip the grass!

As I have said, there was no garage on the lot; we did not own an automobile, nor did anyone else on Thirty-ninth Street, although relatives of people down the street occasionally drove up in their brass-bound Ford touring car, and all the children gathered to admire it. Ownership of automobiles did not become common among middle-class families until the 1920s.

Our neighbors, like suburbanites at all times and places, took pride in their yards, and by mutual consent, there were no dividing fences and back of the houses was a large parklike expanse of grass, flowers, trees, and shrubbery. The favorite occupation of householders in the summertime was to take an after-supper stroll around their property, and then to visit with neighbors to discuss their successes and failures in gardening and landscaping. The total backyard area provided a large playground for all the children, although we were admonished not to go into a neighbor's yard unless specifically invited or in company with the neighbor's children.

Although I spent more of my time in reading and indoor games, I did enjoy outdoor play. My brother and I had tricycles and spent summer evenings riding up and down the sidewalk. In the backyard, as did the other children, we had a small cotton-cloth Indian tepee for a while, and at other times a quilt or a blanket thrown over a tightly stretched clothesline served as the focus for playing Indians or soldiers.

In the wintertime there were nearby places to go sledding. The closest hill was on Thirty-ninth Street, the highest point of which was at Graceland Avenue, and it descended to Capitol Avenue, a short block to the east. It provided good coasting, and other vehicles stayed off it. Children from blocks around came there to slide. I had only a small, low, narrow sled with half-round runners, but it was a fast sled, steered by dragging the feet. In general the Thirty-ninth Street hill was used by small children. Many had Flexible Flyers steered by a bar on the front of the sled, but my coaster, ridden belly-buster fashion, was as fast as any of them. Riding it did wear out the toes of my rubber boots. I was never ashamed of it and never asked my parents for a Flexible Flyer.

The second coasting area was Ketcham's Hill, in back of School 43, running from Capitol Avenue to Illinois Street—a good, fast, lengthy course. It was steep enough and long enough for large Flexible Flyers, flat toboggans, and small bobsleds. The hill was in a wooded area, through which no public thoroughfare passed, as at Thirty-ninth Street. But it was considered to be too steep and long for smaller children, and most of the people that used the hill were high schoolers or young adults. My parents did not approve of our being there except with some other parent, but it was no hardship for me to confine my sledding to the Thirty-ninth Street hill.

Of course, we played in the snow in our immediate neighborhood, and one winter, when we had an unusually heavy downfall, we built a fort back of Fred Lashbrook's house.¹³ It was built up

¹³ Located at 308 West Thirty-ninth Street.

to about four feet in height, with embrasures through which to throw snowballs at attackers. It was sprayed with water so that its ice walls were still standing long after the battles were over.

In the summertime we explored the fields and vacant lots with which we were surrounded, played baseball, and roller skated on the sidewalks. At one point Capitol Avenue between Thirty-eighth and Fortieth streets was given an asphalt surface, and for a few days before it was opened to traffic we used it as a skating rink. I became a good skater and skated back and forth to school in good weather. We also had a hill down which we could coast on our skates—Graceland Avenue from Thirty-ninth Street to Thirty-eighth. It was not really a steep hill, but I could have a long, gentle glide after I got a good start at the top. (I should explain that the Thirty-ninth Street hill, where we did our sledding, was unpaved and had no sidewalk.) I also used my skates to go to the public library branch at Thirty-fourth and Illinois streets.

As I have said the area back of our house was all open fields. A part of it had been used by a florist and market gardener, and on Thirty-eighth Street were the remains of his greenhouses and a deep basement where the heating plant had been. We explored these ruins on several occasions, intrigued by the mystery of what kind of building had been there. The whole area was overgrown with tall weeds and grasses, through which we made exploratory trails. Especially amazing to us was the large number of jimsonweeds—three to five feet tall with fiveinch white or pale lavender flowers visible through the widespreading leaves. It was a poisonous plant, but this was unknown or ignored by us. Another tall weed found in lesser numbers was the castor bean, which grew as tall as eight feet, with clusters of large leaves, and fuzzy pods containing big shiny black seeds. From such plants came the castor oil much used by our pioneer forefathers for lubrication and medication. Many early settlers in Indiana had castor bean mills on their farms.

There were other plants which I learned to identify—golden-

rod and dandelions, which grew to enormous size in order to reach the sun through the deep carpet of grass. There were also spiky wild lettuce and broad-leaved burdock, the latter we called wild rhubarb. Teazel and other burred plants were also present in numbers and fastened their needles to our clothes, calling forth a sharp reminder from my mother to "keep out of the weeds."

To the west of this great field, across Cornelius Avenue and extending to Byram Avenue along Thirty-eighth Street, was a large orchard of pear trees, in the middle of which was an abandoned mansion. The house and the surrounding orchard were intended as a site for a future housing development. The house was demolished soon after we moved into the neighborhood, but the pear orchard remained and any one could gather the fruit. We boys climbed the trees and wandered beneath them, eating pears from the time they were small and hard and green in July until they were full-grown and juicy in September. Why we never had stomachaches either from eating the green ones or gorging ourselves on the big, yellow, ripe ones, I'll never know. We must have had cast-iron stomachs, as my father said.

In one corner of the orchard was an excavation from which sand and gravel were removed to use in the construction of the houses that were being built in the area. Its sides were not excessively steep, and the road leading into the gravel pit was a gentle slant so that loaded wagons could be pulled out of it by horses. To me, inspired by my reading of *The Boy with the U.S. Survey*,¹⁴ it was a proper place to explore and collect rocks and stones.

At the east end of the orchard was open space that was the baseball field for small boys. Using stones or whatever we could find for bases, we played mostly scrub games, because there were seldom more than five or six boys at hand. Among us we tossed

 $^{^{14}}$ Francis William Rolt-Wheeler, *The Boy with the U.S. Survey* (Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., [1909]).

the bat to decide the order in which we would be at the plate. The winner went first, to be followed by the catcher, the pitcher, and the fielders. Seldom did any one have bat, ball, and glove at the same time, but among us we managed to have enough equipment. Mostly we used a regulation-size hard ball of the kind that was bought at the five-and-ten-cent store or Reichel's drugstore at our neighborhood shopping center at Fortieth Street and Boulevard Place. None of us was strong enough to hit the ball so hard that a fielder could not catch it barehanded. Usually it didn't come to that, because it was seldom caught on the fly; fielders had to run after it and pick it up from the ground. Often we did not use all the bases; the batter, after hitting the ball,



Shirley Dufek

Boys playing baseball, 1912

just ran to first base and back to home plate. An out was made when a fielder or the pitcher threw the ball to the catcher who tagged the runner, if the former was so lucky as to catch it. Then the runner went into the field and everyone moved up—the catcher becoming the batter, the pitcher becoming the catcher, and a fielder becoming the pitcher. If a fielder or the pitcher by some stroke of luck did catch a batted ball in the air, he immediately became the batter, and the boy who hit the fly ball went to the field. If the runner succeeded in evading the tag, he had another turn at bat. There was no umpire, and a good part of the time during a game was spent in discussing in heated terms whether an out had been made. These disputes were amicably decided, although an onlooker would have believed that every player was out for blood, so fierce were the arguments. By some sort of common agreement a decision was reached, and the game went on. How different from Little League play! Before I leave this subject, I must remind the reader that there were never any girls who played baseball; the playing field was exclusively the domain of ten-vear-old males.

The great American preoccupation with bird-watching came to us at 335 West Thirty-ninth Street because of the presence of many birds in the open fields, the orchard, and the shrubbery of the backyards. It started when I was nine years old and in the fourth grade at School 43, where the woodworking class fashioned birdhouses. I made one intended for bluebirds, which my father mounted on a pole attached to the fence at the back of our lot. Much excitement was aroused in our family when a pair of Eastern bluebirds began to carry dried grass and small sticks into the house, built their nest, and laid their eggs. We spent hours watching the comings and goings of these small birds, the male in his blue coat and brick-red vest and Mrs. Bluebird in dusty blue and pale red. This experience made me and the other members of the family conscious of the bird life

all around us. We soon came to notice the common birds of the yard—the robins and the blue jays and the house sparrows (they were called English sparrows then and were considered pests), but the first birds to attract our special attention were the chipping sparrows, a pair of which built a nest of horsehair in the backyard shrubbery. (Today, the chipping sparrow, in the absence of loose hairs from horses' tails, uses grasses, string, and whatever else it can find to weave into its nest.) How surprised were we when we found that these tiny birds were not ordinary sparrows! Species of bird life that no one could miss were the huge flocks of purple grackles (blackbirds, we called them) that spread overhead in the mornings and evenings as they left their roosting places in the trees of Crown Hill Cemetery for their feeding grounds in the farmers' fields.

My father, noticing my special interest in bird life, brought home the current number of the National Geographic Magazine which contained an article, "Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard."15 It included short sketches about the nesting and feeding habits of each bird and a colored picture by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, a fine bird painter. This article was reprinted from a booklet that was issued by the United States Bureau of Biological Survey. It was done at a time when states were passing laws protecting birds from hunters, on the ground that they were beneficial to farmers because they ate so many harmful insects. In 1962 the Fish and Wildlife Service of the United States Department of the Interior published another bird guide, Fifty Birds of Town and City, based on the earlier publication but reflecting the ever-increasing urbanization of the United States. In the text there was only brief mention of the economic value of birds, indicating that the battle to protect song birds had been won. This latter edition was illustrated by Bob Hines, a disciple who "picked up Fuertes' brush," according to Rogers C. B. Morton, secretary of the interior.

¹⁵ National Geographic, XXIV (June, 1913), 669-97.

The copy of the *Geographic* with the article on birds disappeared during later moves of my family, but it was pretty worn out because I read it dozens of times, and I could recognize each bird from its picture and recite the text.

My knowledge of birds was enlarged also by the discovery of the books by Frank M. Chapman, T. Gilbert Pearson, and others, which I found at the public library. I also acquired the pamphlets of the Audubon Society when a junior chapter was organized at School 43. Bird-watching became a lifetime habit, as it was, and is, for millions of families all across America, with a consequent consciousness of the totality of the natural world.



Indiana State Library

Lake Tippecanoe cottages, 1914

CHAPTER FOUR

A MIDDLE-CLASS CHILDHOOD

Like other indiana middle-class families, we enjoyed summer vacations at the lake. For Hoosiers this meant either Lake Michigan, a lake near it, or one of the small glacier-made mud-bottom lakes of northern Indiana. Our first vacation was in 1912, when we went to a boarding house or resort hotel at Black Lake, close to Lake Michigan near the city of Holland. We spent a week in a roughly framed building with small bedrooms and a bath at the end of the hall. There was a rustic reception room outfitted with wicker furniture and a large dining room with round tables where families could sit together. It was my father's idea that mother deserved a rest from the daily round of keeping house and cooking meals.

Accompanying us was my Aunt Lottie, a bachelor girl who was very gay and vivacious and a favorite of my brother and me. She was expected to assume some of the duties of taking care of us. This she did, although frequently distracted by young men who wanted to talk to her.

In those days people had no special comfortable clothing for play and leisure, and at Black Lake, as at similar resorts, guests had to dress for meals and other events. For example, my father wore the same blue serge suit that he wore to the office every day. He did have a pair of white flannel trousers that he wore with the jacket of his blue suit and, on occasion, he donned his straw sailor hat. For informal times he went around in his shirt sleeves, but he wore his collar and cuffs stiffly starched. Mother and Aunt Lottie wore light-colored dresses, often of

cotton, but the skirts were ankle length or longer, and underneath were a couple of petticoats. Mother and Aunt Lottie made their own outfits, and they were frequently tucked or embroidered or pleated. My brother and I wore knee-length pants and overblouses of gingham materials. For dress-up we wore sailor blouses and short pants, all in white. Since most occasions at Black Lake called for dressing up, Mother spent much of her time bathing my brother and me and washing and ironing our clothes in the laundry room provided for guests. In fact, my mother said that the other patrons of the hotel thought Aunt Lottie was our mother, and she, Mother, was simply a servant, because Aunt Lottie, always stylishly dressed, spent more time with us than she did!

There was really not much for us boys to do. We played on the lawn of the hotel, or, with a parent or Aunt Lottie in attendance, we went to play in the sand or wade in the water. A time or two we took a motor boat ride on Black Lake. Sometimes we walked down the long side of the inlet that led from Lake Michigan to the docks of the city of Holland on Black Lake. Here we watched the steamers come and go. The hotel maintained a menagerie of deer and other small animals in cages, and we spent much time there. In one cage was a large golden eagle. We were watching one day at feeding time when a large dead fish, which we were told was a dog fish, was put into the cage. Brother Bob and I were puzzled over the matter of how a dog could become a fish, especially since in our eyes it didn't really look like a dog!

One day we took an excursion boat on Lake Michigan that went from Holland to Benton Harbor, about twenty-five or thirty miles south. The boat was one of several that went from Chicago to Benton Harbor, Holland, and other ports along the west side of the state of Michigan. Most of these excursion boats were side-wheelers, that is, they had a paddle wheel on each side rather than a paddle at the stern, like river steamers. Most of these boats contained small staterooms and large lounges and dining rooms, and they carried on a lively business between the ports of the Great Lakes. People took long cruises, from Chicago

to Detroit or Cleveland, even to Buffalo and New York by way of the Erie Canal and the Hudson River. In addition to lake boats, ocean-going ships came into the lakes through the St. Lawrence River and the Welland Canal. Some were freighters that brought iron and copper ore from Upper Michigan and Minnesota to Chicago and Cleveland. To see all these boats and ships from the deck of our excursion steamer was a great experience for us land-bound middle westerners.

The vessel we took at Holland was a day boat, one of two which left simultaneously each morning—one from Chicago and one from Holland—and went back each evening. We left on the down boat and came back in the evening on the up boat. Holland was a tourist city with its quaint Dutch shops, its flower gardens, scrubbed streets, and furniture factories and showrooms. The Holland-Chicago boats always stopped at Benton Harbor, a vacation city with miles of white sand beaches, amusement parks, and the House of David.

The House of David was a religious cult that had its headquarters in a large landscaped enclosure with flower beds, shrubs, rock grottoes, and outdoor restaurants. There was also a miniature steam engine and cars that ran on a track through the grounds. It was a good place to take children because there was so much to see and do. The House of David was best known to the outside world by its traveling, semiprofessional baseball team, whose players, like the rest of the members of the House of David, wore their hair and beards long. Before the First World War there were many such semiprofessional teams that toured the United States and played local amateur and semipro teams. The House of David team thrived because their uncut hair and long beards attracted attention and increased attendance at their games. After the war, such teams declined in numbers and importance in the sports scene as American Legion and other organizations such as the YMCA developed amateur sports for young men.16

¹⁶ The Benton Harbor community of the House of David cult was

Our family, along with many others, enjoyed the day at the House of David, riding the train, exploring the rock grottoes, and sampling the offerings at the refreshment stands. There was an air of mystery that was cultivated by the men attendants, who wore their beards tucked up and bands around their brows to keep their hair out of the way. It was a tired and happy family that boarded the up boat to return to Black Lake—that is, all except my mother, who looked forward to the next day's job of washing the white outfits Bob and I wore on the excursion.

We did not go back to Black Lake the next summer because none of us had a totally good time. Instead, we went to Lake Tippecanoe, one of the larger lakes in northern Indiana, where we rented a cottage on the shore. My father had heard about the lake from his business friends, and besides, he had renewed a boyhood interest in fishing.

Leaving Indianapolis in July, 1913, we went by train to Leesburg, and from there we were taken by automobile through farming country to the cottage by the lake. It was a simple building with exposed rafters and studs and a large screened porch across the front. This and the windows were covered with shutters that had to be lowered from the outside in case of rain. The cooking was done on an oil stove and meals were served on a table covered with blue and white oilcloth. Both the cooking vessels and the plain dishes and tableware, as well as the furni-

founded in 1903 by Benjamin Purnell, self-proclaimed Seventh Angel of the Israelite House of David. By the time of his death in 1927 the colony numbered several hundred persons and Purnell had accumulated several million dollars in property, acquired by the contribution of members upon joining the cult and through their efforts thereafter. Beginning about 1910 Purnell was charged by former members with debauching young girls, and these charges were expanded into thousands of pages of testimony in the summer of 1927, convincing the court that Purnell and his wife were running a public nuisance. After Purnell's death the colony divided into two groups and ceased to proselytize. Milo M. Quaife, *Lake Michigan* (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1944), pp. 262-78.

ture and bedding, were supplied by the owner of the cottage. This man owned several such cottages, and also ran a grocery store, and maintained bait minnow tanks and worm-breeding beds. He also rented and sold fishing tackle, rented fishing boats, and cleaned fish. Some cottages on the lake belonged to private owners, who rented them out when not using them. Water for our cottage was supplied from a well outside the kitchen door, and at the rear of the lot was an outside toilet. Oil lamps, candles, and flashlights were the means of illumination. We were supplied with a rowboat as a part of the rental terms.

My father had been advised that Lake Tippecanoe was a good spot for catching bass and bluegills. The former were caught by bait casting and the latter by the pole and worm method, both conducted off small rowboats, hand propelled. While I accompanied my father on a few occasions, I never developed an interest in the sport, although I did get a thrill out of catching a six-inch bluegill all by myself!

All the housekeeping arrangements were primitive, and Mother made the cooking and cleaning up as simple as possible. Since Father proved to be a good fisherman, we often had bluegills and an occasional bass to eat. My brother and I wore plain cotton blouses and pants, and Mother took along a sufficient supply so that she was not continually bending over a washtub. With this easier life-style, Mother had time to rest, go swimming, go fishing once in a while, and visit with the neighboring wives.

There was nothing but a small mud beach directly in front of the cottage, so like other nearby families we did our swimming off the end of the pier which was located in front of the store. For swimming Bob and I and Mother were outfitted with water wings. They are now banned by the Red Cross and the YMCA. But with them we boys could paddle around, and my mother did not have to worry about us, because the water was shallow for a considerable distance into the lake. I soon learned to swim without the water wings. These were made of white muslin, which, when wet, were inflated by mouth and the air stayed in.



Fairview Park along the canal

Bass Photo



 ${\it Indiana\ Historical\ Society\ Library}$ "Queen," the diving horse at Fairview Park, July 2, 1911

up speed and telephone poles flew by the car windows. It was an especially thrilling experience on the open summer cars which provided a full sweep of wind for the passengers, and we all had to hold on to our hats.

Fairview was one of several parks that were owned by the Indianapolis Street Railway Company. The Indianapolis company, like similar lines in other places, developed these parks with the idea that they would stimulate their business, providing revenue from the fares paid by the passengers visiting them. Some of the parks, like Riverside and Broad Ripple (the latter owned by an interurban line), had extensive entertainment centers, with swimming pools, skating rinks, Ferris wheels, carousels, and roller coasters. Fairview, however, was not an amusement park, although it did have a large merry-go-round, and a pony track, but there was little else except a couple of white diving horses that leaped off a tower into a tank of water.

An attraction at Fairview, for which there was a charge, was a presentation one year of an Indian pageant based on Longfellow's "Hiawatha." It was given on the west side of the canal, with the audience seated on the opposite hillside. I am not sure of the details, but the Indians were from Wisconsin, and they camped in tepees on the park grounds. The show was presented at dusk, and the scenes of the poem were placed in an opening in the trees. As darkness came on spot- and floodlights were used to pick up the action. The poem was read dramatically by a trained actor, and it was very effective given in the stillness and mystery of the night. The canal became magically the "shining Big-Sea-Water" beside which Nokomis was seated before her tepee and "nursed the little Hiawatha, rocked him in his linden cradle" and sang to him the songs of "ewa-yea! my little owlet," and "wah-wah-taysee, little firefly." She taught him about "the stars that shine in heaven," and to understand all the sights of nature so that he became a mighty hunter and killed his first deer. We saw Hiawatha struggle with the evil spirit, Mondamin. At the end, Hiawatha sailed away in a canoe, his white suit and

feathered headdress spotlighted, until he disappeared into the world of good spirits. It was a very impressive and realistic play, and we children were deeply stirred.¹⁷

But most people were attracted to Fairview because of its natural beauty. There were great beeches and other towering trees and abundant flowering shrubs and wild flowers. The park management planted flowers in formal beds, and there was a cement pond with a splashing waterfall that contained giant goldfish. There was also a deer park, where a dozen or so white-tailed deer grazed and a few peacocks strutted around. A principal attraction was the Sunday afternoon concerts by the Indianapolis Military Band, which performed in a shell set amidst the beeches and facing a number of park benches.

A typical Sunday afternoon excursion of our family started when we got off the streetcar and went to the nearby fishpond and then to the deer park, where we watched the animals begging popcorn from the visitors. Moving on, we marveled at the gorgeous display of tail feathers by the peacocks. Then we hiked through the trees along a rough road that led to the pony track. Here, Bob and I rode gentle ponies or slow moving burros. Next we climbed another hill back to the merry-go-round which was housed in a permanent wooden building. While the Indians were encamped, we made a side trip to see them in their tepees, and then we drifted back to the band shell to hear the performance.

The Indianapolis Military Band was a semiprofessional organization that was hired by the park operators. It also performed at civic and other events in and around Indianapolis. While it played Sousa marches and patriotic music, its principal offerings were from its orchestral repertory, mostly overtures and other short pieces. There were also women soloists who performed operatic arias. I do not recall that the band played

¹⁷ The play was presented by the Ojibway Indians for the benefit of the Summer Mission for Sick Children. There were two performances daily from July 4 through 9, 1913. Indianapolis *Star*, July 5, 1913.



Caroline Dunn

"popular" music; what it did play was what was called the "best music," and the performances were really of high musical quality. But we children, like those everywhere, had short attention spans, and there was so much coming and going in the aisles that we became restless. So, at the parents' insistence we listened to one more piece, and then we all went to watch the white horse make its leap from the tower into the tank. We held our breaths as it descended, and we were assured that it landed in safety when we could see its head bobbing above the surface of the water.

On our visits to the park we were allowed to buy one thing at a refreshment stand, of which there were several on the grounds. They served hot sandwiches—red hots (hot dogs)—and cold pop, but we usually preferred to buy boxes of Cracker Jack, because they contained trinkets of various kinds, and, if we were fortunate, we might be able to feed some of it to a deer.

Fairview was a fine place for picnics of all kinds. We seldom had a family picnic, because my father did not like the inconveniences—toting baskets and blankets on the streetcar, eating while sitting on the ground and enduring ants, flies, and other insects competing for the food. But we children did enjoy picnics given by our Sunday school classes.

We had occasional family get-togethers in the summertime when we went to my grandparents for picnic dinners. The July picnic was topped off by watermelon and homemade ice cream. Grandy supplied the melon, which he secured from one of the market gardeners who shipped their products into the city by way of the interurban line, and, as the freight agent, Grandy had an opportunity to pick the best. The ice cream was made from fresh fruit and fresh cream and frozen in a hand-turned freezer. Freezing was induced by the use of coarse salt on the chipped ice which surrounded the can or bucket containing the ingredients. The ice cream was made by turning a handle which controlled paddles that stirred the mixture until it froze. I was allowed to help turn the handle.

There were other pleasant forms of recreation for me and my brother. One was the Fourth of July neighborhood display of fireworks. Families gathered in someone's backvard as soon as it was dusk and watched the fathers set off flowerpots, fountains, Roman candles, and skyrockets that had been purchased by each family and pooled for the neighborhood display. We children were not allowed to ignite the pieces, but we were consoled by being given sparklers with the end of the handle bent so that we could twirl them. We also set sparklers in patterns in the grass and lighted them all at once to produce a satisfyingly beautiful show. One of the features of backvard fireworks displays was the red, white, and blue paper balloons that were carried aloft by means of the heat generated by a candle in the bottom. Since they were put up before it became black dark, we watched them as they were carried by the breeze, and then as night came on we could follow them by the tiny spark of light from the candle flame.

During the day on the Fourth of July, my brother and I were permitted to have "snakes" (little cones of some material that oozed out when ignited), and corrugated paper "ferns" (the pattern left as the paper burned). We were also allowed to have "lady-fingers"—firecrackers about three-quarters of an inch long and other larger ones that were about an inch and a half. They came from China, as did almost all fireworks, and were in small paper packages with the fuses of the individual firecrackers twisted together. They could be unbraided and exploded singly or left in strings just as they came from the package. The latter way was more spectacular, but they lasted longer if they were set off one at a time. Firecrackers were lighted by touching the fuses with a smouldering piece of "punk," which came in pencil-thin rods about a foot long. When touched by a lighted match, the punk glowed and burned steadily without bursting into flame. Its use made the setting off of firecrackers reasonably safe. We were not allowed to have matches, and father lit the punk for us. There were two favorite ways of exploding firecrackers. The first was by placing them under small

tin cans; the noise was enhanced and the can flew into the air. Second, firecrackers that did not explode were bent in the middle, the powder was thus exposed, and when ignited, flames spurted forth from the squib.

Our Fourths of July were carefully supervised by our parents, and we were not permitted to have large firecrackers, which were sold in sizes up to five inches long, and were called "salutes" or "cannons." These exploded with a very loud bang and scattered burning powder and flaming pieces of tough cardboard and paper. Neither were we permitted to have "torpedoes"—large caps of exploding material surrounded by small pieces of gravel and wrapped in a paper covering. When they were dashed down on the sidewalk, they exploded violently and scattered gravel in all directions. We were, however, permitted to have "cap guns," which used tiny caps.

Of course, the fireworks were dangerous to life and to eyes. fingers, toes, hands, and feet. There were no effective laws regulating their sale; they were readily available at corner drugstores and curbside stands. Even the small crackers we were allowed to have made painful burns if they went off in the hand. Older boys (of whom there were few in our suburban neighborhood of young parents), as well as grown men, frequently suffered crippling wounds when large firecrackers were exploded inadvertently. Skyrockets, Roman candles, and other nighttime fireworks sometimes misfired and spread burning material in the wrong places. Paper balloons, if they landed on roofs, caused fires if their candles were still alight. Every July fifth, the newspapers carried accounts of accidents on the Fourth, and during my boyhood only a meager start was made on regulating the sale of fireworks by forbidding the sale of balloons and five-inch cannons.

. . .

Another form of entertainment enjoyed by many of the middle class was attendance at the theater, to which we went

by streetcar to downtown Indianapolis. My father was a follower of the theater, and in his younger days, both in Indianapolis and Washington, he attended stage plays, musical comedies, and vaudeville shows. But after I was born there was not much opportunity for theater attendance for my parents, because it was not customary for middle-class people who could not afford a maid or nurse to employ even a baby-sitter. But while we lived on Thirty-ninth Street my brother and I were old enough to be taken along.

My father had a friend, Vi [Viola E.] Gaskell, a former actress, who was retired and taking care of her mother in Indianapolis. Her brother was in theater management, with headquarters in New York, and on those occasions when a touring company under his supervision came to Indianapolis, my father got free tickets. The shows were not the highest form of entertainment, but they did not offend the family trade. They were musical shows with a chorus, soprano and tenor leads who were in love with each other, a heavy who was a bass, and one or more comedians. Plots were frothy and not of as much importance as the singing, dancing, and comedy routines. Such musical shows were sometimes built around newspaper comic-page characters, and I recall the one featuring Mutt and Jeff. We also occasionally attended the Grand Theater, later Keith's Theater, 18 because it featured vaudeville shows provided by the B. F. Keith Company. The Keith shows were very high-class and appealed to the family trade. My boyhood memories are of acrobats and singers, comedians and dancers, but I was most impressed with the orchestra of a dozen men which played in the pit in front of the stage. The leader, who also played the violin, directed the musicians with his bow. In one corner near the stage was a man who played the bass drum and other percussion instruments, who was called the "trap" drummer. He made sound effects on

¹⁸ Located on the southeast corner of Pennsylvania and Wabash streets. *Indianapolis City Directory*, 1910; 1912.



Bass Photo



Joe Tipton

bells, wooden blocks, cymbals, and other objects. The sounds he made emphasized the action on the stage. For example, he made a clash of cymbals when a comedian took a fall, or he made a prolonged roll on his trap (snare) drum to build up suspense while an acrobat was reaching the climax of his stunt.

But the most intimate contact with the theater was when we visited the local Nickelodeon on summer Saturday evenings to see the movies. Before the First World War, similar establishments were sprouting up all over Indianapolis and in other cities across the United States. They were strictly for summer entertainment. Ours had ten-foot corrugated iron walls open to the sky, and its floor was simply gravel spread around to keep the weeds down. Patrons were seated on plain plank seats with no backs. Up front near the screen was an upright piano. At the entrance was a ticket booth and a popcorn machine!

For our nickels we saw a two-reel western and a couple of one-reel comedies, all in black and white. It was enough for me and other ten-year-olds that there were moving pictures of men and women riding horses, driving automobiles, jumping off cliffs, or performing other acts of daring or broad humor, all to the accompaniment of action-paced live piano music.

Our Nickelodeon, like others, was replaced in a year or two by a permanent building and, in the downtown section of Indianapolis fine new movie theaters were erected, and converted storerooms and legitimate theaters installed movie projectors. Increasingly, improved and longer movies were being made, although they were still silent and gray. Many attempts were made to create talking pictures before success came in 1926. My father, with his consuming interest in the theater, followed these developments, and on one occasion, probably in 1914, he took us to a downtown theater showing a full-length costume picture in which the actors seemingly spoke their lines out loud. It was accomplished by playing phonograph records with the sound amplified by using large acoustic horns. The experiment

was not very successful, because one had to be near the front of the theater close by an amplifying horn. Also the movie and the record were not always completely synchronized.

A half-dozen circuses and Wild West shows came to Indianapolis every summer. They traveled by train, arriving in the early morning hours at the show grounds on West Washington Street, set up their tents, and staged a downtown parade at ten o'clock. We did not go to the circus itself, because it was too expensive, but on several occasions Mother took us downtown to see the parade, which was an entertaining show for us small boys. I suspect that it was not the expense alone that prevented us from seeing the circus, but also that it was a long, dusty, and uncomfortable excursion to the grounds. And I agree with Mother; circuses have never been my favorite form of showgoing. Even seeing the parade was not completely satisfying, because it was tiring for us to stand up and wait for the parade to come along, and then we had to dodge the people around us so that we could at least see a part of what went by.

My Grandfather Short thought that we boys were being neglected because we were not taken to see the circus, so one year when Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and Circus came to town he took us to see it. In addition to the regular circus acts, there was an exhibition of Indian horsemanship and cowboy riding. Buffalo Bill, with his flowing white beard and long hair, rode on his white horse around the tent, waving his white ten-gallon hat to acknowledge the applause. Then there was a holdup of the Deadwood stage by a band of outlaws who fired their guns and were answered by shots from the riders in the stage—all to the accompaniment of much shouting and rousing music from the band. Grandy not only wanted to entertain us, but he impressed upon us that we were having a wonderful opportunity to see a very great American, and he told us about Buffalo Bill Cody's services to his country as a scout for the United States Army. In later life, I was glad that I could boast to my students in western history that I had seen Buffalo Bill in the flesh, although I had

to tell them that he did not have the admirable character legend gave him.

The only church in our suburb was a little wooden building that had been occupied by a country Baptist church. Some of the new families joined it, and in a few years it was taken over by the newcomers. The little church building was abandoned in favor of a fine new brick structure. But others, like us, already had church affiliations. We continued to attend North Park Christian Church at Twenty-ninth and Kenwood, which we reached by streetcar.

Father was not a churchgoer, but he supported my mother in her church attendance and her desire that Bob and I have the advantages of Sunday school training. North Park Church was in a comparatively new brick structure built on the "Akron plan," popular among evangelical churches of the early twentieth century. Similar church buildings still exist in city neighborhoods and small towns all across the United States. The Akron plan church buildings were intended to serve the "social gospel" that was the newest thing in religion. It meant that a church should be more than a building in which to praise God on Sundays, but should also provide Christian social services and educational facilities. North Park contained a large, square auditorium which, on proper occasions, could be used for purposes other than church services. It was entered by a main door at one corner; opposite was the platform in the center of which was the pulpit, and back of it was a raised area upon which the choir was seated, and back of the choir was the pipe organ. The organist faced a large "rear view" mirror by means of which she could follow the service as directed by the minister. The evangelical protestant tradition requiring reading from the Bible and preaching from its texts was maintained by having only a pulpit and no lectern. The communion table was placed below the pulpit on the floor of the auditorium.

Above the main floor was a balcony, and at the back of the church on the second floor was a parlor where the Women's Missionary Society, the Ladies Aid Society, the women's Sunday school class, and the Christian Endeavor Society met. On the first floor below the parlor was a room used by the men's Sunday school class. This room had a large sliding door that went clear to the ceiling and opened up the room to the auditorium. In the east wall of the auditorium was a glassed-in baptistry, so that baptismal immersion could be watched by the congregation. On the north side of the auditorium was a wing devoted to the Sunday school, including a small auditorium that also could be opened by a sliding door to the main auditorium. The smaller room was used as a place for assembling the younger children in the Sunday school for attendance at church services on such occasions as Easter or special evangelistic services. This area was also used for the presentation of plays and other entertainment by the young people for the audience seated in the church auditorium. Around this area were classrooms enclosed by folding doors, and at the east end was a nursery room. The church building also had a basement that extended under the entire structure. On one end was a dining area and a kitchen for the numerous church dinners that were held. The other end was used by the Sunday school and was equipped with a platform and classrooms separated by sliding green curtains.

Many churches of the time also had community rooms, gymnasiums, and other facilities for the church to fulfill the "social gospel."

Bob and I were taken regularly to Sunday school from the time we moved to Thirtieth and Kenwood, and we continued to attend while we were on Thirty-ninth Street. Mother got us up, gave us breakfast, and dressed us in time to catch the streetcar that would get us to Sunday school by nine-thirty. When I was eleven, I was allowed to take charge of Bob, and we sometimes went alone.

I was fortunate to have as a Sunday school teacher Miss

Carrie Morganstern. She was one of three Morganstern maiden sisters whose parents had died, and the young ladies lived by themselves in a house near us on Graceland Avenue. Miss Morganstern was well educated and held a clerical position with the Indiana state government. She taught the boys' class of which I was a member, advancing with us through the years eight to twelve, during which time we had a complete course in Bible study. She used the regular lesson sheets that were provided by the church, which dealt mostly with characters of both the Old and New testaments, and drew moral and religious lessons, but in addition we studied the Bible itself—the names of the books, their contents, the chronological periods they covered, and the relation of events to secular history. Miss Morganstern was a splendid teacher, like many others of her time. Her lessons were always well organized, and she spoke clearly. While she set high standards for her students and gave occasional quizzes, she was a kindly person and had the respect of her pupils. She entertained us at her home and took us on Sunday school picnics. She quietly gave material aid, like clothing, to any of her boys who were in need. So thorough was Miss Morganstern's teaching that I have never felt the need for other formal courses in the Bible. Her teaching was typical of the rigorous Sunday school courses generally offered in church schools of the time.

At about the age of ten or eleven I responded to the exhortations of the Rev. Edward L. Day,¹⁹ the minister at North Park Christian Church, and on one Sunday before Easter I came forward to join the church. I am not sure why I did this without consulting my mother, and she was much surprised when I came down the aisle and put my hand in the big warm hand of the Rev. Mr. Day. But I had been prepared to become a church member through the discussions which Miss Morganstern held

¹⁹ Rev. Edward Lawrence Day (1873-1952), who had attended Indiana State Normal School at Terre Haute and DePauw University, was pastor at North Park Christian Church from 1911 to 1917. Indianapolis *Star*, August 13, 1952.

on the subject. A few Sundays after Easter, dressed in old but clean clothes and in my stocking feet, I went down the steps into the water of the baptistry. Mr. Day gathered me in his strong arms, and before I knew it I had been dipped briefly into the warm water. I had expected to lead a reformed life after this ceremony, but nothing very startling happened, except that I no longer felt guilty when evangelists urged that people confess their sins and come forward for forgiveness and to be born again.

The public school to which I transferred when we moved to Thirty-ninth Street in November, 1911, was School 43 (not School *Number* 43). It was named the James Whitcomb Riley School for the Hoosier poet who wrote homespun verse and was well-known throughout the United States because of his published work and his many appearances on the lecture platform, where he read his own poems. The only one of his verses that made an impression on me was "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," because on his birthday, which was celebrated at the school, we were given facsimile autograph copies of this poem.

School 43 was located at Capitol and Fortieth streets, four lengthy blocks from home. It was a new school in this recently settled part of the city. It was a two-story and basement building of vellow brick trimmed with limestone, the front grounds of which were well-landscaped with small trees and shrubs. In the back was a large graveled playground equipped with swings, Maypoles, flying rings, and horizontal ladders. At the far back end of the area were baseball diamonds, separate ones for boys and girls. The playground program was well administered, although there was no special physical education teacher. The women classroom teachers as part of their duties supervised the various class groups on the playing field. I enjoyed the games and other activities, but I was a marked child because I wore gold-rimmed spectacles which I had acquired when I was nine years old to correct serious nearsightedness. I had to suffer the harsh words of playmates at recess, being called "four-eyes"

and other names every time I missed a ball or committed some other awkward error during the games. I did stand out among my fellows, because few children in those days were fitted with eyeglasses. Since without them all about me was a multicolored blur, I wore them faithfully and suffered the scorn of other boys.

If I was not much of a success on the playground, I fared better in the classroom. The school year was divided into two terms. At School 43, since it was in a sparsely settled neighborhood, two classes were held in the same room and even so were not very large. My class, for example, had only fourteen pupils, so that while there was but a single teacher for the two classes, each pupil received sufficient personal attention. In one sense the system worked much like a one-room schoolhouse, because I often listened to 4A recitations while I was supposed to be studying 4B arithmetic.

School 43, like other Indianapolis schools, was in tune with educational developments nationally. In the mornings pupils received a good basic education in reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic, while the afternoons were devoted to art, music, and handicrafts. The school had a small gas-fired kiln, and pottery bowls and vases were made by the coil method, given a simple glaze and fired. There were also classes in basketry, and for the boys woodworking classes, which followed the "sloyd" manual training method introduced into the United States from Sweden in the late nineteenth century. The idea was to teach boys hand and eye co-ordination, and develop skills and a degree of creativity. We used knives, saws, and hammers to make such things as wooden animals and toys. Older boys took classes in woodworking where they used larger tools and made pieces of furniture. There was no shop at School 43, and one afternoon a week the boys went by streetcar to School 60 at Thirty-third and Pennsylvania streets. While the boys were doing woodwork, the girls were learning simple sewing. Later School 43 added a complete sewing room and kitchen for the older girls, just as they added a woodshop for boys.

A period in the school day was set aside for calisthenics; room by room, pupils were assembled in the large main floor hall, and, depending on age, were led through various arm exercises, running in place, and knee bends. There was also drilling with flags and wands (pieces of one-inch dowels about three feet long), or with dumbbells and Indian clubs.

Much of the time devoted to calisthenics classes was spent in preparation for a citywide group demonstration. All fourth graders prepared a flag drill, all fifth graders concentrated on wands, sixth graders on dumbbells, and seventh and eighth graders on Indian clubs. The joint exhibition was held in May. The children were transported by streetcar to one of the city's professional ball parks and marshaled into seats in the stands. As each group was called, the children assembled in ranks on the field, carefully shepherded by their teachers, who withdrew after the assembly was completed. The performance was directed by head of the city physical education department, who was stationed on top of a high platform overlooking the carefully drawn ranks. The children went through their drill to the music of a band.

It was a fine spectacle, enjoyed by the parents and friends, who, even if they could not find Johnny in the crowd, applauded vigorously. To me, the historian, it now seems a spectacle much like the great sports days promoted by the Nazi Germans, but which I know were already a part of the German educational system, and, in fact, were introduced into the United States by the German immigrants who became so influential in the American educational scene in the days before the First World War. The phenomenon did not last long here; it was too contrary to the spirit of every man for himself. But these matters were farthest from my mind, or anyone else's, and I thought it was great to be dismissed from school, to take a streetcar ride, and to do my best to carry out my part as I had been taught.

Our school day began with the pledge to the flag, the singing of a patriotic song, the recitation of an inspirational poem or some religious selection such as the Twenty-third Psalm or the Lord's Prayer. (No religious issue in the schools then!) At School 43 we also had a period during the day of "music appreciation," when the classroom doors were opened so that all could hear the pianola as it was pumped on the first floor. The pianola was a variation on the popular player piano. It was a device that could be readily attached to a piano, and in which player piano rolls were used. For fifteen minutes we listened to some of the classics from the piano repertory, the only ones of them making a permanent impression on me being selections from Grieg, "The Hall of the Mountain King" and "Anitra's Dance."

Other features of school life were the annual Christmas and May Day plays or pageants to which our parents were invited, and the weekly convocations when we sang choral numbers and the principal, or sometimes an invited guest, gave a talk. Having no dramatic talent and being classified among the crows in singing classes, I was only a spear carrier at such events.

An unusual aspect of the curriculum at School 43 was the course in the German language, into which I was introduced in the third grade. A special teacher, Fräulein Nessler,²⁰ was employed, and for a period every day we left our regular classrooms to go to the German room. Fräulein taught us grammar and vocabulary, and we learned German songs and poems. My German class was the only academic work that I disliked. I had difficulty memorizing, and I did not take well to the intricacies of grammar and sentence structure. I had less difficulty with vocabulary, so I managed to pass on from year to year, but without willing class participation by me. I refused to sing, and I never answered a question voluntarily. As I will point out later, it was ironic that it was the credit I earned in German that enabled me to graduate on time from high school.

²⁰ The German teachers during the years that Hendrickson was in School 43 were members of the same family: Augusta Nessler (1911-1912), Helen Nessler (1912-1913), and Irma Nessler (1913-1916).

I entered School 43 in November, 1911, as a member of the 3B class, but when the term ended in January, 1912, my teachers decided that I should skip a half grade, and become a member of the 4B class. This caused me no academic problems, except that I had to do a little extra work in arithmetic.

Under the school system of distinct half grades, where one group studied while the other recited, there was no homework until I reached the seventh grade, when I entered the "department" curriculum, which was, in effect, a junior high school program. There was one teacher who taught English, another who taught geography and history, and so on, and the children moved from room to room to attend classes. For selected pupils there were classes in Latin and algebra, subjects that were continued in high school. The department system and the advanced classes were an excellent preparation for high school, and those of us who went on had little difficulty in making a good adjustment. I think that about half of my class went on, but there were some who left upon reaching the statutory age of fourteen, when they were no longer required to go to school. Among the latter was my friend, George, who began his apprenticeship in carpentry immediately after leaving grade school. Because I was allowed to take algebra and Latin, as well as German, and did well enough in them and the subjects of English, history, and social studies, I graduated with five credits toward my high school diploma. This plus the grade I had skipped gave me a whole year advantage in high school, and meant that I would graduate when I was sixteen. I presume the whole system was designed for what today we would call "the gifted child," but I never felt that I was a superior student; too many of my classmates were just as good as I.

I found school to be a pleasant experience that was part of the genteel, middle-class culture of our suburb, but maybe I was a little more studious than some children because, as I have



School 43, a recent photo

noted, I was introduced to the public library on the day I entered the first grade, and from that time I have always been a card-carrying supporter of public libraries. There was no library close to our home on Thirty-ninth Street, but there was a rotating collection of books placed in the school, and we were allowed to take them home for short periods. When I became ten years old and acquired roller skates, I was allowed to go the mile or so to the well-stocked branch at Thirty-fourth and Illinois streets. Here I continued my earlier acquaintance with the Youth's Companion and St. Nicholas magazine, and I spent many hours reading the camping adventures and school experiences of boys and girls. I read the stories sent in by other readers. but I never got around to contributing my own. Other favorite magazines I read from the bound volumes were Popular Mechanics and Scientific American, which I studied mostly because of the detailed pictures of mechanical devices. Of the books I was allowed to take home, most memorable were adventure stories, and here I was like other boys in that if I liked one book by an author I tried to read everything else he wrote. I was much impressed by the books of Francis Rolt-Wheeler who wrote stories of adventures of boys who were attached to various government departments, as for example, *The Boy with the U.S.* Foresters, The Boy with the U.S. Survey, and others. These books influenced my imaginative play, and at various times I was a geological collector or deep-sea fisherman. I also read the books of Ernest Thompson Seton, George Bird Grinnell, and Joseph Alexander Altsheler, which were adventure stories about wild animals and historical novels of the French and Indian War and the Revolution.21

²¹ Ernest Thompson Seton (1860-1946) was a national leader of the Boy Scouts and author of many nature stories (*Mammals of Manitoba*, 1886, *Birds of Manitoba*, 1891). George Bird Grinnell (1849-1938), for thirty-five years editor of *Forest and Stream*, was a professional adventurer who used his experiences to write boys' books like *Jack among the Indians*, *Jack the Young Explorer*, etc. Joseph Alexander Altsheler (1862-1919) was

The public library provided most of the books that were available to me, but I also had access to my father's library, not a very extensive one, but which contained a number of books which were of great interest to me. My father, as I have said, was self-educated, and he had a reverence for books that was common to many upward-moving men. He was a steady magazine reader, and occasionally he took advantage of opportunities to purchase advertised sets of books. The principal one on our bookshelves was The Lock and Key Library, a dozen volumes containing short stories of mystery, detection, and adventure. I was nine years old when I read them, and I did not understand much of what I read; only one story has stayed with me. It was Edgar Allen Poe's "The Pit and the Pendulum," which I found horrifyingly satisfying, perhaps because of my gentle upbringing. Another set of books was six volumes of detective fiction by Émile Gaboriau, a French writer on crime in Paris and the activities of the Sureté in the days of Napoleon III.²² Again I did not understand much of what I read, but I was introduced to a milieu that broadened my knowledge of the world. The same can be said of the novels of F. Hopkinson Smith, dealing with social problems of the late nineteenth century.²³ I suppose they would have made more sense if I had had someone to discuss them with, but my father was always so occupied with business that I could never find the opportunity to do so. One of my favorite books was a small volume by Captain Frederick Mar-

both a newspaperman (editor of the New York *World*) and author of boys' adventure books such as *Apache Gold* (1913), *The Guns of Bull Run* (1914), and *Lords of the Wild* (1919).

²² Émile Gaboriau (1835-1873) was the author of *The Widow Lerouge*, *Within an Inch of His Life*, etc., first translated into English and published in America in the 1870s.

²³ Francis Hopkinson Smith (1838-1915), an American author whose writing career began in the 1890s after he had already established himself first as an engineer and then as a professional artist, was best known as a storyteller, beginning with *Colonel Carter of Carterville* (1891).

ryat, *Peter Simple*, a tale of British naval life at the time of the Napoleonic Wars.²⁴ I could relate better to this book, because it told the story of Midshipman Simple from his lowly station on a warship to entrance into the House of Lords. In fact, the reading of *Peter Simple* aroused what became an avid interest in every new book on this period in history, and I still read about Captain Hornblower and works like Alexander Kent's *Richard Bolitho*.²⁵ Of similar influence was Lever's *Charles O'Malley*, recounting his service in the armies of Wellington.²⁶ Most of this reading was done in the summertime. I curled up in the steamer chair on the front porch when I probably should have been playing with the neighborhood children. It was, I think now, a foretaste of later historical and literary interests, which probably would not have been so easy to indulge outside the security of my suburban surroundings.

But all my reading was not as serious as these works. I also read the Tom Swift series, volumes of which were given to me as presents or were purchased out of my allowance. Similarly, I made a collection of the books of Horatio Alger, which were for sale for a dime at Woolworth's. I am sure that the latter stories helped to reinforce the desirability of hard work and honesty if one would get ahead in the world. Of course I read faithfully the colored comic pages of the Indianapolis *Sunday Star*, and I even read the magazine pages with their lurid stories of Fu Manchu by Sax Rohmer.

²⁴ Frederick Marryat (1792-1848), formerly a British naval commander, began to write novels about seamen in 1829 (*Frank Mildmay*) and enjoyed a long and successful career. He also wrote children's books, beginning with *Masterman Ready* (1841).

²⁵ Richard Bolitho was published in 1976.

²⁶ Charles James Lever (1806-1872), an Irish novelist, was trained as a physician but turned to writing fiction with the success of *Confessions of Harry Lorriquer* (1836). He wrote thirty-seven novels.



Indiana State Library

CHAPTER FIVE

HARD TIMES

INTIL I WAS ELEVEN YEARS OLD my life and the life of my family followed the pleasant paths I have described. My father was successful in business, and his financial provisions for his family were generous. Mother, Father, Brother Bob, and I lived in harmony with loving care for each other. We enjoyed a middle-class degree of comfort, even adding a few luxuries, and we had no serious health problems. The future looked bright until my father became ill and was forced to give up his job. He, being unable to work, had no income because we, like the greater number of American families, were dependent on the weekly paycheck of the breadwinner. What is more, there were no provisions for health or welfare insurance. Public charity was available for the poor, but other than that, care of the sick and disabled fell on families themselves. My father did have some savings and other assets, but they had to be used for daily expenses. He was forty-five years old, and so far as my mother and I knew, or that he himself knew, he was in good health, except that like many people who lived on the heavy diets that most families maintained, he had digestive problems and used various stomach remedies that he bought at the drugstore.

As a child, I did not know exactly why he became ill, but I learned later that he had a heart attack, a coronary occlusion. He recovered from the attack after a stay in bed, but he was left with chronic *angina pectoris*, so that he never again was able to carry on physical work in comfort. I am sure, too, that the emo-

tional aspect of being ill and unable to provide for his family contributed to his distress.

As was the custom, many friends, relatives, and fellow office-workers visited him, all of which did not help his recovery. Many people suggested remedies and several doctors were called, one at a time. My grandmother, who had an affinity for offbeat cures and healers, was at the moment attending Christian Science lectures and testimonial meetings, and she persuaded him to call in a Christian Science practitioner, who set him to reading Mary Baker Eddy's *Science and Health*, but my father's scepticism about religion stood in the way of help from this faith, very popular among certain of the middle class of the day. He did, however, receive the Rev. E. L. Day, a man of broad tolerance and human kindness, who did nothing to force religion on him.

After a few weeks' bed rest he was able to get up and go about the house, but he could not resume his job. For the weeks that he was confined to bed, he was paid his salary by the Bedford Stone and Construction Company, but when he did get up, and still could not go to work, his employers felt that he would have to be replaced, and so his salary ceased. I am sure it was a difficult decision for them to make, because he occupied an important position in the company. Probably there was a severance pay settlement, so there was no immediate financial crisis. He also brought in some money because he was able to resume the business of sharpening razor blades, which he had abandoned when we had moved to Thirty-ninth Street. He reactivated his outlet at Phillippe's drugstore downtown, and I was made the agent for delivering sharp blades and picking up dull ones.

Phillippe's store was at the northeast corner of Pennsylvania and Washington streets. The trip downtown was an exciting one for me. Only twelve years old, I rode the streetcar by myself, sitting at a window to watch the activity along the way. There was much to see. Boarding the streetcar at Thirty-ninth and Boulevard Place, I soon passed Crown Hill Cemetery which

extended from Thirty-eighth Street southward on the west side of the tracks. On the east side we went by land that belonged to the father of Frank Trost, a classmate at School 43, who cultivated a truck garden. As a market gardener, he had rows of glass-topped hot beds for starting tomato, cabbage, and other plants. There were also rows of tepeelike supports for pole beans and rows of tall wooden stakes for tomato plants. There was always something doing in the fields around Frank's house, and frequently from the streetcar window I could see his towhead among the workers attending to the cultivation and harvesting of the crops.

But the streetcar soon arrived at Thirty-fourth Street where the main entrance of Crown Hill was located. There were also shops and stores of florists and gravestone makers. Outside the florists' shops and greenhouses were beds of cannas and other flowers and outside the stonecutter's buildings were rows of monuments of many sizes. The streetcar turned east here and for four blocks went through a parklike wooded area where there was a boulevard down which the funeral processions went. In 1915 nearly all the processions had horse-drawn cabs and hearses, but the use of motor cars was increasing.

At Thirty-fourth and Illinois streets the Illinois line had three extensions: the one to the west to Crown Hill and Fairview Park; one to the north on Illinois Street, a shuttle car that went to Fortieth Street and back; and the one that went east on Thirty-fourth Street and on out to the Indiana State Fairgrounds on East Thirty-eighth. The corner was also a large shopping center. There was, therefore, much coming and going of shoppers plus numbers of people transferring from one street car to another. Here, too, streetcars waited for others to arrive so that passengers could transfer. Sometimes there would be three or four cars lined up on one or another line.

After making the turn southward on Illinois Street toward downtown, we passed the busy shopping area at Thirtieth Street, where there was always the possibility that the streetcar would be held up by the fire engine from the station at Kenwood Avenue. On the east side of Illinois, running from Thirtieth Street to Twenty-eighth Street, was the estate of Charles W. Fairbanks, who had served as Theodore Roosevelt's vice-president, 1905-1909. The estate occupied the land from Illinois Street to Meridian, fronting on the latter street. All we could see from the streetcar was the shrubbery back of the high iron fence, but I knew about the estate and the mansion, because my father's company built it, and our family had visited the large brick residence before the Fairbankses moved in. The vice-president lived there only a few years, and it became the headquarters for the Indianapolis Life Insurance Company, just one of many fine residences on Meridian Street to be converted to business purposes as the population moved northward.

On went the streetcar, crossing Fall Creek, where I had a view up and down that pleasant stream. On the north side to the west I could see St. Vincent's Hospital, recently completed by the Bedford Stone and Construction Company. Then, for a few blocks there was nothing of special interest besides the rows of double houses and an occasional corner store, until we came to Sixteenth Street, where there was an S curve in the tracks.

Sixteenth Street was a busy intersection with many stores and shops later to become familiar to me because we lived in an apartment there. But on these days when I was riding the street-car, there was much getting on and off at Sixteenth Street because the large Methodist Hospital was only a block to the west on Capitol Avenue. One of the shops I could see from the window when the car stopped for passengers was Wiegand's, a large flower shop and greenhouse with windows facing on Illinois Street. In one window, amidst a setting of tropical plants, was a small pond, in and around which were a number of alligators of various sizes.

From Sixteenth Street we went rapidly toward downtown, passing along the way the Bogue Institute for Stammerers. (My father knew the proprietor and we once visited the school.) The

great stone Masonic Temple at North Street and the red brick. highly ornamented Maennerchor Hall at Michigan Street, and from there the continuous panorama of downtown business places, theaters, and office buildings, until we came to Washington Street. Here I got off the streetcar, in front of the Claypool Hotel, and crossed the tracks to get to the east side of Illinois Street, where I continued on east on the north side of Washington Street, Loitering a little, I looked into the windows of Lieber's art supply store, H. P. Wasson & Company, a department store, Craig's candy store and soda fountain, Marott's shoe store, and W. K. Stewart's bookstore. And all along the way, when I was not looking in the windows, I kept an eye on the passing traffic of horse-drawn wagons and drays, along with motorcars and trucks and the ever-present streetcars, which were described by some wit who watched them in downtown Indianapolis, as being like bananas, because they were yellow and came in bunches, an observation that does not make much sense today, because bananas are cut off the stalk, and no one sees whole bunches in the supermarket!

Finally, I arrived at Phillippe's drugstore, a busy place with glass counters displaying cosmetics and wall cases lined with patent medicines. There was also a long soda fountain and a number of mahogany tables and chairs for the customers. I located the manager, whom my father had already talked to on the telephone, exchanged my packets of sharp blades for dull ones, and headed back home. Now I took the south side of Washington Street, where there were more stores, including the New York Store, owned by the Pettis Dry Goods Company, F. W. Woolworth's five-and-ten-cent store, L. S. Avres & Company department store, Charles Mayer & Company's store which I remember for its toys and jewelry, and L. Strauss, a men's clothing store. At the southeast corner of Washington and Illinois streets, I whiled away the time until my streetcar arrived by watching the man in Komstohk's little candy store throwing a great rope of taffy. Then I caught an Illinois streetcar with

"Fairview" on a small sign in the front window, and eventually got back to 335 West Thirty-ninth Street. I made the trip about three times a week that summer, every one increasing my knowledge of city life and every one bolstering my confidence that I could get along by myself.

That summer of 1915 was also the first summer that I was a newsboy. Uncle Gene, who was still employed by the circulation department of the Indianapolis *Times*, got the job for me. Thus I was able, in a small way, to contribute to the family finances by providing my own spending money. It was, of course, nothing unusual for boys of middle-class families to get business experience by handling newspaper routes.

My route was in a vast area that was only sparsely settled. It extended from Byram Avenue on the west to Illinois Street on the east, and from Forty-second Street to Forty-sixth Street on the north. A large part of the north side of this area was occupied by a truck farm operated by three Blue brothers. Two sons of theirs were my schoolmates at School 43. I went through the Blue fields to deliver the paper to the homes of the farm laborers and on to the big house that was the Blue residence. Thus I was able to observe this industry that was making a last stand in the face of suburban expansion. The farming operations were carried on mostly by manual labor using horse-drawn equipment. Potatoes, for example, were harvested by running a plow down a row to free them from the soil. The horse-drawn plow and the walking plowman were followed by a gang that hoed the potatoes free from the clinging earth, and another group of laborers picked them up and threw them into a wagon, which was then drawn to a center where the potatoes were washed clean by hose and packed away in bushel baskets for delivery to Indianapolis grocers. Soil preparation, seeding, and weed control were all equally man-performed, without benefit of machine.

My pathway through the Blue fields was made pleasant because I was free to eat as much fruit and vegetables as I wished, and so I enjoyed new Irish and sweet potatoes, turnips, carrots, all fresh-out-of-the-ground and raw enough for any health enthusiast. I gorged myself on fresh fruit—strawberries, peaches, and cherries. One way in which the Blues marketed their strawberries was to permit persons, upon payment of one dollar, to come into the fields with their baskets and pick as many as they could. My mother, Brother Bob, and I went on one of these strawberry safaris.

But my career as a newspaperboy lasted only through the one summer, a good thing, too, because the job in winter would have entailed a long, cold hike. Just why I stopped is not clear to me, because as the summer wore on it became certain that my father was not going to be able to return to his job, and it was decided that we should cut our expenses by selling our house and using the proceeds from the sale for living expenses. I am sure that my father had accumulated a sizable equity in the house. To sell it would permit us to rent a cheaper one and still have money for our daily expenses. My father was always an optimist, always expecting that he would be well and able to work again. He did recover enough to take a part-time clerical job and to continue the razor blade business, but his health was not reliable enough to get a steady job commensurate with his abilities.

So we sold our home; I am sure that it caused my mother and father many tears, but I never knew about it. We moved to a single house on Fortieth Street, almost exactly north of our place on Thirty-ninth Street, so there was little shock to us boys, and we continued to attend School 43. We lived on Fortieth Street until the spring of 1916, when, for some reason, we moved to a half a double at 3015 Boulevard Place, a decent, but less desirable house in a less desirable location. I suppose the reason we moved was that the rent was cheaper.

We moved a few weeks before school was out but I continued at School 43, often using my skates to go back and forth, carrying my lunch wrapped in newspaper. Also it was decided by my parents and teachers that I would return in the fall, because I was in the midst of my advanced courses in Latin, algebra, and

other subjects, and it was felt that it would be difficult for me to transfer to another school, or perhaps the neighborhood school, Number 36, had no advanced program. Bob did transfer to School 36, but I continued at School 43 until my graduation in January, 1917. I either went on my skates or walked; the distance was only a little more than a mile, and that was not considered to be too far for a child to go to school.

School 43 had no cafeteria (neither did any other grade school), but there was a vacant classroom in the basement that was used as a lunchroom. Of the dozen or so children that ate there, most were from "Fairview Settlement," a little community of a dozen houses near Fairview Park that was a haven for poor people, otherwise homeless. It was maintained by a private charitable organization. The children were all younger than I, and I was made a sort of monitor to supervise the lunchroom and keep an eye on the children when they went outdoors to use the playground apparatus.

Occasionally, when mother could not prepare a lunch, I went to a bakery and lunchroom at Fortieth Street and Boulevard Place. Here some of the teachers also took their lunch, and I was invited to join them, although I was somewhat awed by the company. The food was simple: bean and vegetable soups, meat pies, individual dishes of baked beans and macaroni and cheese, and always pie, cookies, and cake. It took only a quarter to get a big meal.

Although I was not completely conscious of it, I was receiving special attention from Nell V. Green, the principal, and the teachers, who felt that I had a pretty hard time of it, with a sick father and a mother whose time was taken in caring for him. I suppose, also, that they felt I had academic possibilities, and they did as much as they could to see that I continued my school work and graduated so that I could go on to high school. I, too, was beginning to look to my future in a vague way. I understood that I must begin to assume the responsibilities thrust upon me by the home financial situation, and therefore I did my best

with a new paper route and with the errand running I did for the razor sharpening business.

In fact, our life at 3015 Boulevard Place was overshadowed by the adjustments all of us had to make because of my father's illness. I made few friends in the neighborhood because I went to a different school, and what would normally have been playtime was taken up with the paper route about which I shall speak later. A highlight for Bob and me was the acquaintance we made with a litter of dachshund puppies that belonged to our neighbor in the other side of the double. These lively little pets provided many hours of companionship for us. I continued my bird-watching. My father had a business associate who was a director of the Crown Hill Cemetery, and through him I got permission to go into an undeveloped part which was still in its natural state where there were many birds common to a woodsy environment. At this time, from my newspaper earnings, I bought a pocket bird guide by Chester A. Reed; it was the best guide until those of Roger Tory Peterson came along.27 I spent many pleasant spring and summer hours in this beautiful nature spot just over the fence from the busy city.

Once again I obtained a newspaper route from the Indianapolis *Times* through the influence of Uncle Gene. This time it was in a compact area between Illinois Street and Boulevard Place and Thirtieth and Thirty-fourth streets. The *Times* sold for two cents on the street and ten cents a week delivered; out of each weekly subscriber I got two or three cents. I soon built a small savings account from which I purchased such items as my bird book, a subscription to the *American Boy Magazine*, an occasional G. A. Henty book, ²⁸ and a pair of gauntleted gloves

²⁷ Chester Arthur Reed (1876-1912) authored several bird guides, and Roger Tory Peterson illustrated as well as wrote bird identification books.

²⁸ George Alfred Henty (1832-1902), former officer of the British medical commissariat and coal miner, wrote eighty books for boys, including Out on the Pampas (1868), The Young Buglers (1880), and With Clive in India (1884). American Boy was published from 1899 to 1929.

that I particularly admired. I also paid for the occasional lunches I had to buy, and relieved mother of the necessity of giving me an allowance. I had another lesson in responsibility from my newspaper route. Mother supervised my work, showing me that reliability in delivery of the paper was appreciated by customers, and in return I could ask for prompt payment if I called at a regular time. She also helped me keep my books, showing me how important it was to keep track of the income and outgo of my money.

The Indianapolis Times was purchased by W. D. Boyce, the famous publisher of the Toledo Blade, among the first tabloid weekly newspapers, and we delivered sample copies to Times subscribers. The Blade was very sensational in its presentation of the news; I remember vividly one week when it ran a garishly colored picture of the assassination of President Francisco Medero [1913] during the Mexican Revolution. I have always felt that this picture and the accompanying story was my second introduction to world affairs. W. D. Boyce was one of the founders of the Boy Scouts of America, but he soon felt that the Boy Scouts organization, as it developed, was an urban institution, depending on the troop as the basis of organization. It did not serve the interests of boys living in small towns and rural areas. He therefore founded the Lone Scouts of America, promoting it through the pages of the *Blade*. One became a Lone Scout by sending an application by mail, receiving back instruction booklets and tests, the latter providing a step-by-step advance to higher ranks. A boy's parents approved his test scores. Although I never joined the Lone Scouts, I read every article about them.29

²⁹ William D. Boyce, a Chicago-based publisher with wide business interests, discovered Boy Scouts in London and brought the idea back to the United States, becoming an incorporator of the Boy Scouts of America in 1910. He was an important financial backer of scouting for many years. He organized the Lone Scouts in 1915, but this movement was transferred to the Boy Scouts in 1924-1925. William D. Murray, *History of the Boy Scouts of America* (New York: Boy Scouts of America, 1937), pp. 18-20, 24-27, 368.

My father's health continued to deteriorate. For a short time he held a job as bookkeeper at a friend's advertising agency, but he was forced to give it up after a few weeks. I am sure that, in addition to physical energy required for the job, he was under great tension, because he felt so strongly that he must provide for his family.

Confined to the house again, he still sought ways of earning an income. First he tried running a collection agency by mail. He purchased a "how-to-do-it" kit and started in business. His first client was a physician friend, Dr. William F. Molt, who turned his bad accounts over to my father for collection. This enterprise was immediately successful. But Father's health was failing rapidly. He also went into the business of raising guinea pigs, but Mother and we boys did most of the work of caring for them. The scheme was that if we bought a couple of breeding animals, they would quickly produce many offspring that could be sold to biological laboratories. It was risky, but it was popular at the time, and was encouraged by the rise of scientific experiments, particularly in medicine, in which live animals were used.

But these efforts at making money came to an end when, in November, 1916, my father was confined to bed. My mother's days became even more difficult, because in addition to her regular duties, she had to nurse my father. My brother and I rose to the responsibility and did as much as we could. We assumed most of the care of the guinea pigs, which were in cages in the basement. We also helped with the household chores. It was not a happy situation, but we all did what had to be done. By the middle of December my father was much worse, and Mother spent more and more time nursing him, and occasionally I had to help. I was doing so when he died, just a few days before Christmas during school vacation. Mother sought the aid of our neighbor, and the doctor who had just left the house was recalled, and took charge of matters. He called the undertaker who did what had to be done to prepare for the funeral, and the burial rite was held in our front room, where the coffin was placed, and a black crepe wreath was hung on the outside door. The Rev. Mr. Day was in charge, and did much to help us through the ceremony. Burial was in the Hendrickson family plot in Connersville, but I do not remember that either Bob or I went there. In fact, most of the details of those days are forgotten, except that Grandy, Uncle Gene, and Uncle Harry were there and took charge of things.

It was realized that after the funeral expenses were paid my mother would have very little money, and she agreed that we should move in with Ma and Grandy, but for the time being we stayed at 3015. We packed our belongings and disposed of those things that could not be taken into their house. It was a difficult time for all three of us; we were under great tension, and the uncertainties of the future were disturbing. I am sorry to say that I had crying fits, and I was not as good and cooperative as I should have been. We planned to move just as soon as my graduation from School 43 was over.

My grandparents' home was a large rented house at Twenty-second and Talbott streets, where Ma, as usual, rented rooms. Mother made the move with misgivings, because of the long-standing lack of harmony with Ma, extending back to my mother's childhood. Our surplus furniture was disposed of; the guinea pigs were moved into Grandy's basement where he could take care of them. He believed that there was money to be made in the guinea pig business, which there wasn't, and he later sold them, cages and all, to another optimist. As soon as I graduated in late January, 1917, we moved into two rooms at Ma and Grandy's, and I entered Shortridge High School.

The graduation exercises at School 43 took place in the morning. It was a gala occasion, with a class of fourteen pupils dressed in their best clothes. I wore a blue serge knickerbocker suit, which was not new, and a white shirt. My mother and some of her friends from North Park Church were there. We children all received the personal attention of our teachers and their encouraging words to do well in whatever we planned to do. I was thirteen years old, and would not be fourteen until September of

1917. I think I must have looked young for thirteen, because I have looked at my photograph when I graduated from high school at the age of sixteen, and I looked younger than most of the other children in my class! I was the only one of my class to go to Shortridge. At the time, children had to graduate from the eighth grade or be fourteen years old before they could go to work, and jobs for boys were not hard to find. So it was still the exception for boys to go to high school.



Shortridge High School Annual, 1920

CHAPTER SIX

A WORKING TEENAGER AT SHORTRIDGE

ALTHOUGH IT WAS DECIDED that I should go to high school, there was the question as to which high school it should be. There were three in the city. Shortridge, the oldest, offered the traditional curriculum of courses that were required for entrance to a liberal arts college. Only limited attention was given to vocational courses, mostly "commercial" ones, which offered the rudiments of stenography and bookkeeping, fitting graduates to get jobs in offices and banks. Art students might find employment as apprentice commercial artists, and science students could get jobs as bottle washers in commercial laboratories. But most students planned to go on to college. Many Shortridgers were from middle-class families, and they could afford to educate their children for college.

The other two high schools were Emmerich Manual Training on the south side and Arsenal Technical on the east side, both emphasizing vocational training but also offering preparation for college. Why it was decided that I should go to Shortridge I do not know, but I suspect that it was because it was closer to my home than either of the other two—it was an easy walk from my grandparents' home at Twenty-second and Talbott. I also think it was because of the advice of my teachers.

So off I went to report at Shortridge High School. I wore my graduation suit and was one of a small number of boys still in knickers. It wasn't long until my mother tailored for me a pair of trousers that had belonged to my father. I was still wearing my

gold-rimmed spectacles, with their small lenses, and this marked me, because not many children were yet wearing glasses. I wore laced, ankle-high black shoes and thick black stockings. All freshmen assembled in Caleb Mills Auditorium for instructions and then went to assigned session rooms (homerooms). Mine was Room 37 in the old building, and my homeroom teacher was the famous Laura Donnan (more about her later).

In 1917 Shortridge High School occupied three buildings on Pennsylvania Street between North and Michigan streets, extending eastward to Talbott Street which was not much more than an alley at that point. The oldest building, erected in 1884, was two stories high, with a large study hall on the second floor. It had wooden floors and heavy woodwork, but the large and well lighted rooms were painted in light tan colors. Just to the east, and connected by a corridor, was the Annex, a classroom building built about 1900. In it were also the art studios. To the north of both buildings was the new building, larger than either of the others, built in 1904. It was a three-story structure, with the main entrance on North Street. In the center was an auditorium, Caleb Mills Hall, which extended through to the third floor and under which was the gymnasium. Around this center core were classrooms and science laboratories. The walls of the halls were lined with student lockers.30

I entered Shortridge with five credits from grade school—one each in English, civics (social studies), Latin, German, and mathematics (algebra). With my session room teacher I worked out a program that put me in advanced English, Latin, and mathematics, and beginning courses in drawing and physical training. As I will relate, I dropped drawing after a few weeks, and I was only fairly successful in my other classes during my

³⁰ Originally named Indianapolis High School (1864-1897), Shortridge High School moved to its present location at Thirty-fourth and Meridian streets in 1928. The school was closed in 1981, ending 117 years of history as an important Indianapolis institution.

first semester, earning a B in English, but only Cs in algebra and Latin. This record is typical of my entire academic career, even through graduate school. I have had many courses in foreign languages but I never have done well in any of them. In high school I took no more Latin, but I did begin French in my junior year. I made a C in the first semester, failed in the second, and repeating it, still made only a C. I did no better in college, failing French again and making bare Cs in German. I cannot explain this scholastic deficiency, except to say that I have no 'feel' for foreign languages and never got any pleasure out of taking them. And yet, with heavy reliance on dictionaries, I have used both French and German sources in writing research papers. (Dorris, my wife, fortunately, is a whiz at languages and has given me much help.)

Similarly, I did not do well in mathematics. I enjoyed the theoretical side, but I have found myself unable to apply it. In high school and later, my best grades and most enjoyable courses were in English, history, and civics (government and politics). In English I had one semester of C, all other grades were Bs and As and even one A+ in English VIII. My one C was in my sophomore year, when I resisted the teacher's effort to make me memorize passages from Shakespeare and other poets, which I thought had nothing to do with the pleasure I got from reading poetry.

In Greek and Roman history and civics I made B+s, enjoying the work very much. (From this early start, I continued my interest in ancient history, taking courses as an undergraduate, and having it as a field for the Ph.D.) But the areas in which I took the most interest were natural science and chemistry, making two As and a B in physiography and geology, an A in physiology, and two As in inorganic chemistry. I would also have taken zoology and botany, but I was unable to do so because laboratory classes were held in the afternoon and required considerable field work which I could not do because I was working. I was already fairly expert in one branch of zoology—ornithol-

ogy. My success in chemistry did not continue when it came to advanced work in college because I could not handle the mathematics involved. Eventually my background in high school science, my bird-watching, and college classes in chemistry and physics did give me a knowledge of and an understanding of science which served as a basis for my later work in the history of science.

During my freshman and sophomore years at Shortridge I only enrolled in morning classes, and I never had an opportunity to engage in extracurricular activities. Shortridge had many clubs, including one for each department of study. There was also an opportunity to work on the *Echo*, the first daily high school paper in the country. There was a different editorial staff for each day of the week. Another unique Shortridge institution was the Senate, an organization created and sponsored by Miss Laura Donnan, in which students took the names of United States senators, debated matters of public policy, and at the same time learned public speaking and parliamentary tactics. But all of the social or extracurricular side of high school was closed to me because of my need to earn money.

I was fortunate to know some of the Shortridge teachers who

³¹ Laura Donnan, a native of Indianapolis, graduated from Indianapolis Normal School. She received B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Michigan and studied at Columbia University. In 1883 she joined the staff at Shortridge and, four years later, organized the Shortridge senate, which was modeled on the U.S. Senate. Besides civic government courses, she taught such subjects as history, Latin, and geometry. Her book *Our Governments; Brief Talks to the American Youth on Our Governments, General and Local*, published in 1900, was used as a school textbook. She retired from active teaching in 1928. Indianapolis *News*, August 22, 1930.

Expressing his admiration for his former teacher, future diplomat Claude Bowers wrote: "'Her genius was in the inspirational quality of her teaching. Her pupils did not learn the contents of the fundamental laws only, but all that was behind them and around them. Their minds were made fertile for political thought.' "Quoted in "Inspiring Teacher . . . Successful Pupil," *Indiana Teacher*, XCVIII (January, 1954), 212.

were considered by students to be outstanding. In English I sat in the classes of Miss Flora Love, ³² Miss Angeline Carey, ³³ and Miss Zella O'Hair, ³⁴ all older ladies who upheld the highest standards of reading and writing and who sought to inculcate in their students their personal joy in literature. In Latin I had Miss Ella Marthens, ³⁵ an Indiana University graduate who had done graduate work at Columbia University. In geometry I had Miss Amelia Platter, ³⁶ another middle-aged spinster, who

³² Flora Love attended Stanford University for three years before transferring to Indiana University, where she graduated with a B.A. in 1895. She received an M.A. from Cornell University (1896) and studied at the University of Chicago and Columbia University. At Shortridge, where she taught for thirty-eight years, she established speech expression classes, the first such formal study of spoken English in the Indianapolis high schools. *Indiana Alumni Magazine*, XXIV (October, 1961), 35; Indianapolis News, January 18, 1965; "Miss Flora Love Dies; Was Oldest Alumna," *Indiana Alumni Magazine*, XXVII (February, 1965), 20.

³³ Angeline Parmenter Carey (1854-1934) was born in Troy, New York, where she graduated from the Emma Willard Seminary for girls. She studied one summer at Oxford University, England, and, upon returning to the United States, taught in the Greenfield, Massachusetts, schools. Her career at Shortridge lasted forty-five years, including service as dean of girls. Author of numerous poems and essays, she won recognition for her book *The Reader's Basis* (1908), which was designed for advanced high school English classes studying literary composition. Indianapolis *Star*, November 20, 1934.

³⁴ Zella O'Hair taught in the Indianapolis public schools from around the turn of the century until her retirement in 1924.

³⁵ Ella Graham Marthens earned a B.A. from Indiana University and an M.A. from Columbia University. In addition to Latin, she taught Greek, making Shortridge one of the few high schools in the country offering this subject. She retired in 1940 after forty-eight and a half years service in the city's schools. Indianapolis *Times*, September 8, 1960.

³⁶ Amelia Waring Platter, a graduate of Seymour High School, received a degree from Vassar College in 1881 and from Wesleyan University in 1882. Before coming to Indianapolis, she taught briefly at Jeffersonville High School. A founder of the mathematics section of the Indiana State Teachers Association, she served as one of its officers for twenty-five years. Among other organizations she helped to organize were the Association of Collegiate

was considered a veritable gorgon in her ability to frighten students who did not have their daily work in hand. Since I was always prepared, I found her to be an earnest, clear-thinking, and precise teacher. Miss Dorothy Bowser and Frank B. Wade³⁷ were teachers of chemistry; Miss Bowser was a young woman who had been a pupil of Wade's. Both were excellent teachers and directors of laboratory work, allowing much individual initiative in the conduct of experiments by students, a procedure, however, that left some students confused and uncertain.

Miss Rousseau McClellan³⁸ was the zoology teacher, and she also taught geology and physiology to selected students. It was considered an honor to be allowed to enroll in these latter classes, and it was a kind of seal of approval of a student's scholarship.

Alumnae and the Indianapolis Federation of Teachers. She actively campaigned for university extension courses and for the admission of women to the National Deaf College. At the time of her retirement in 1928, she had been at Shortridge (or Indianapolis High School as it was originally called) for forty-four years. *Women of Indiana*, compiled by Blanche Foster Boruff (Indianapolis: Indiana Women's Biography Association, Matthew Farson, publisher, 1941), p. 219; Indianapolis *News*, September 23, 1940.

³⁷ Frank Bertram Wade (1875-1950), teacher at Shortridge from 1903 to 1949, was head of the chemistry department from 1910 until his retirement. Before coming to Shortridge, he had earned B.S. and M.A. degrees from Wesleyan University and had taught at Lewis Institute, Chicago. A nationally known expert on precious and semiprecious stones, he authored several books on the subject. He served as president of the Indiana Academy of Science and for two years was chairman of the Indiana Section of the American Chemical Society. Indianapolis *News*, October 3, 1950; *Who Was Who in America*, III, 881; Indianapolis *Times*, March 18, 1941.

³⁸ Eulogizing Rousseau McClellan (1876-1939), Shortridge Principal George Buck said: "'Her passionate love of nature and its creatures fired the imagination of thousands of young people and led many of them into careers of distinguished service in her field, and all of them into a lifelong appreciation and love of the wonders of nature. . . .'" Indianapolis *Star*, July 6, 1939.

"Miss Mac," as she was nicknamed, taught at Shortridge almost forty years. In 1941 Indianapolis School No. 91 on Baltimore Avenue near Fiftysecond Street was named for her. Indianapolis *Star*, February 16, 1941.

Miss McClellan was another teacher who had studied at Columbia University. She was a fine teacher and science demonstrator who used the most recent techniques. Her specialties, geology and physiology, were not usually courses that were given in high school. Miss Mabel Washburn, 39 a close friend of Miss McClellan and Miss Marthens, taught physiography; she had also studied at Columbia, as well as the University of Chicago and Indiana University extension. Tall, angular, and very animated, Miss Washburn was enthusiastic about her subject. Her classes were informal, and she had good rapport with her students. I recall a field trip to Williams Creek, an area north of the city, when she was as excited as I was at the finding of an excellent brachiopod. In her course the great project was a rock and fossil collection mounted on a poster board. My difficulty with her course was that I seldom had time to spend in hunting for specimens.

Although I never had classes with Miss Donnan, who was famous for her course in American government, in which she demanded memorization of large parts of the Bill of Rights, I was in her session room and found that she had a warm heart under her crusty manner. She was a strong advocate for the rights of blacks. She was very helpful and understanding when I had to arrange to leave school early in the day to go to my job. In civics in my junior year I had Mr. Paul H. Clements, a young-ish man with a critical view of government and politics, who awakened me to the realities of citizenship, and gave me a good grounding in the form, function, and actual operation of local and state government.

And then there was Miss Martha Hunt, whom I had for

³⁹ Mabel Washburn (1875-1967), attended school at Bangor, Maine, and studied at the University of Chicago, Indiana University (extension), and Columbia University. A Shortridge teacher from 1918 to 1950, she designed a course in physiography combining geography and geology. Faculty records and interviews, Shortridge High School Files, Indiana Historical Society Library.

college algebra (Math V), whose clear explanations of the intricacies of the subject were so good that I listened intently, and never understood why I could not work problems nor make more than a C on test papers. But, nevertheless, I liked Miss Hunt, and when, in my senior year, I had to have an elective at an hour available to me, I took commercial arithmetic, which dealt with the acquisition and perfection of skills for doing arithmetic, and with the use of proportion and other arithmetical procedures, the figuring of interest, and the determination of profit and loss. I emerged from the course able to do arithmetic faster by hand than by calculator, a skill I used in my career as a salesperson and cashier. I also made the only A I ever got in mathematics!

Finally, there was Principal George Buck,40 whom I met only once, in the spring of my senior year. The registrars were completing the academic records of students preliminary to certification for graduation, and it was found that I had only thirty-one and a half credits of the thirty-two that were necessary. I was called to Mr. Buck's office, and the matter was discussed. I suppose he felt that Shortridge High School was in part to blame because my attention had not been called to the matter sooner. At any rate, when Mr. Buck saw that I had worked all the time I was in school and that, if something was not done immediately, I would have to delay graduation until I could take another course and earn the required one-half credit, he discovered, much to his peace of mind and mine, that I had a credit in German from grade school. In the usual course of events, I would have had to take another semester of German to make use of the credit. But Mr. Buck said that he would make an exception and would count the grade school credit so I would have just the thirty-two credits I needed. I graduated on June 4,

⁴⁰ George Buck (1866-1949), an 1891 graduate of Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, was principal of high schools in Dayton, Ohio, and Duluth, Minnesota, before coming to Indianapolis. He served as principal at Short-ridge for thirty-one years, retiring in 1941. Indianapolis *News*, October 6, 1949, March 20, 1933.

1920, having attended Shortridge for three and a half years, and I would not be seventeen years old until September 24.

. . .

I have mentioned that I recognized that I would have to work to pay as many of my high school expenses as possible. Through the influence of one of Ma Short's relatives who was a salesman at a large establishment, Marott's Shoe Store, 41 I was given a try at a Saturday job. In February, 1917, soon after I had started at Shortridge and while I still wore my knickerbockers, Mother went with me to the store, and Cousin Smith Gray took me to the manager of the workroom, where I was to run a machine that put buttons on shoes. There were many button shoes sold at the time, and they were considered to be more fashionable than lace-up shoes. But buttons sometimes broke or came loose from the shoe and had to be replaced. Buttons were held on with wires imbedded in them, which were pushed through the shoe leather by a machine worked with a hand lever. The Marott Store workroom handled all kinds of shoe repair, which in my youth was a flourishing trade; workmen replaced worn soles and heels, sewed up rips, and made other repairs. They also sometimes made shoes to measure, providing special footwear for persons with crippled feet. But I was not to learn the shoemaker's trade, because, about noon, a representative of the management told me that since I was only thirteen years old, they could not employ me, and I was given a token wage and sent home.

My second Saturday job was at a grocery store at Nineteenth and Alabama streets. It was a store at which Aunt Edna and Uncle Gene traded. They knew that there was a job open and told me about it. I started to work in the morning at seven and stayed until eight at night. No question was raised about

 $^{^{41}\,\}mathrm{Located}$ at 18-20 East Washington Street, George J. Marott, proprietor.

my age, but I was still only thirteen years old. I did not wait on customers, but swept and cleaned the store and put canned goods and packaged items on the shelves. I also made deliveries to customers in the neighborhood when there were only a few things to be taken. On the whole it was pretty hard work for a boy, even though I was large and strong for my age. The storeowner and his wife were hard taskmasters, and I never had a moment to rest, except for a half hour for lunch and again for supper. At the end of my twelve-hour day, I received what seemed to me to be the miserably small sum of fifty cents, and I came home in tears. But we did need the money, and I went back for several more Saturdays.

Uncle Gene then found me another job opportunity. The Indianapolis Times, the newspaper for which he worked, had space on the first and second floors of the Murphy Building at Thirty-two East Georgia Street. Georgia Street was two blocks south of Washington Street, and the Murphy Building was on the north side, between Meridian and Pennsylvania streets. It was in what was called the wholesale district of downtown Indianapolis, where there were such businesses as wholesale dry goods companies, grocers, coffee merchants, and so on. In the Murphy Building, for example, were the National Map Company (later the Cram Company), cap and hat manufacturers, dress manufacturers and printing shops, as well as the editorial and mechanical departments of the *Times*. In the lobby of the Murphy Building was a soda fountain and light lunch counter, along with a tobacco and newsstand. Similar establishments were frequently found in the lobbies of office buildings of all kinds. I followed Uncle Gene's suggestion that I apply for a job at the stand, which was operated by Lewis R. Thomas. I am sure that Uncle Gene had already recommended me, because Mr. Thomas hired me at once. He was a quick-eyed, dark-skinned, rather quiet, youngish man, who himself waited on customers from behind the cigar stand, where all forms of tobacco and newspapers and periodicals were sold.

Mr. Thomas employed two other persons—his sister. Blanche, in her early twenties, who waited on the cigar trade and helped out at the fountain during busy periods, and a young man, whose name I do not remember, who was in charge of the fountain. Occasionally Mrs. Thomas also came in to help. The reason I was employed was that an extra hand was required to take care of an expanding trade at the lunch counter. More and more customers were coming in to buy the sandwiches which were made at home by Mrs. Thomas, wrapped in waxed paper, and carried in by Mr. Thomas in a large market basket. They were good sandwiches—generous fillings of ham, ham salad, cheese, and roast beef, on large slices of bread—and people liked them. Hot drinks were also served—G. Washington coffee, a finely ground powder that made an excellent cup of coffee when a half-teaspoon was put in boiling water. The water was heated in a large electrical water heater, and it was also used for beef boullion cubes and a tomato paste that made good soup.

At the fountain the menu included malted milk, milk shakes, plain and chocolate milk, sodas and sundaes, and pies supplied by a commercial bakery. Malted milks were made with milk, Horlick's malted milk powder, and a scoop of ice cream all stirred up in a metal dispenser by an electric mixer. A twelve-ounce glass was filled almost to the top, and the dispenser with the rest of the liquid was placed by the glass. There was nothing skimpy about anything that was sold by Mr. Thomas, which was the reason his business was so good. At the same time he let nobody get away with wasting anything from soap powder to carbonated water. He also insisted on the utmost cleanliness—hot water for dishwashing, quick removal of spilled food, and frequent checks to see that straws and sandwich papers were not left on the floor. I could have had no better introduction to how a business should be profitably conducted.

A light lunch operation such as this was a phenomenon of the early twentieth century. Soda fountains and ice cream parlors had existed since the 1850s as places of entertainment, but now they were serving lunch to office workers and others in the business sections of the cities. Drugstores became one of the principal places for this kind of business, and establishments like Mr. Thomas's were another. Traditionally, people carried their lunches in boxes or wrapped in newspapers, and employers provided special rooms where employees could eat, rather than at their desks or beside their machines. It was only another step for businesses to sell some prepared food to their workers by opening cafeterias. But there were many offices and small stores where this was not feasible, and so the employees went out at noon to one or another lunchroom. In fact, it was becoming increasingly unfashionable for workers to be seen with a wrapped lunch, and everybody went out to eat. Not only were employees eating out, but customers of retail stores were urged to come downtown, do their shopping, have lunch, and then do some more shopping. Department stores created elegant restaurants and hotels began to cater to luncheon guests. One variety of quick food place was the "dairy lunch," where prepared food was served from a counter, and the customer took the eggs and bacon, or rolls and coffee to a one-armed chair.

As I have said, it was because Mr. Thomas's lunch business was increasing that I was hired. He wanted me to come in as soon after school as I could. The pay was six dollars a week, and the hours were from noon to about five-thirty on weekdays and Saturday mornings till one o'clock. To do this I made arrangements at Shortridge, through the intervention of Miss Donnan, to drop my afternoon art class and leave after the fourth period, not being required to stay the full time in my session room. Thus I was able to carry three courses and physical training, even though it was recognized that sooner or later I might have to take extra work to graduate. Of course, the whole arrangement rested upon my ability to carry both the school work and the job without failing at either. This I managed to do, and I never had a doubt that I would.

So beginning in March, 1917, I left school at eleven-thirty

and walked down Pennsylvania Street nine blocks to the Murphy Building. The first day I was fitted with a white hat, apron, and jacket and set to washing dishes. It was a very noisy and confusing situation, and I am not sure that for a few days I was of much help. As the rush hour ended, and the customers began to come by ones and twos, I learned to make sodas, sundaes, Coca-Cola, and fruit phosphates.

The soda fountain was about fourteen feet long, with a footwide marble counter. The main part of the fountain where the ice cream and other cold things were kept was about waist high and contained a large compartment where an ice and salt mixture was kept, in which were placed two ten-gallon ice cream cans. The ice cream was made at an ice cream factory operated by a company that made and sold dairy products and came to us in a refrigerated wagon. When the hard ice cream was delivered, the ice and salt were replenished. Our supplier was the Ballard Ice Cream Company. 42 Next to the ice cream compartment was a covered space in which were placed milk in a gallon tin can and whipped cream in the container in which it was whipped (an every morning chore), some fruit flavors, and other items needed for the sodas and sundaes. There was also a sink with hot and cold water and a drainboard. Back of the fountain was a mahogany cabinet with glass doors in which glasses and dishes were kept.

In the center of the fountain, at the height of the counter, were three nozzles with pull handles. Carbonated water flowed through the two outside ones, plain water through the center one. The three pipes that fed the nozzles ran through the refrigerated part of the fountain. Carbonated water was made by forcing carbon dioxide gas (CO₂) through the H₂O, the resulting carbonic acid (H₂CO₃) forming a volatile compound that continuously gave off CO₂ when the pressure was released, as by the opening of the nozzle. The gas was delivered in tall, slim tanks

⁴² Located at 315 North Alabama. Indianapolis City Directory, 1918.

with pressure gauges on top. There were two of them, so that when one was depleted, the other could be used, and the first one returned to be refilled.

To make an ice cream soda, I took a twelve-ounce glass with a bulbous top, placed a scoop of ice cream in the bottom with an ounce of fruit juice—lemon, lime, orange, cherry, strawberry, pineapple, or chocolate. A fine stream of carbonated water was shot into the mixture which then filled with fine bubbles. When the glass was about half full, the nozzle was reversed and a solid stream was added. This caused the glass to fill with bubbles, and on top was placed a glob of whipped cream. A tall spoon and a straw were added and the concoction was placed before the customer and ten cents was collected. There was no finer glass of ice cream soda in the whole city. Similarly I learned the techniques of making the other things served at the fountain: sundaes, phosphates, Coca-Cola, banana splits, malted milks, and milk shakes. In addition to preparing these concoctions, I had to keep the fountain clean—being careful not to spill milk or anything—and wash the glasses and dishes with soap, rinse them well and polish them with a clean, lint-free cloth, and do other things.

I also learned to work at the cigar counter—how to bring out the open box of cigars pointed out by the customer and place it in front of him, so that he could select the exact cigar he wanted. I learned that the reason for individual selection was that cigars had variously tinted brown tobacco wrappers indicating light claro, claro, maduro, etc. Even in the same box of cigars there were differences in color, quality of tobacco, and the degree in which the tobacco was tightly or loosely wrapped. There were also differences in cigars according to length and shape. Most cigar smokers paid much attention to these matters, and we sought to oblige them. I opened cartons of cigarettes and placed them in the slots in the case back of the counter. I learned which brands were Turkish, English, or domestic, and why more expensive cigarettes were packed in brightly colored or patterned

cardboard boxes and others in soft packs with an identifying trade mark. Chesterfield, Camel, Pall Mall, Lucky Strike, and Fatima were the most popular brands. The Luckies, Camels, and Chesterfields were ten cents a pack and the others were fifteen. Omar's, English Ovals, and Murads were some of the boxed brands.

I also learned about chewing tobacco. Star and Horseshoe brands of plug tobacco were cut along lines scored on the sheets of tobacco when it was boxed by the makers. The small plugs were cut by a device something like a paper cutter. Star and Horseshoe and other plug tobaccos were heavy and moist with flavors and sweeteners. Granger Twist was also a chewing tobacco, but it was dried natural leaf twisted in a small shape that could be put in the pocket. Beechnut and Mail Pouch were shredded, rather moist and flavored and came in paper bags that fitted the pocket. Tobacco chewers were supplied with tall brass spittoons, more politely called cuspidors.

Smoking tobacco was also finely shredded and flavored. Some of the popular brands were Granger, Prince Albert, Tuxedo, and Blue Boar. Mr. Thomas also sold pipes of various prices, shapes, and sizes, from fifty cents for a plain one, with an apple-shaped bowl of flawed briar, to Kaywoodies of selected pattern briar, with silver bands, carefully protected in pipeshaped substantial cases covered with real leather, that sold for five dollars and up. The cigar stand was equipped with a small gas flame in a red glass shade, by which the customer lighted his cigar after snipping off the end in the cigar clipper that was also provided. Customers were given paper matches, although many preferred to use penny box matches. Both kinds were safety matches and had to be lighted by scratching them on the container. Some men still liked to use kitchen matches, which could be struck on any surface, even the seat of the pants. I learned all this smoking and chewing lore without myself partaking. If I had smoked as a boy, I would have been looked upon as a deprayed character.

After I had been at the soda fountain for a few months, probably in the fall of 1917, about the time of my fourteenth birthday, Mr. Thomas acquired another fountain-lunch and cigar stand in the Wulsin Building at 222 East Ohio Street, which was also an industrial building in which there were a number of printing establishments. To run the place, Mr. Thomas sent the young man who was in charge of the fountain in the Murphy Building and hired a girl to work back of the counter. I was promoted to manager of the Murphy Building fountain under Mr. Thomas's close supervision. This meant that I was responsible for making the syrups, keeping the containers on the fountain full, looking after the periodic cleanups, notifying Mr. Thomas of things that needed to be ordered, and so on. Once again in my life, responsibility was thrust upon me, but I had no difficulties, and after a time, Mr. Thomas relaxed his strict oversight.

All the syrups for soda fountains came in concentrated quarts and half-gallon sizes. Except for chocolate, which came only in the half-gallon size, Mr. Thomas bought the smaller size. Mr. Thomas used the J. Hungerford Smith brand, which he purchased in case lots from the Kiefer-Stewart Company, drug wholesalers, located at Capitol Avenue and Georgia Street. The concentrated juices were mixed with plain sugar syrup at a ratio of one part of juice to four or five parts of syrup. Plain sugar syrup, called simple syrup, was made with four or five ounces of white granulated sugar mixed with enough water to make a quart. Simple syrup had been made by mixing the syrup and water over heat and stirring vigorously, but about the time I started Mr. Thomas bought a syrup percolator, in which a measured amount of water was allowed to percolate slowly through a given weight of sugar into a container from which the simple syrup was drawn to mix with the concentrated flavors. Except that I had to weigh the sugar and measure the water, it was all very easy. It was true, however, that the business of preparing the mixtures was potentially a very sticky one. It was carried on

in the workroom on the second floor at the rear of the building, and I had to be careful not to spill anything.

So every day after the noon rush was over I checked the syrup in the fountain containers and went upstairs to spend an hour or so in the workroom. It was a job which had to be looked after every day, because there were no arrangements for refrigerating large amounts of syrup. Once made, it had to be put at once into the refrigerator fountain containers.

Mr. Thomas did not find the operation at the Wulsin Building stand to be profitable, and after a few months his young manager found another job. For a short time Blanche Thomas managed the Wulsin Building stand, and occasionally I was sent to relieve her. Although the Wulsin Building business was abandoned, Mr. Thomas retained the stand in the Murphy Building for many years. He later successfully operated a small restaurant in the Century Building at 28-44 South Pennsylvania Street.

I enjoyed my work in the Murphy Building. Mr. Thomas and his wife and sister were kind people, and they took a special interest in my welfare. There were also many interesting tenants in the building who were customers of the soda fountain, and I learned to know many of them by name. As I have said, the offices of the Indianapolis Times, as well as their printing departments, were there. I became acquainted with reporters, office boys, printers, linotypers, and other employees. I had the opportunity to explore the linotype, stereotype, and other rooms, and I learned much about the operation of a newspaper. At the invitation of an office boy, who was also a cub reporter, I was occasionally in the office of the International News Service when reports came in from around the world by way of a direct telegraph line from the Chicago office. In those days before teletype machines and later electronic devices, news stories came in the form of the dots and dashes of the Morse code, and a typist listened to the signal and typed the story directly on his typewriter. From the INS the typed stories went to the editors of the Times. Stories were sent out of Indianapolis by means of a telegraph sender "bug." This was a key that was moved one way for a dash and the opposite way for a dot. A good operator could send stories out at a greater speed than by tapping an ordinary sending key. At the soda fountain we were always kept informed of the news stories as they broke, and I listened to the editors and reporters discuss them. Occasionally I even conversed with them about the news.

We who worked at Mr. Thomas's stand were swept up in the excitement of the baseball World Series. The *Times* operated an electrically lighted scoreboard on the front of the building, whereby it was possible to note the position of the ball and the runners, to know who was at bat, who was pitching, whether it was a strike or a hit and for how many bases. The information for the scoreboard came in by telegraph from the city in which the games were being played. The entire street in front of the Murphy Building was filled with people, and we kept up with the score from information received from our customers, who came in for drinks or smokes.

In addition to finding out how a newspaper operated, I also observed the operation of other kinds of businesses. I made friends with a man who owned a cap factory in the Murphy Building. In fact, he made a cap for me of which I was very proud. It was especially made to my measurements, and I purchased it at wholesale for \$1.50. Many boys and men wore caps rather than hats, and no one ever went bareheaded. I also saw my friend's factory in operation, marveling at the electrically operated knives that cut through twenty layers of cloth to make the parts of a cap, which were then stitched together on a special sewing machine and finally finished by steaming and blocking.

Another factory I visited was that of the National Map Company, which made maps for atlases and automobile guides. It was mainly a color printing process from plates engraved elsewhere.

The work of the soda fountain was not heavy, although I did get tired sometimes because I was so long on my feet. Occasion-

ally there was extra work on Sunday morning when the building was closed for business. The fountain was thoroughly cleaned, refrigerator compartments and syrup jars were soap-and-water cleaned, and all the metal and glass work was polished. The daily sweeping and mopping was done by the janitors employed by the building owners, but we washed and polished the glass tops of the cigar cases every day. I had my Saturday afternoons off, and as jobs for boys went, mine was a pretty good one, since I got my lunch free.

As I have said, I felt that I was deprived of social life, because I could not take part in the extracurricular activities at Shortridge, but I was much happier when I made friends with the people in the Murphy Building, and certainly my general education was broadened by my contacts with the newspaper people.

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But meanwhile things had not gone well at home. Mother had always kept her fingers crossed about the success of the plan for us to make our home with Ma and Grandy, and we soon found that friction became increasingly frequent. Bob and I had little room to play, the plan for all of us to eat together did not work out well, and Mother was not happy under the close supervision of her work by Ma. We were not paying Ma room and board, because Mother's aid in the housekeeping was supposed to balance that, but still the expense of feeding us was money directly out of Ma's budget. What's more, we occupied two rooms that could be rented for cash. Ma wanted to be generous and helpful to us, but she simply could not avoid saying unkind things. None of this bothered Grandy; he was always kind and considerate of Mother, and he did his best to be a parent to Bob and me. It was not that Ma was cruel or mean to us, but she was critical sometimes in speech and action, and everybody was unhappy.

So it was that a couple of months after I started to Short-

ridge, Mother began looking around for a job, and a place to which we could move and live by ourselves. She still had a little money left from Father's insurance, how much I do not know, but she felt that she must conserve it as long as possible. She was fortunate to find a place in a bakery and lunchroom at Sixteenth and Illinois streets. Mr. and Mrs. Roy L. Addleman, the proprietors, were friends of people with whom Mother was acquainted. Mother, who was to wait on customers, came in at seven in the morning, stayed through the lunch hour, and then had a few hours off until the late afternoon rush for bakery goods. She was through for the day about six o'clock. It was a long day, and there was considerable heavy work attached, such as cleaning cases and dishwashing. For this she was paid six dollars a week and meals, which she took in the form of products from the bakery and lunchroom and carried them home for us all to have as supplement to our home-cooked meals.

She was also fortunate in the place she found for us to live. It was across the street from Addleman's bakery, in an apartment over a store. It consisted of a large room which Bob and I used for a bedroom and all of us used as a sitting room. There was a tiny room, not much bigger than a closet, which mother used as a dressing room. Another room, which was our kitchen-dining room, also had room for a couch that mother made up as a bed for herself at night. Since there was no running water, we carried our water in a bucket from the sink in the hall. Heat was supplied by a large coal-burning stove, the coal being kept in a bin in the hall. The only toilet was also located in the hall. It was cold and dark, and Mother kept a "slop jar" in the room for us to use at night. There was another apartment on the same floor, and we and the other tenant shared the sink and toilet, but the task of cleaning usually fell on Mother. There was electricity for light, and cooking was done over our two-burner "hot plate."

I said that we were fortunate to find this place, but that was only because it was convenient to Mother's work. Also Bob could go to the bakery for his noon meal, and Mother was home when he came from school in the afternoon. Otherwise it was a very poor place to live. I have no particularly unpleasant memories, however, because I was not home very much since I was in school or at work all day. I had a place where I could study and read, and Mother gave us breakfast and supper at regular times. It was within easy walking distance of Shortridge, and I came home from work by streetcar.

I think that Mother used much of her available cash to make the move from my grandparents' home, because a few times she served us bowls of cornmeal mush for supper, telling us that it was good for us, and she would save money. It was all right with me, because I liked, and still like, mush and milk, I was paying all my school expenses and buying small items of clothing; eventually, before I graduated from high school, I was buying my suits and some other more expensive things. But I could not contribute to household expenses such as rent and food, and, in fact, it was not until I was out of high school that I began to make a weekly payment toward household expenses. Thus Mother carried a heavy load out of what was a comparatively small wage. She never wavered from her intention that I graduate from high school. She was a good manager; we lived frugally, and we always considered that we were only temporarily reducing our standard of living. We continued to go to church and to wear clean and well mended clothes. We never thought of ourselves as poor people, and we maintained our middle-class outlook on life.

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It was while we were living at Sixteenth and Illinois streets that the United States entered the First World War. It had no direct effect on us, and we had no relatives or close friends that went into the armed services. But we were intensely patriotic and read the newspapers every day to follow events. I secured the little red, white, and blue booklets put out by the United States Office of War Information, that gave the historical background of the war and why the U. S. got into it. These official

publications followed the British and French line that the war was started by Germany, that Kaiser Wilhelm was the special villain, and that the United States must defeat Germany and her allies to "make the world safe for democracy." All three of us were scrupulous about observing meatless and wheatless days to conserve food that was needed by the soldiers. Deprivations in daily life that were caused by the war were felt by us in the winter of 1917-1918, when, because of the severe weather, coal was in short supply. At one point we could not get any from our regular dealer, and many others were in the same situation. So Bob and I joined the lines of people that went to the nearest fire station and carried home a bushel or two. We used our sled with cardboard boxes from the bakery. This tided us over for a week or so until the coal shortage was relieved.

Bob and I became interested in military preparedness. All over the city boys and men were organizing military groups and were drilled in the use of rifles. Even Boy Scout troops had drill teams and Shortridge students donned gray uniforms and joined a cadet corps authorized by the school board. Most of these volunteer groups used wooden rifles. While Bob and I did not join any of them, I did purchase two wooden rifles, and we taught ourselves the manual of arms and the school of the soldier from the pamphlets that were sold by the company that made the rifles.

As I have said, we participated loyally in all public programs that offered civilians opportunities to contribute to the winning of the war. Among these were gifts of books to the Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross for use in soldiers' clubs and hospitals. This endeavor was urged upon Shortridge students, and they carried in hundreds of books from home libraries. Although I have since regretted it, I talked Mother into letting me take the books that had been purchased by my father, particularly the Lock and Key Library, the novels of F. Hopkinson Smith, and the detective stories of Émile Gaboriau. I had read them many times, so I could see no reason why they should not be given to a good cause.

We did save a copy of Funk and Wagnall's edition of Roget's *Thesaurus* and a few other books, but all that remain now are a small volume of the story of Peter Simple and Charles Lever's *Charles O'Malley*.

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In 1918 my mother and I came to see that I needed to spend more time in school if I was to graduate in the normal time. An opportunity to do this came when my mother was able to get a job that paid more than she was getting at Addleman's bakery. Besides, she was not happy with the low standard of living we were maintaining in the very undesirable apartment at Sixteenth and Illinois streets. She went to work as bookkeeper and clerk in Smith's Grocery at Twenty-fifth and Talbott. She was paid twelve dollars a week, twice what she made at the bakery. Although the hours were long, they were regular, and the work was much more pleasant and interesting. Bob was thirteen years old and did not need as much care. Also Mother found a much better place for us to live. It was in light-housekeeping rooms at Twenty-third and Pennsylvania streets just a few blocks from the grocery. The house was in a good middle-class neighborhood. Our next door neighbors were Miss Rose (Rousseau) McClellan and Miss Ella Marthens, teachers at Shortridge whom I have mentioned.

After Mother had been at the grocery store for a short time a job opened up for me. A boy was needed for work after school to put up stock, sweep the floor, and wait on customers in the late afternoon rush. I worked from two to six every weekday afternoon and from seven A.M. to eight P.M. on Saturday. Mother worked eight to five, six days a week. I still earned just six dollars a week.

The grocery store was owned by L. B. (Burnside) Smith, who also owned a larger store at Thirty-fourth and Illinois streets. He also had other business interests, including a downtown wholesale grocery company in which he was associated with

his father. The man in direct charge of the store where we worked was Mr. Raymond Nevitt, the butcher, and Mr. Smith came down once or twice a week to look around and to go over the customers' accounts with my mother. It was no superficial once over; his sharp eyes caught every misplaced can on the shelf or bit of unswept dust on the floor. Mr. Nevitt opened the store at seven. He usually cooked his breakfast (and mine on Saturdays) on a stove in the back room. Mother came at eight. She waited on customers, took orders over the telephone, and did some light cleaning and dusting. Mr. Nevitt also waited on grocery customers early in the morning, in between caring for his glass refrigerated case and his walk-in refrigerator, both of which were cooled by large blocks of ice. Another employee was Mr. Adams, who drove the delivery truck serving both stores. He also went with the Thirty-fourth Street produce buyer to commission row and brought back fresh vegetables and fruit for both stores.

Sometime during the day a refrigerated truck from one of the packing houses delivered meat in the form of sides of beef and whole carcasses of pork. The butcher cut these large pieces into steaks, roasts, and chops, using a hand saw and a very sharp butcher knife. Smoked meats—pork hams and shoulders—and cased meats, such as link sausages, wieners, bologna (always called "baloney"), and liverwurst, were also delivered. The butcher, however, made his own ground meats—hamburger, pan sausage, headcheese—and often prepared cooked meat loaf, which he sliced to the customer's order. I can attest to Mr. Nevitt's culinary abilities, because, in addition to my Saturday morning breakfast, I often ate lunch at the store. Various kinds of cheese were received in bricks and rounds which were cut or sliced for the individual customer. At some butcher shops chicken and other fowl were received live and slaughtered and dressed as the trade demanded. Mr. Nevitt, however, bought them already dressed from local poultry houses. Nor did he sell what were called "New York dressed" fowl, with heads and feet

attached and only primary removal of the entrails. Sometimes he would roast a chicken or turkey for a customer. All of the operations of meat cutting and preparation were carried on back of the counter in full view of the customer, with the cutting of steaks, roasts, etc., done on a large wooden butcher's block. I never learned meat cutting and seldom even helped out behind the butcher's counter. I have been engaged in many different trades and businesses, but this was one I was glad to miss.

When I arrived at the store from school at about two o'clock, my first task was to sweep the floor, do some dusting, and occasionally wash the windows. Then I opened the boxes of canned and packaged goods that had been delivered from the wholesale grocery and placed the contents on the shelves. We received coffee, beans, rice, sugar, and flour in one-hundred-pound bags. Canned goods were delivered in wooden boxes, and we had special tools for prying them open, although cardboard boxes were increasingly being used. Books on handcrafts for boys had sections telling how to make things from wooden boxes which, they said, could be obtained free from the grocer. A couple of years earlier I made a desk that hung on the wall out of a large box that I carried home from the store. Soap in hand-sized bars and laundry powders were also received in wooden boxes, and it is from these that the term "soap box derby" comes. Soap box derby pushmobiles were made from two-by-four boards held together by other boards at the ends, making a frame four or five feet long by fifteen inches wide, on which at one end was placed a soap box which simulated an automobile hood. There was a seat back of the hood. The contraption was set on wheels obtained from old sidewalk toys, and a steering device was made by placing the front wheels on a wooden axle that turned when ropes attached at each end were properly pulled, or turned by a steering wheel to which they were attached. This vehicle was pushed by a pole at the back, and was run on the sidewalk. The builder was entitled to be the driver, and his friends were the pushers on the promise that they would have their turn back of

the wheel. These soap box racers were pitted against each other in races or derbies.

But to return to the grocery itself—I also opened the large bags of coffee, dried beans, and so on, and transferred the contents to the proper bins and drawers in the cases that also served as sales counters. Rice, dried beans (navy, pinto, kidney, lima), popcorn, sugar, and flour were placed in the bins or drawers which had glass windows that faced the front. In these windows were placed samples of the contents of the drawers. The beans or whatever were weighed out in small quantities, and sold to the customers in brown paper bags. Occasionally, in older stores, one found scales with balance weights, but increasingly spring scales were used, except for large quantities that might be weighed on a platform scale with a balance beam. Sides of beef were weighed on spring scales that were located near the refrigerator. In addition to being received in bulk, flour also came in ten-, twenty-five-, and fifty-pound strong white paper sacks and sugar was in five-pound paper cartons and ten- and twenty-fivepound cloth sacks.

Pickles came both in barrels and also in glass jars, as did olives. Sauerkraut was usually made by the butcher and kept in large stoneware crocks, although in larger stores it was also kept in barrels and was sold to customers in paper ice cream pails.

Cookies and crackers came from the wholesaler in tin boxes, a foot cube in size, with glass fronts to show what were the contents. These boxes were often placed on a special rack, and the contents sold to the customer by the pound. Fancy crackers and cookies were sold in small cardboard boxes, except for light cookies called "Nabisco Wafers" (the name of the manufacturer, National Biscuit Company) which were placed in small tin boxes. When empty, these boxes were much prized by children as containers for pencils and crayons or other small treasures. No longer were cracker barrels to be found in city stores.

Bread was delivered by the wholesale bakeries very early in the morning, before the store was open, and deposited in large

wooden boxes or chests placed at the store's entrance. My first duty when I arrived on Saturday morning was to bring in the bread and stack the loaves in a wall case that had sliding doors. Bread was unwrapped, and it was mostly white, although "graham" (wholewheat) and rye were also available. The loaves were wrapped in white paper cut off a large roll and tied with string before being given to the customer. Cinnamon rolls, cakes, and pies were also delivered by wholesale bakeries. Milk was sold in pint and quart glass bottles from the butcher's refrigerated case. Milk was not greatly in demand at the corner grocery because most people had it delivered to their homes.

Dried cereals were sold in packages but were not very numerous in variety. Some that I remember were Grape Nuts, Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Post Toasties, Quaker Oats, Ralston, and Cream of Wheat. Yellow and white corn meal was used for making mush, which was often cooled and sliced and served with syrup and butter for breakfast. The syrup might be Log Cabin brand, which came in small cans shaped like log cabins and, when empty, became children's toys.

Dried fruits—prunes (graded by size), peaches, apricots, pears, and raisins—were received in wooden boxes, called "lugs," and placed in counter drawers, from which they were weighed out to the customer in small lots.

Coffee came in large sacks as whole beans, the principal varieties being Mocha, Java, and Santos or Brazil, and the beans were ground to the customer's specifications—coarse for coffee pots and fine for percolators. Some customers, like my grandfather, bought the beans and ground them fresh for each pot of coffee. In a few stores hand-operated grinders were still used. These had large wheels with handles on them, and a few quick turns was all that was necessary to grind a pound of coffee. But our store had a new electric grinder. There was much debate over the relative merits of pot [coffee simply boiled in a pot and the grounds allowed to settle] and percolator coffee, and also much disagreement over which kind of coffee was superior.

Mocha and Java, or a blend of the two, were considered to be richer in taste. They were also more expensive. Cheaper was Santos from Brazil, which was supposed to have a proper strong coffee taste. It was the kind my grandfather preferred.

Mr. Smith's grocery, like other corner stores, had window displays of pyramids of colorfully labeled canned goods. Inside the store were counters down one side of the room, under which were the drawers containing all the items that had to be weighed and packaged. Back of the counters were shelves for canned goods and for packaged goods, such as macaroni and spaghetti and cereals. Condiments, like mustard, ketchup, and horseradish, were in jars; vinegar was in gallon jugs; and olives and pickles were also in glass jars. Spices were in small containers, although some, like mixed pickling spices, whole black peppers, cloves, and cinnamon sticks, were sold by the ounce in bulk. In another area were shelves of such household items as toothpicks. kitchen matches, scrub brushes, mops, pails, shoe polish, soaps and soap powders, washtubs, and washboards. Often there was a drum of kerosene in the back room. Kerosene was sold by the gallon and was poured into the customer's "coal oil can," the spout of which was closed by a potato.

On the other side of the store across from the counters were low stands upon which were bushel baskets and other containers for fresh vegetables and fruits. These included all the usual garden varieties as they came into season. For small quantities, false bottoms were placed in the bushel baskets. Bundles of parsley, for one, received this treatment. Strawberries, blackberries, black and red raspberries, and "dewberries" were handled in wooden quart boxes, packed twenty-four to a slat-sided crate. Considerable quantities of fruit in season were sold by the crate, because people did home canning. Bananas came on the stalk. One or two stalks hung at the end of the produce stand, and the fruit was cut off in hands or clusters by the use of a sharp curved-bladed knife. Apples, pears, and peaches were received by the bushel and were usually sold in smaller amounts.

However, some people who canned their own fruit bought by the bushel. Irish potatoes came in 150-pound jute bags and were measured out in peck and half-peck quantities, using round bentwood measures, or sold at the measure of fifteen pounds to the peck. In the summertime watermelons were stacked on the floor with a few being placed in the butcher's refrigerator to be sold at a premium price as "ice cold." Oranges and tangerines were winter fruit, but lemons were available all year round.

The job at the L. B. Smith grocery meant that I could take more hours at Shortridge, including an R.O.T.C. (Reserve Officers Training Corps) drill period. I did not exactly dislike the military, but I do not think I did very well, because I did not even make corporal!

At Shortridge there was much excitement when the war began. A very few older boys left school to enlist, and other boys had to register for the draft, but they could not be called until they graduated. Everyone was military-minded, and although a cadet corps was organized, no one was required to join it. In the fall of 1918, however, the cadets in all the Indianapolis high schools became units in the R.O.T.C. set up by Congress, and I joined like everybody else. The United States government provided us with olive drab uniforms and obsolete Springfield rifles. The uniforms, like much government issue, fit poorly. We were also outfitted with felt campaign hats and puttees, long strips of wool that were wrapped around our calves. They were supposed to keep doughboys warm. But they were hard to manage; they were either so tight that one got leg cramps, or so loose that they fell about the ankles and never were militarily smart. The rifles issued to us were received in heavy wooden boxes, which were taken to the basement of the Annex, where, under the direction of the regular army sergeant who was detailed to drill us, we unpacked them and wiped them clean—a very messy job, because they were packed in cosmoline, a sticky grease. In the process, we learned to take down a rifle and reassemble it. We were issued dummy clips of ammunition which we used to

practice loading and firing, but we never had any live ammunition and never practiced target shooting. The R.O.T.C. program was disrupted by the great influenza epidemic in the fall of 1918, when the schools were closed for about a month. When the war ended in November, 1918, like the rest of the great military machine built by the United States, the program was disbanded.

The one time the Shortridge R.O.T.C. marched as a unit was the day of the false armistice—November 8, 1918. November 8 was the date that Marshal Foch submitted armistice terms to the Germans, but they did not accept them until November 11. On November 8, the news of the false armistice was received while the school was in session, and all cadets were organized into a solid column. The Shortridge band led the parade, and all the students fell in after the R.O.T.C. There was an orderly march through the downtown streets, but almost as soon as we got there the premature announcement was repudiated, and we all quietly broke ranks and went home.

But excitement continued to pile up while the world waited for the German High Command to accept the armistice terms, which they did on November 11. Again it was while school was in session, but this time no one waited for anyone else; everyone just left the classrooms in spontaneously organized groups, went downtown, and joined with other similarly unorganized outfits in a joyous outpouring of relief and happiness that the war had ended. Personally, I shouted and ran about with the rest of the people, except that it was my duty to get to my job in the grocery store at the regular time of two P.M. But I was back downtown in the evening to join the marchers, who still paraded the streets. It was a tremendous emotional experience for all Americans.

The war weariness was partly the result of the great flu epidemic that had hit in the month of October, 1918. Influenza was a virus disease of the respiratory tract for which there was no specific cure; sufferers relied on home remedies. It had its beginning in the European war zones and swept all over the world.

It reached its height in the United States in October, 1918. To minimize its impact, public meetings were forbidden, the schools, theaters, and churches were closed, and only essential public services were maintained. Those who did have to get out were ordered to wear gauze masks over their noses and mouths, and some people put aromatic medicines like camphor on themselves. Some fumigated their houses with sulphur candles when the illness struck. It was a virulent strain of the disease, and many people died of it. It was a very somber and distressing time for everyone.

I did get the flu, and to prevent my brother from also getting it, my grandparents took him to stay with them, and all three escaped. Without going into a clinical description of the disease, I shall simply note that it was very debilitating; even when the symptoms of the head colds and sore throats were in decline, there were still secondary effects of congested lungs and weakened hearts. Being young and healthy, I, a lad just past my fifteenth birthday, recovered within a few days, and was back to work in the grocery store. But almost as soon as I was able to wobble around, my mother was hit by the flu, and she had a very hard time. We were living in light-housekeeping rooms, and the landlady, with whom Mother had good relations, was able to nurse her. I took over for the night when I got home from work. It was a very upsetting experience for me, but I am glad to remember that, because of my mother's training, I was able to carry the responsibility. She slowly recovered her health and my brother came home.

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During my high school years my social life was nil, and there were many occasions when I envied my fellow students because they seemed to have so much to talk about as they gathered in the school halls before and after classes. I felt always that I was on the outside looking in. It is true that I did find another life with people when I went to work, but it did not take the place of

contacts with my peers in an atmosphere of play and mutual interests. The latter kind of experience, however, did come to me when I joined the Boy Scouts of America.

It was in the spring months of 1918 that I was invited to join up by a fellow high school student with whom I had built up a slight friendship. He was Harold "Babe" Metcalf, the son of a court reporter. Babe was a good student and interested in science. (He had a lifetime career with Eli Lilly and Company, the great Indianapolis pharmaceutical establishment.) Babe took me to visit his troop, Number 46, which met at the Fourth Presbyterian Church at Nineteenth and Alabama streets. Here I was introduced to the scoutmaster, Rexford M. Pruitt, a young man in his midtwenties, who grinned broadly and shook my hand warmly, and I felt at once that I had been made a part of the group. Under Babe's guidance, I met other boys of my age, several of whom attended Shortridge. The usual age for a boy to become a scout was twelve years, but here I was, fourteen years and six months, and considering whether I should start out as a tenderfoot when all the other fourteen-year-olds were first class scouts! But Mr. Pruitt said age would be no obstacle. Babe invited me to his house where I worked on tenderfoot requirements, quickly passed my tests, and within a few months I had earned my second- and first-class badges.

Rex, as the older boys called him, was a good scoutmaster—old enough in years to be respected and obeyed and young enough in body and spirit to join in games, camping, and all other scout activities on a boy-to-boy basis. At some point in his life he had infantile paralysis which left him with a shriveled right leg, but he had long ago overcome this handicap. He was a strong scout leader, ambitious that his troop be pre-eminent among the troops of the city in scoutcraft, woodcraft, and community service. In the first area he insisted that for a boy to participate fully in scouting, he must advance in scout rank and scouting skills. A part of every weekly meeting was set aside for instruction in scout tests and lore. Patrol leaders were chosen

by the scoutmaster on the basis of how well they could work with patrol members after school and on Saturday in passing scout tests. In woodcraft Rex was a good man with ax and knife, could cook appetizing outdoor meals, and make comfortable overnight arrangements. He was always teaching these skills to us boys on weekly hikes to nearby spots and at the annual two-week organized camp. Under his leadership the troop turned out for all kinds of citywide council activities, and the troop's flag staff was heavy with participation ribbons.

Every first-class scout was pushed to earn merit badges and advance to Star, Life, and Eagle ranks. Twice in my experience, Pruitt, with the aid of parents, patrol leaders, and others found likely boys who joined on their twelfth birthdays, and were pushed along to achieve Eagle rank in the minimum time of nine months. It was absolutely the youngest age at which Eagle could be earned, and very few boys, countrywide, managed to do it. The boys were Donald Hawkins and August F. (Bud) Hook, Jr. I do not know what happened to Donald, but Bud succeeded his father as the head of Hook Drug Company.

Finally we boys had fun at Troop 46 weekly meetings. There was first a period of hard-played games that required much physical effort. Then came the formal meeting, at which time we were tired out and ready for a rest, while new scouts were inducted and advanced in rank, scouting techniques were demonstrated, visiting adults were greeted, and announcements of coming events were made.

Another reason for the success of Troop 46 was that older boys continued to be members; they were given such leadership responsibilities as the conduct of meetings, training sessions, and game periods. They were also allowed to attend staff meetings and social events that followed troop meetings, such as a treat at the corner drugstore. All of these things boosted the esteem of the young leaders and developed their ability to take charge. This full participation of boys and leaders in the affairs of the troop created a great troop spirit that also contributed to

further successes. As I have continued to be an observer as well as a participant in scouting, I have found that the principles that I learned from Rex Pruitt and Troop 46 are still those that provide the best kinds of programs for boys.

Scouting filled a void in my life, and I participated fully in Troop 46 activities, passing through all the boy leader posts. At the end of my connection with the troop I was acting as scoutmaster. The training has been good for me, giving me a self-assurance that has frequently been an asset in college and community activities. Through it all I continued to work after school and on Saturday, but I gave as many evenings as necessary to the affairs of the troop. Very occasionally I was able to get off work so that I could go on an overnight hike, but mostly my camping experience was confined to one or two periods at Camp Chank-tun-un-gi. This Boy Scout camp was located on Fall Creek about eight miles northeast of the Indianapolis city limits, and the nearest town was Lawrence, a stop on the electric railway from Indianapolis.

My first experience at Chank-tun-un-gi was in 1919, only a year or two after the grounds had been acquired. There were about a hundred acres along the west side of Fall Creek, and extending eastward to include a considerable area of fields and woods. Its nearest neighbor was a large estate, Buzzards' Roost, located in a wooded area. It was an excellent location for a boys' camp, since it included a stream for water sports, open fields for games, and woods for nature trails and overnight campsites. It has since been improved, and today is known as the Belzer Scout Reservation, named for the first Scout Executive of the Indianapolis and Central Indiana Council, F. (Francis) O. Belzer, always known, as are many Scout executives, as Chief.⁴³

⁴³ Francis O. Belzer, who taught in the Castleton and Indianapolis schools, first became involved with scouting in 1911 and served as scout executive from 1915 to 1940. Indianapolis *News*, February 23, 1948. Camp Belzer is still in existence, located at 6012 Boy Scout Road.

The Boy Scouts were organized in Indianapolis shortly after scouting was brought to the United States from England by W. D. Boyce in 1909. Chief Belzer was a teacher of woodworking in an Irvington grade school. He was popular with his pupils, was active in church affairs, and worked with young people.

Chief Belzer was another of those men who could meet boys on their own level, participate in their activities, and at the same time win the support of adults, raise funds, and administer the affairs of the organization in a mature and efficient manner. He won the confidence of boys and men by his open and warm good fellowship and his respect for them as individuals. He quickly got the attention of groups of scouts because of his ability to entertain by singing folk songs as he accompanied himself on a guitar. He had a fine voice and conducted enthusiastic sing-along sessions at troop meetings and campfire sessions.

I came to know Chief Belzer and the staff of the local council, because I was sent on errands for Troop 46 to the office in the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce Building on South Meridian Street, later demolished so that L. S. Ayres and Company could expand. The other members of the staff beside Chief Belzer were Stanley Norton,⁴⁴ the assistant executive, a very handy man at scouting functions, and Miss Stella Doeppers,⁴⁵ the secretary, a youngish woman, very popular with scouts and scout leaders. Scoutmaster Pruitt always worked closely with Belzer and was frequently in the Boy Scout office. We boys, who called Miss Doeppers "Aunt Stella," thought she and Rex had something going between them, but I now doubt whether it was ever serious because she was older and well-settled into a real-life maiden aunt's career to her brother's small children.

I remember all of this because one of the earliest and most

⁴⁴ Norton served as assistant executive from 1918 to 1947. Indianapolis *Times*, February 22, 1960.

⁴⁵ Doeppers became secretary for the council in 1915 and retired in 1952. Indianapolis *Star*, January 8, 1952.

impressive events in my early scout career was concerned with Miss Doeppers and the Boy Scout office. Troop 46, in early August, 1918, spent two weeks at Camp Chank-tun-un-gi. I could not go because of conflicts with my job, but I did manage to get to camp for a weekend. It came about this way: Rex Pruitt was with the boys, and he thought it would be a good stunt to put out a camp newspaper. During the first week a staff of boy reporters gathered news, and their copy was sent into the Boy Scout office for Miss Doeppers to run off on her mimeograph machine. I was in the office that Saturday afternoon, and I volunteered to take the Chank-tun-un-gi Bugle to camp. It was late in the afternoon and a severe thunderstorm was going on. Miss Doeppers tried to dissuade me from starting out in such bad weather, but I insisted that I would go ahead. So I wrapped the mimeographed newspaper well, put the package under my raincoat, and went to the Traction Terminal, where I caught an interurban car that took me to the town of Lawrence, the taking off place for camp. The thunder rumbled and the lightning flashed all the way, and when I arrived in the town, it was still raining heavily. I was hesitant about starting the two-mile hike in the midst of the rain, so I stayed at the interurban station until it slackened. Then I gathered my raincoat around me and headed out along the gravel road. I had never been this way before, but I was assured by the people at the station that I could not lose my way if I followed the main road, which, while not well marked, was the only graveled and graded road in the vicinity. I knew that I would know when I arrived at the side road into Camp Chank-tun-un-gi, because there was a sign there.

By the time I finally got started from Lawrence, it was dark, the heavy black clouds overhead were laced with flashes of lightning, and there were occasional bursts of rain. Here I was, a city boy, never far from paved streets and corner street lamps, tramping an unknown country road, with only an occasional dim light in the window of a farm house and the rumble of thunder all about me. But I must have continued to think

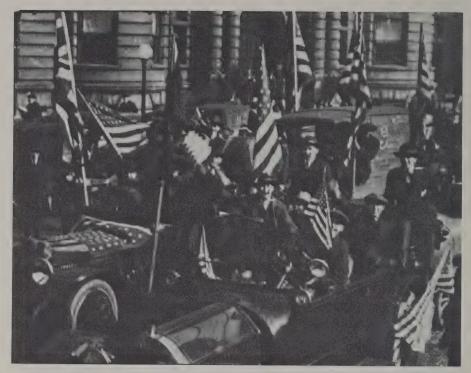
rationally; I knew that nothing could really hurt me, and all I had to do was to put one foot in front of the other and keep moving. Nevertheless, everything was unfamiliar; I was greatly relieved when the weather improved, the sky became brighter, and I saw on the road on my left, the Camp Chank-tun-un-gi sign.

A couple of hundred yards more and I came to the camp buildings where Rex Pruitt and the scouts of Troop 46 welcomed me. I was an instant, and very temporary, hero. No one had expected the newspaper until the next morning. I did not have a piece of camp equipment, but the boys provided me with a bed and a blanket in one of the tents, and the next day I joined in the camp routine until evening when I got a ride home with visiting Troop 46 parents.

After this I visited the camp many times, spending a summer camping period there in 1919, a winter camp in 1921, the entire summer of 1922, and occasional days afterwards. I was able to qualify for the outdoor merit badges required for Eagle rank, which, however, I did not attain until 1922. I became a strong swimmer and a fair camp cook and handy at all other aspects of camping. I was accepted into the Firecrafters, a society of experienced men and boy campers. I made lasting friendships with Harry Ice, Merle Miller, and Frank Teague, not members of Troop 46, but who were at one time or another on the camp staff, to which I later became attached.

Except for the flu epidemic of October, 1918, all of our lives were pleasant during this period. Mother enjoyed working at Smith's grocery, and she had no immediate financial worries. I was carrying a normal study load at Shortridge. Bob had graduated from grade school and was attending Shortridge. I was deeply interested in scouting activities, and Bob also had joined Troop 46.

But just as things were falling into routine, changes came



Indiana State Library, photograph by Harry Coburn
Armistice Day celebration in downtown Indianapolis



Indiana State Library

A typical Indianapolis neighborhood grocery in the first decade of the twentieth century (Moore Grocery & Co., Illinois and Ohio streets, 1901-1910)

into our lives early in 1919—pleasurable and exciting ones. They came about because of the business enterprises in which L. Burnside Smith was engaged. He was a thin, energetic, highly charged worker, who inspired those around him to loyalty and hard work. As I have said, he had considerable capital to invest, but where it came from I did not know, although I heard rumors that his wife was well-to-do. His chief enterprise in 1918 and 1919 was the construction of a large building on the northwest corner of Illinois and Thirty-fourth streets. There were spaces for a drugstore, a dry goods store, a pool room, a large garage, and his grocery, which would be moved from the much smaller room near the southwest corner. I have pointed out that this was a busy corner with many stores and shops and much coming and going because it was a streetcar transfer point. It was a good business corner because it was the center of a dense residential area, including the homes and apartments of the well-to-do on Meridian and Pennsylvania streets and the comfortably fixed middleclass householders on Illinois Street and the streets to the west.

The garage itself was much used; many people, even those on Meridian Street, did not have individual garages. Some of the larger establishments had carriage houses and stables that were converted, but many, including those in apartments, had to make use of large neighborhood storage garages. This was the purpose of Smith's garage, and in addition he provided service—gasoline and oil, tire and mechanical care, as well as charging the batteries of electric automobiles, which always seemed to belong to rich widows who drove themselves in stately style. But there were a number of customers owning both gasoline and electric cars who had liveried chauffeurs.

After Smith took possession of the new grocery storeroom, he sold the store on Talbott Street. Smith had a strong sense of responsibility for his employees. I suppose it was really a sort of paternalism, because he did expect employees to come to him first if they needed to borrow money or had other personal problems, and he never docked employees if they needed a few hours,

or even days off for illness or private business. He also expected a person to work overtime, if necessary, and not expect to get paid either. He offered to take all of his people at the Talbott Street store with him. Mr. Nevitt, the butcher, elected to stay with the new owners of the old store, but Mother and I accepted the jobs he offered us at Thirty-fourth Street although it seemed to us to be already adequately staffed. I am sure that Mr. Smith liked the way Mother and I performed our jobs, but I am also convinced that he did it just because he had a warm heart.

Early in the spring of 1919, Mr. Smith sent the grocery truck to move our furniture to light-housekeeping rooms at Thirty-fifth and Illinois streets, and Mother took her place in the grocery store office where she took orders over the telephone and helped Helen Fitzgerald, the office manager, with the book-keeping. There was another woman who looked after the garage business, but, as things worked out, among them they took care of both the garage and grocery business. Mother, in her usual efficient and co-operative way, got along well with both women, although she was several years older than they.

I did general work in the store alongside a store manager, two full-time clerks, a butcher, and two delivery men, one of whom was Mr. Adams, who also worked inside the store. The other driver, who also worked in the garage delivering cars to patrons, was a black man with whom I became good friends. His name was also Walter.

My education in the grocery business was completed after I was transferred to Thirty-fourth Street. My teacher was the manager of the store, Mr. Schuyler C. Hayes. Mr. Hayes was a soft-spoken, taciturn man, with an equable temper and a complete knowledge of the business from buying vegetables to meat cutting (although he never did this as a regular thing), to selecting coffee beans (he did it by smell), to keeping a careful eye on the cleanliness and order of all parts of the store. From him I learned such necessary things about the grocery business as how to pick over a crate of strawberries to eliminate soft ones, and

still come up with a full crate plus one or two extra quarts. This was possible, because when crates of strawberries were received. they were shaken down by the fact of being transported to the retail market. As the berries were picked over and repacked, they were much less condensed. Other vegetables and fruits had to be sorted and rearranged. Head lettuce, leaf lettuce, and cabbage had to have their stem ends freshly cut, and loose, wilted, or damaged leaves removed. Celery was treated in the same way. Fresh fruits—peaches, pears, plums, and so on were gone over every day or two, and the spoiled ones removed. The same thing was done with apples and potatoes, although they were much less susceptible to spoiling. Sweet potatoes, however, decayed quickly. All this was necessary so that the customer would have no complaint to make about the produce purchased at Smith's. Mr. Haves was insistent that customer complaints be as few as possible, and those that were made should be promptly taken care of. He also believed that clerks should know their merchandise and he able to fulfill customers' wants satisfactorily. So much confidence did some customers have in Mr. Haves that they insisted that he wait on them personally.

Mr. Hayes took every opportunity to tell me and the other clerks about the quality and characteristics of the various things sold in the store. I learned, for example, to distinguish one apple from another, to know whether it was best eaten fresh, whether it would make a good pie or should be used for applesauce; which soap was best for which cleaning purpose; how to pick a good broom; and a hundred other things that a good groceryman should know.

I also learned how to put canned goods on the shelf with the labels all facing toward the customer. At the same time I put the cans on the shelf, I learned to inspect them to detect the very few whose contents were spoiled. Mr. Hayes also taught me such simple things as how to wrap packages neatly and tie them with a slip knot so that the customer could open them readily. I learned to weigh bulk goods accurately. Mr. Hayes said that a store's profits depended on giving exact weight to the customer; if he were given seventeen ounces to the pound, the store's profits suffered; if only fifteen, the customer was cheated, and, if this continued to happen, the store lost a customer.

I also learned to sweep the floor properly by dragging the broom carefully so that the dust did not fly around. This was a hard lesson for me to learn, because my natural tendency was to use long, powerful strokes to get the job done quickly. When Mr. Hayes first saw me sweep this way, he struggled through the dust column, took the broom in his own hands, and gave a personal demonstration. I did much better after that.

While I was a fairly husky boy—five foot, six inches tall and weighing 130 pounds—I had to learn to use my body properly so that I could lift the heavy cases of canned goods, the hundred-pound sacks of sugar, and hold up my end of a hundred-and-fifty-pound sack of potatoes. I also learned to use a two-wheeled hand truck to haul a stack of boxes of canned peaches or a barrel of rock salt. Mr. Hayes taught me how to do these things by bending my knees properly, using my shoulders, and balancing myself on my feet, rather than doing them with hands and arms alone. Under his tutelage I was soon able to do as much work as most men.

Mr. Hayes was a strict, but pleasant-mannered taskmaster. He was always busy himself, and he expected me to see things that needed to be done. One of his favorite devices was to tell me the minute I finished one task, "While you're resting, do this or this," or, "As soon as you have finished this, do that." I never resented this kind of direction, because he often pitched in to help, and when I had satisfactorily completed a job, he gave me a word of praise, and occasionally, after a particularly arduous day, he would tell me, a few minutes before closing time, to get my coat and go on home—"Your mother will be looking for you." Because I was industrious and trustworthy, both Mr.

Hayes and Mr. Smith piled responsibility upon me, and I became a kind of straw boss to the other boys who came in to work on Saturdays.

I thrived on this responsibility, and Mr. Hayes and Mr. Smith both placed much confidence in me. I am sure that I learned a great deal about leadership and job planning from them. I liked and respected Mr. Hayes, and we maintained our friendship as long as he lived.

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While I was in the grocery business, I participated in the first effort to establish a chain of self-serve stores in Indianapolis. Burnside Smith was a friend of Russel and Lucien King, who owned the King Koffee Kompany, and he persuaded them to go into partnership with him. 46 An addition was attached to the building at Thirty-fourth and Illinois streets, and the whole business of roasting, grinding, and packaging coffee was installed. Mr. Smith was not sure just where he was going. For a while in 1919, he followed a trend among larger groceries to extend their business by operating over large areas. This was possible because orders could easily be delivered since gasoline delivery trucks were readily obtainable and efficient. Also the practice of passing handbills from door to door could inform large numbers of people of bargains. Smith, for example, advertised that he could sell groceries for less, because his customers paid cash on delivery.

Smith circulated his handbills widely over the north part of Indianapolis. He sent a crew of high school boys out, transported by truck to their territories. I was placed in charge of this job, riding in the truck to supervise the boys, picking them up when I was assured that they had not dumped their handbills

⁴⁶ Russel (1868-1942) and Lucien (1878-1950) King became partners in the coffee business in 1910 and worked together until Russel's retirement in 1928.

some place. Much business was brought to the store by this means, and since the handbills were passed out on Friday, Saturday was a very big day at the store. The phones rang steadily, and Mother and the other women in the office were busy taking orders. Mr. Hayes and the clerks were just as busy filling orders. The two trucks driven by Mr. Adams and Walter were going all day and late into the evening.

Then Mr. Smith moved to the next phase of expansion. Self-serve groceries were established in the United States before the First World War. They proved to be very popular. People could go directly to the shelves to pick out the items they wanted. Also, as Piggly Wiggly and its imitators said, prices were lower because there was no expense for clerk hire, extending credit, or delivery. Such stores had no meat departments, although there was a refrigerator for bacon, cheese, and other packaged items. Only one or two persons were required to operate the store, because they did not wait on customers, but had only to keep the shelves filled with goods. After the customer had toured the store, placing her purchases in a basket cart, she came to the checkout counter where the cashier used an ordinary adding machine and a cash drawer.

The conversion to self-serve was made at Thirty-fourth Street, and several other stores were opened. Mother was transferred to the store to be cashier. Mr. Hayes continued in charge of purchasing for all the stores, but his field of operation was moved to the basement and warehouse area of the building. Mother went over the shelves every morning to make a list of the items needed and they were delivered from the warehouse. When I came in after school, I put the goods on the shelves and helped Mother at the cashier's stand.

I cannot say how many King Koffee Stores were opened, nor how successful the operation was. Mother and I noticed that many old customers ceased to come in the store, but transferred their business to places where they could get the personal service they used to get at Smith's. Mr. Hayes, I think, was not very happy about the new ways, although, like Mother, he re-

ceived an increase in his salary. Also he missed the personal contact with his customers.

I know the King brothers did not like the new arrangement. They had invested considerable capital in the business, and they were not satisfied with the results. Also they did not take well to the grocery business. The reason, or one of them, that they entered the business was that the King Koffee Kompany would develop its own brand of items to be sold in the store, because theirs was a well-known name in the city. This was an idea that worked out very well for the Great Atlantic and Pacific grocery stores, but it took considerable capital investment. I remember, too, that Mr. Smith, who was a restless, fast-moving entrepreneur type, lost interest because the business was not a booming success.

But other people had faith in the future of the chain store, or they believed that it was good for a stock selling scheme. The latter seems to have been true of the group of promoters who organized the Midwest Grocery Company, sold stock, and bought out the King brothers and Burnside Smith. The Kings turned their attention to rebuilding their door-to-door business, using lightweight motor trucks, and Smith after a short time, became the chief organizer of the Mayflower Transfer Company, one of the first entrants into the interstate movement of household goods by motor truck.

The Midwest Grocery Company moved its headquarters to a warehouse on West Street, just north of Washington. A Mr. Parker represented the stockholders, and Mr. Hayes continued as buyer. Mother was the bookkeeper, Mr. Adams was the warehouse manager, and I was his helper.

It was in the midst of these events that I graduated from Shortridge High School.

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The high school graduation in 1920 coincided with the celebration of the centennial of the city of Indianapolis, and, to emphasize the significance of education, a giant commencement

ceremony was held in the coliseum at the Indiana State Fairgrounds. The building, with a large tanbark oval surrounded by permanent seats, was used for showing livestock. I am sure that the occasion was a triumph of organization, and it was done without a rehearsal. Each high school (Emmerich Manual Training, Arsenal Technical, and Shortridge) had separate assembly points in an adjacent building. There we graduating seniors lined up alphabetically in single file, and, to the strains of the march from Aida, we filed into the coliseum, paraded past our friends and relatives who were seated in the stands on the north side of the building, all the way around the cement walk circling the tanbark area, to seats on the south side. I do not remember a thing about the actual ceremonies, but there were more than a thousand graduates, and it probably was an impressive sight. But to us graduates, it was very much like parading prize cattle around the ring! We said that we would much rather have had the intimacy of a traditional ceremony just for our own class.

But, dressed in a new dark suit, I was very proud of myself, and so was my family. Only the second in the family to graduate from high school (Uncle Harry was the first), I had accomplished a significant goal, and for the moment I was certainly on top of the world. I had a summer job, and I had made plans to go to Butler University in September.





Purdue University Debris, 192
Hendrickson (third row, far left) and Phi Delta Chi fraternity brothers, 1923

CHAPTER SEVEN

COLLEGE DAYS: EARLY EXPLORATIONS

In contrast to the Euphoria and optimism of the summer of my graduation, the years following were ones of confusion and uncertainty. It was a period in which I grew to manhood and one in which my goals for life were not clear to me. Little was done in high school to prepare young people for careers, and I did not receive much advice from any teacher or counselor. At home Mother let me make my own decisions, supporting me in whatever I decided to do. Grandy and Uncle Gene were not well enough informed to provide much guidance. Through the summer after graduation I worked for the Midwest Grocery Company and saved enough money for college tuition. Since I had never been without a job, I felt confident that I would be able to get one that would pay my other expenses.

Although I did decide to go to Butler University, I am not sure why. I did not know what I wanted to accomplish in life, and I had no definite major or area of specialization clearly in mind. The only thing in my high school courses that pointed to a possible career was that I had made good grades in chemistry and science. At one point I did call on a commercial chemist whose name was given to me by Mr. Wade, head of the chemistry department at Shortridge, to talk about a job after graduation. The man did not give me much encouragement, but advised that if I really did want a career in chemistry, I should go to college.

I suppose this was the deciding factor in my resolution to go

to Butler, and although I made no definitive plans, I did decide to take chemistry, along with English, French, and physical education, usually called "gym."

I secured a job through the student employment office on the strength of my interest in chemistry. It was a night job at the Citizens Gas and Coke Company. The hours were eleven at night until seven in the morning, after which I went to classes. I planned to sleep in the afternoon. The job was to collect samples of chemicals that were made as by-products of burning coal to get illuminating and cooking gas which was collected in storage tanks and then distributed through the city by underground iron pipes. It was an important job, and it was directly connected with chemistry. I do not remember the details, but, among other tests, I was required to perform the operation of titration determination of the acidity or alkalinity—of one of the byproducts, and before I left in the morning, I ran tests on the heating capacity of the gas going into the city's pipes, which meant that I determined how many BTUs (British Thermal Units) it would produce.

The working conditions at the gas plant on Prospect Street on the south side of Indianapolis were very bad. The production of gas from coal under controlled air and oxygen supply was a dirty business. The coal was placed in huge ovens in a continuous process by which it became coke, and was pushed out of the oven in smoldering piles, while gases were let out of the oven into collecting tanks. There was much fire and smoke; the dull red glow from the ovens was visible through a heavy fog of smoke for blocks around, and the air was filled with particles of burning coal that sifted onto people and into their homes as dirty gray ash. It was an exceedingly air-polluting process of a kind that would not be permitted today. I had a small laboratory in one of the buildings inside the plant. The job was routine and dull, and I had periods up to a half-hour between collecting samples. I tried to study, but I found that I fell asleep too readily to get much done. What's more, I had difficulty in getting to sleep in

the afternoons. The consequence was that I dozed on the job, and was often not in a condition to make accurate analyses. Neither was I able to stay awake in class.

All in all, I did not like the job and after a few weeks found another, but it, too, was a night job, although in much cleaner surroundings. It, however, did not prove to be any better for my career at Butler. The job was at Eli Lilly and Company. My duty was to regulate the temperature in two stills which were used to create an extract of the pancreas glands of animals which was made into the Lilly variety of insulin.

I do not remember the details, except that there were two large glass-lined pots heated by steam that was led into jackets around the pots. It was a continuous, twenty-four-hour operation, beginning in the morning with the delivery of a large number of animal pancreas glands from a local slaughterhouse. These were macerated, mixed with ethyl alcohol, and the whole mass was boiled in the large pots. The alcohol absorbed the hormone and was led off and condensed in large glass bottles. This distillate was treated so that it could be injected into the diabetes patients. It was important for the success of the process that the rate of boil-off be controlled, and it was my job to keep watch on heat and pressure gauges so that the end product met required standards. It was interesting and required my utmost attention, but it was, at the same time, a night job, and I had already found out that such a job was difficult for me to handle, although I had not yet admitted it to myself. At any rate, after being there for three or four weeks I was dismissed because I was not doing a careful and accurate job—the only dismissal from any job that I experienced in my life. It was finally clear to me that I could not work at night and sleep in the daytime, and I never tried it again.

Now I turned to Uncle Gene, who was still working for the Indianapolis *Times*, and he helped me to get a job in the circulation department. I was placed in charge of a substation where the boys called in the afternoon for the newspapers they dis-

tributed to the homes of subscribers. I kept books and handled money, because the boys paid me for the newspapers they took out. I also recruited carriers and delivered newspapers to customers who were missed by their newsboys. It was not a difficult job, and my experience in scouting was helpful. But since the Indianapolis *Times* was having difficulty in maintaining its circulation, my station was consolidated with another, and after Christmas of 1920 I was out of a job.

In the meantime, my record at Butler was not good. I had cut a lot of classes. I was failing in French and just barely making it in other subjects, even chemistry, so I dropped out of school without completing the first semester. Now began for me a number of weeks of job hunting. The post-World War I depression was beginning, so that I had to be satisfied with a job behind the soda fountain in a candy store on West Washington Street, not in the best neighborhood. I was able to leave in the spring when I secured a job in the factory at the Diamond Chain Company. It paid quite well, I did not mind the work, and I saved money. I was employed as a contingent worker, which meant that I was assigned to jobs as I was needed. Often I took the place of regular workers when they went on vacation. The first job, for example, was at the end of an assembly line that produced bicycle chains destined for Japan. I nailed the tops on wooden boxes of chains, each chain wrapped in waxed paper and packed in a paper carton. Among other jobs I performed was operating a machine that polished bushings—small cylindrical metal pieces that were placed between the bearings of a chain. I also worked for a while in the uncomfortably hot room where bearings and bushings were case-hardened. Here buckets of these small metal parts were treated with a caustic chemical and then heated in a furnace. My final job for the summer was in the room where the case-hardened bearings and bushings were polished by tumbling them in revolving barrels containing sawdust. Many of these operations required hard physical work, but I was strong and willing and got along quite well, satisfying the

foremen and winning the respect of the other workers. And, as I have said, I saved some money to help finance my next venture in college.

I had decided that I really would like to have a career in chemistry. I found out, after some inquiry, that the best opportunity in the field was in chemical engineering, and I applied for admission to Purdue University. I had done this early in the year, but I was told that I needed spherical geometry. This credit I earned while I was working at the soda fountain by going to Technical High School at night. I believed that I could finance a year by using my savings and by getting a part-time job in Lafayette.

So off I went to Purdue University in September, 1921, at the age of eighteen. I had a companion, Scotty, who was also to be a freshman, and the two of us gave aid and comfort to each other in the strange new world upon which we were entering. In those days the university did not provide much student housing, and most found lodging in fraternity or sorority houses or in rooming houses. All were subject to university inspection and regulation, and I presume that other rooming houses were much like mine where eight boys, two to a bedroom on the second floor of an older house, found the minimum of necessities provided. In each room was a double bed, a dresser, a table, and two plain straight chairs. Very Spartan accommodations, but the landladies had had experience with the tendency of young men to destroy their own habitation.

For a day or two we were busy paying our fees, getting our class schedules, and becoming familiar with the campus and the downtown section of West Lafayette, where there were student bookstores, poolrooms, and restaurants. We took our meals there, soon finding that they were much the same at most places, and that we could save 10 percent on our board bill if we bought a weekly meal ticket. There were no saloons, because these were prohibition days, but we learned that alcoholic beverages could be obtained from campus bootleggers, something Scotty and I

were not interested in. On the first Sunday that we were in residence, the churches in both West Lafayette and across the Wabash River in Lafayette held open house, at which new students were guests and refreshments were served and games were played.

One of our first requirements was to take a series of intelligence tests, which were just being introduced in colleges to predict academic success. They were adapted from the army tests given to recruits in the First World War. Purdue had a version of these tests that was widely used in other colleges for a time. We were allowed to see the results, but I have no recollection of what mine were; at least I was permitted to remain in school.

The curriculum at Purdue, and I suppose at other engineering schools, was carefully prescribed, with little room for electives. Each school—Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Chemical —had its own program. For freshmen chemical engineers the curriculum included mathematics (advanced algebra, trigonometry, and analytical geometry), general chemistry, civil engineering, shop—six weeks each of machine, foundry and forge -mechanical drawing, German language, and military science (R.O.T.C.). Since many of these were laboratory courses, our school day went from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon, with Thursday afternoons and Saturdays as free time. The only two courses for which there was outside preparation were German and math. The whole program was interesting to me, with the exception of German, and, although I was not very expert, I got through the shop and mechanical drawing courses, and I still like to use my hands. Today I have, and use, a cold chisel which I made in forge shop. Chemistry was a breeze, because I had had good courses at Shortridge and Butler, but mathematical mysteries I never fathomed, although I made passing grades.

Military training was acceptable to me, and I took readily to learning the drill. Purdue had a regiment of seventy-five milli-

meter artillery, drawn by trucks, and I belonged to Battery C, where I was the shortest soldier, on the extreme left of the battery in line.

Our weekends in September and October were occupied by attendance at football games, which were already great spectacles, with large bands performing at halftime. Purdue had an outstanding band of a hundred members and possessed the largest bass drum in the world. It stood more than six feet tall and was drawn on a cart by two band members, while a third beat it with an extra large stick. The first game of the season was the occasion for a halftime parade of the junior and senior men in their traditional class regalia. For juniors it was felt hats in class colors; for seniors, corduroy trousers—light cream colored ones that became an unwashed gray. All the engineers had special pockets in their cords for the slide rules that were their trademark. I do not mention the presence of women, because there were none in the engineering schools, although there were some enrolled in the schools of science and agriculture.

Purdue won the first football game of the 1921 season, and in the evening there was a grand parade of students, headed by a great bell on wheels that had been saved from the original Purdue building, long since demolished. The stream of students went over the bridge that crossed the Wabash to downtown Lafayette, where one of the movie houses was stormed, the doors removed, and all the seats occupied. It was a rowdy and destructive act, but the movie people did nothing to prevent it because most of their paying customers throughout the year were students.

But this carefree student life lasted only a few weeks for me, because I got a call from the student employment office. It was a good thing, too, because my finances were not in a healthy shape. I became houseboy to the family of Major J. H. Wallace, United States Army, an R.O.T.C. officer who had served in France in the First World War. The Wallaces had two children, girls, age two and five, and I was to stay home to sit with them,

often giving them their suppers and putting them to bed so that the major and his wife could go out to dinner or for an evening of bridge. I also had housekeeping chores, such as getting up at seven to do the daily clothes washing, using an electric machine. I also did the evening dishwashing and the Saturday housecleaning. For this I received my room and board. On the whole it was a good job. I had a comfortable room to myself; I ate at the table with the family; and the work load was not onerous. The Wallaces were kind, thoughtful people who took a generous interest in my career. Saturday afternoons were often free, and so were many Sunday evenings when I went to Christian Endeavor meetings at one of the churches in Lafayette. So I did have a minimal social life, even occasionally being invited by the Wallaces to eat with and visit with their friends. Sometimes on Sunday evenings I attended a movie at a downtown theater. My problem once again was loneliness, because I was not with students outside of classes.

On the other hand, I learned much from the Wallaces—how to take care of small children, how to do housekeeping—and my table manners and social presence were improved by my daily life in the household. And Major Wallace's influence helped my military career (I became a corporal, then supply sergeant and first sergeant with his help), which would have been no small matter if I had continued in R.O.T.C. in my junior and senior years with the accompanying cash allowance.

I think in most respects that my year at Purdue was successful, and although I could have continued with the Wallaces in my sophomore year, I made other plans. In the spring of 1922, I was approached by Delta Chi, a professional and social fraternity for those in the field of chemistry, and I accepted their invitation to become a pledge member. It meant that I would have to find a way of financing the house bill. I already had a summer job at the Boy Scout Camp, and so I would have some cash. Also, after talking it over with Mother, we agreed to cash in Liberty bonds that she and I had accumulated, part from

my savings and part from a small inheritance from her Grandmother Shively. I was confident that I would be able to find a Saturday job that would provide pocket money.

The summer of 1922 was a memorable one for me. Camp Chank-tun-un-gi, under Boy Scout Chief Belzer's leadership, had been developed to the point that it had permanent buildings—tents with wooden floors and frames and a few wooden cabins, each holding eight boys. There was a mess hall, which was a large framed building with kitchen attached, a small craft building, a headquarters tent with wooden floor and canvas roof that served as the camp store or canteen, and the Kiwanis Hut, a permanent wood-and-stone building in which Chief Belzer and Mr. Norton lived, which was weatherized for winter camping. There was also the large first aid tent in which the athletic director and the first aid orderly lived and in which were three or four extra beds

During my summer of 1922 we swam in a deep spot in Fall Creek. At the swimming hole there was a canoe dock and wooden diving boards. Sanitary arrangements for the camp included a large outside toilet (latrine) and a wash building with showers powered by a pump. The camp was lighted by a generator operated by a gasoline engine. The electricity was turned off at bed time, but everyone had a flashlight for emergencies. Personally I used an old kerosene lantern, claiming that I was Diogenes looking for an honest boy! There was a cleared area with wooden plank-and-log seats used for evening campfires. Fall Creek was abandoned as a swimming place a couple of years later because the water was polluted, and a concrete swiming pool was built, deep wells were sunk, and a large sanitary toilet and shower building was erected.

All of these improvements contributed to the ease and safety with which day-to-day needs of the campers were met, and there was more time for athletic and scouting activities to proceed. Some of us older campers scoffed at the comforts that were provided. We said that the new boys were getting soft, and we

liked to tell stories of stormy nights when tent tops fell and beds got wet, and when the boys on K.P. had to peel potatoes by hand or wash dishes without a dishwashing machine, and so on.

But the wisdom of continual improvement was demonstrated by the quality of the program—a typical weekday in camp began with reveille at 6:15, flag raising, and, for hardy individuals, a dip in Fall Creek or, later, in the swimming pool. Breakfast followed—it might be scrambled eggs, pancakes, hot cereal, or French toast, and always hot cocoa, and seconds were available. After breakfast the boys returned to their tents, made their beds with covers tautly tucked in; swept the tent or mopped it, if necessary, for there must be no dirt or sand under any bed; and hung all wet swimming trunks and towels on the proper clothesline at the rear of the tent. Then every boy stood at attention while the camp commandant and the division leader, both boys, checked everything. The best-kept tent received a pennant which was flown on the tent flagstaff. Such careful attendance to cleanliness and order was necessary for the health and safety of campers.

Inspection over, there were scouting activities such as nature hikes, outdoor cooking classes, craft sessions, and swimming and canoeing instruction. All of these were opportunities for learning scout requirements and passing tests.

After lunch, again held in the mess hall, there was free time until five o'clock. This was a period in which we could swim, play baseball or touch football, work on craft projects, or just loaf. However, everyone had to attend the formal swimming period at four o'clock and on some afternoons there were swimming and track meets, the winners getting ribbons.

After the four o'clock swim there was a short period when boys were encouraged to take naps before getting ready for personal inspection and the following parade and flag lowering. Boys were required to wash up, clean their nails, comb their hair, and put on clean clothes, usually a scout uniform that was used only for this occasion. After cleanup, the boys stood in

front of their tents while the commandant and division leaders held inspection, all in the interests of personal cleanliness and good health. Then the boys lined up by divisions on the athletic field, a salute cannon was fired, retreat was sounded on the bugle, and the flag was lowered. Then followed a parade past the senior staff, which ended at the mess hall for the evening meal. It might seem today that there was much military discipline in this program, but the influence of the First World War held on for a long time. Gradually this routine lost its army significance and became simply a means for orderly conduct of the affairs of the camp.

After supper there was a period of free play until dark, when everyone attended the campfire ceremony and entertainment. The period after supper was one in which the camp store was open and scouting supplies and candy and soft drinks were sold. Scouts were not allowed to bring candy into their tents, and parents were advised to give their children only small amounts of spending money. (A dollar would buy twenty candy bars!) Thus a lid was kept on snacks. Scouts were encouraged to eat only food provided in the mess hall, and that always included a generous helping of pie or other sweet dessert.

Provisions were made for treating accidents and minor sicknesses at the first aid tent which was under the charge of a senior staff member aided by an older scout as his orderly. There were beds where sick boys could be cared for and observed, and, if it seemed necessary, parents could be informed at once. There was a telephone in the farmhouse at the entrance to the camp. Parents could take their boys home if they wished, but were advised not to do so for minor ailments.

Campfires were held in an open arena nearby, but secluded from, the headquarters building (the Kiwanis Hut). Over the years permanent seats with comfortable backs were provided and there was also a large stage. Campfires were attended by parents and friends, including the girl friends of the older boys. The evening began with a fire-lighting ceremony. Often the fire

was ignited without matches by using a bow to twirl a cedar stick in a hole in a cedar board, the resulting friction causing a spark to fall in tinder made from fluffed hemp from a rope end or other readily flammable material. The spark, when blown upon by the fire maker, caused the tinder to flame up, and it was then placed on dried grass and small twigs which then blazed. This larger flame ignited even larger sticks until there was a blazing pyramid of logs. Then the flag was brought in, and the oath of allegiance and the Boy Scout oath were recited.

All this led up to the evening's entertainment, which began with a songfest led by Chief Belzer when he was in camp. The boys always had fun with him because he, like everyone else, wore shorts, but his were cut very full, and the boys insisted that they were made out of pup tent halves! Then followed stunts, which might be anything from a demonstration of a scouting technique to one-act plays and musical performances. Campfire entertainment was assured because every candidate for Firecrafter had to provide a stunt. Mostly the plays and musical shows were slapstick comedy, with impromptu action and lines, often taken from old vaudeville and minstrel routines. When I was a candidate for Firecrafter my stunt was a blackout based upon a streetcar full of passengers who exchanged jokes with the conductor, which was my part (somewhere I had acquired a conductor's uniform cap). The climax came when the streetcar was supposed to go through a tunnel, and the lights all over the campfire area were suddenly switched off. There was much screaming, one passenger protesting that he had been drinking bootleg whiskey, but that he did not know that it would blind him. The conductor quieted everyone, and explained that it was only a very long tunnel! Corny? Yes, but real boy humor, and the audience rolled in the aisles.

Campfire time was also the time when awards and honors were publicly bestowed, usually represented by scout badges or ribbons. On the last night of a camping period the boys who had fulfilled the requirements for becoming Firecrafters were received into the organization. The ceremony was based on an

Indian theme, in which the Great Spirit, Waconda, chose his followers from among those who had proved their courage and trustworthiness, had obeyed the Scout Law, and had displayed their skill as campers. Waconda appeared in the woods back of the campfire area with a floodlight shining on him and his Indian regalia. Speaking in an impressive voice, he called for the new Firecrafters to come forward and be received by the Firecrafter Minisinos (Firecrafters of the highest rank) and presented with the Firecrafter emblem—a three-pronged red fire flame imposed upon a first class scout badge. My friend Merle Miller was a most dignified Waconda. It was a very impressive occasion for everyone. The organization held meetings in the winter months and there was a special overnight camp every spring. A few scoutmasters were asked into the organization, so there was adult leadership.

In the summer of 1922 I was on the senior staff as "mess sergeant," which meant that I was in charge of the scouts who were assigned "K.P." duty (a term which came from military usage). Each table in the dining hall or mess hall had places for twelve boys, who, two by two served as waiters and dishwashers for their table. Food was served family style in large bowls that were passed around the table. These were placed there by the waiters at the beginning of the meal and were replenished as necessary, because seconds were always provided. No boy ever left the table hungry; there was always something that he liked and he could have as much as he wished. At the head and foot of each table sat members of the senior and junior staffs, who were expected to maintain decorum. There were always a few boys, who, for some reason, did not have good family backgrounds so far as manners were concerned, but these were soon taught what was expected of scouts.

The food was prepared by a man-and-wife team, with the aid of two or three boys, who thus earned their camp fees. The food was placed on a shelf between the kitchen and the mess hall, and the waiters got it from there. Each boy served as K.P. twice during a camp period, and I was responsible for seeing that

all showed up on time with clean hands and clothing. On the whole, since every boy performed K.P., even the junior staff members, there was very little shirking. For a few boys it must have been a humbling experience, because they were from homes where servants were employed (and servants were not uncommon in middle-class homes, because they were paid so little at the time).

Besides serving as mess sergeant, I had two other special tasks: to instruct in camp cooking, the ingredients for which were provided from the stocks of the kitchen, and to test scouts on their various skills. These activities occupied my mornings, and then, for an hour after supper, I helped man the canteen. I slept in the rear of the tent, and my companion was the camp truck driver, a senior scout, who drove the Ford pickup into Indianapolis every morning to get meat, vegetables, and ice for the kitchen. He also did errands at the scout office and other places. A few times I went with him on his rounds. The driver was Harry T. Ice, already a friend who was a member of Troop 82 and of North Park Church. He and I got along well, and we have remained friends all of our lives. He went to Technical High School and to Butler University where we were both members of Sigma Nu fraternity. Another of this summer's friends was Merle H. Miller, mentioned earlier, also a member of Troop 82. Merle had been a camp leader in previous years, but this summer he had a job, and he came out only on weekends. He and Harry were close friends and competed with each other in scouting activities, principally in earning merit badges. They set out to earn all badges provided for in the Handbook for Boys (the scout manual). I do not remember the exact results but both came pretty close to their goal. Harry and Merle both attended Butler and Harvard Law School and became law partners. Both have had distinguished careers in the civic life of Indianapolis.47

⁴⁷ Harry Ice (1904-1982) was a member of the prominent firm of Ice, Miller, Donadio & Ryan and an eminent member of the Indianapolis bar.



Hendrickson, an Eagle Scout, on duty at the State Fair, 1922

Camp life agreed with me; I was never before or since as brown, well-muscled, and healthy as I was then. Swimming every day gave me the chance to pass my lifesaving and swimming merit badges, and at the end of the summer I received my Eagle badge. Because I had to put in so much time at my job and at high school, I would not have had the chance to earn my Eagle rank without being at camp. My badge, with a silver spread eagle on its worn and faded red, white, and blue ribbon hangs on the wall of my study, a constant reminder of a happy boyhood experience. I am still a member of the National Eagle Scout Association of the Boy Scouts of America.⁴⁸

⁴⁸ I held my membership in Troop 46 as an assistant scoutmaster all through my years at Purdue. In 1923, after I had dropped out of Purdue and had a job in Indianapolis, I was called upon to act as scoutmaster.

In 1925, while I held a full-time job with Hook Drug Company, I began

Scouting was a very important part of my life. I learned such skills as swimming, lifesaving, nature study, and leadership techniques. All of these things were most useful to me, but transcending them was the fact that scouting filled a void in my life caused by the death of my father. My mother and I found it such a struggle to maintain our home as nearly as we could on a middle-class pattern that there was little for us beyond a daily sameness that depressed our spirits. Mother eventually found satisfaction in renewing her church ties, attending Sunday school class, and belonging to women's organizations. And the course of her life was changed when she remarried in 1926.

For me, scouting found me friends and acquaintances and opportunities to join with my peers in affairs that were outside of work and school. Besides the weekly troop meetings, there were Sunday afternoon hikes, weekend camps, and contacts with boys in other troops. For example, in one winter I was a member of the Troop 46 basketball team, which participated in the city league. We won the city championship quite handily because we had such Shortridge varsity players as Dave Kilgore, Charles Moores, and Babe Metcalf. I made new friends among the members of the teams we played.

I have always felt that scouting did so much for me that I have supported it vocally against its detractors and by working actively as a leader to help others as Rex Pruitt did me.

to take classes at Butler, and I had to give up my leadership of Troop 46. The troop never did recover its place as a viable organization and it finally lost its charter. In the meantime, I devoted my time to my job, my college

Miller. They, too, had to drop out of scouting while they prepared for their profession. Once they were established, they assumed leadership of Troop 82. In 1931, I became an assistant scoutmaster of the troop. I have been associated with it ever since, with my photograph in the gallery of Troop

life, and my marriage, but I kept my friendship with Harry Ice and Merle

82's Eagle Scouts.

In September, 1922, I returned to Purdue, this time living the privileged life of a fraternity man. Delta Chi was a well-run fraternity with a mix of serious and not-so-serious students who had a common interest in science, and whom I found to be congenial, well-mannered, and brotherly.

Our house, which was converted from a private residence, had comfortable lounge rooms and a dining room on the first floor, rooms with desks and dressers on the second floor, and a large dormitory on the third floor. There was also a large kitchen on the first floor and a basement storage room. We did not have a resident housemother or chaperone, but we did have a full-time woman cook. The operation of the house was in charge of a student committee and a house manager. Ordinary housekeeping was done by freshman pledges. The house manager also bought food and other supplies in consultation with the cook, collected house bills, kept the accounts, and paid the bills. Waiters in the dining room were nonmember students who received their meals.

I was a sophomore pledge, and because I had to work on Saturdays and could not take part in the housecleaning I was appointed assistant to the house manager, a job in which my grocery experience was useful. The house manager was Andy Tomlin, an acquaintance from Shortridge.

My year with Delta Chi was very good for me. It gave me a close companionship such as I had only had in scouting. I gained in sophistication, because my brothers had varying backgrounds. Some of them drank and looked upon college as a place for a freedom they did not know in their own homes. Prohibition was the law of the land, and some of the boys had big Saturday nights on liquor bought from bootleggers or in speakeasies. There was no drinking in the fraternity house, but boys came home drunk, and I, along with other nondrinkers, had the task of sobering them up and getting them to bed. Sometimes, in the effort to get a boy into the shower, all-out fights occurred. The drunks made such fools of themselves that I decided never to drink. It was priggish of me, but I am sure I have been better off.

I did learn to smoke, both cigarettes and a pipe. Like other college boy pipe smokers, I thought it gave me an air of sophistication and maturity.

I also learned to dance because my fraternity brothers insisted that I do so and took me and other pledges to a Saturday night dance class. I never really learned to dance, but I did become able to walk around to music, which seemed all that was necessary in the 1920s, when jazz bands were in their heyday and the music was tuneful and rhythmic without having a heavy beat. Most dances were program dances, as they had been since the introduction of the waltz in the nineteenth century. Each girl was presented with a program by her escort, and it was his responsibility to bring his friends to her and arrange an exchange of partners. It was considered bad taste for a man to dance all evening with the same girl, unless they were engaged to be married. At public dances, college mixers, and large debutante affairs, there were stag lines, but not at college proms or at private dances such as those given by fraternities and sororities.

I was very shy and reserved as a young man, and I had few female acquaintances. So, to the Delta Chi dance I brought a distant "cousin," a relative of Ma Short's. I had met Mary Louise Gray at some of the family parties in Indianapolis. A year or two older than I, she took me in hand, saw that I filled out her program, and gave me encouragement to try out my recently learned dance steps. Every couple was responsible for sitting out one dance with the faculty couple that were invited as chaperons. Mary Louise quickly established conversation with them and overcame my own lack of social suavity. It was a really successful evening, and I was grateful to my "cousin." But she acquired a boy friend, and when the spring dance came, I asked another girl—Annette Thomson—whom I had known at Shortridge and as a customer in Smith's grocery store.

My initiation into Delta Chi was held in late September, 1922, with a fellow sophomore, Cy Watson. We received little hazing and were required to do only a few stunts, but we were taken on a "road trip" on a Saturday evening after I came home from my job in a downtown Lafavette grocery store. We were taken by automobile out the road that led to Battle Ground, a place near Lafayette where there was a park and a monument to William Henry Harrison, who was the victor at the Battle of Tippecanoe. Cv and I were let out near a power station on the trollev line that went to Battle Ground. Cv was a somewhat oversized boy, with no experience in the out-of-doors, and he was afraid and uncertain in the dark. But I figured out which direction we should go to get back home, and when we came to the power station, we went in to get our bearings. The man told us that a trolley would be along shortly, and that he would flag it down for us so that we could get back to the city. We waited an hour or so for our ride, and from Lafavette we took a taxi back to the fraternity house, using money Cy had hidden in his shoe. It was a much-surprised group of fraternity brothers when we arrived long before we were expected.

As I completed the school year 1922-1923, my future at Purdue was in doubt. Our savings were depleted, and I had some fear that I would not make it academically. I had run into difficulty with mathematics, chemistry, and physics, my problems with the latter two stemming from my weakness in the former. The chemistry course for the sophomore year was qualitative chemistry, the determination and naming of "unknowns" by analyzing them into their components. I found the laboratory part of it fascinating, much like solving a problem in detective fiction. But when it came to the use of mathematics to determine exact acidity or specific gravity that gave clues, I was completely at sea. Similarly in physics where calculus and other mathematical notation was used to determine stresses, speeds, and so on, I was a failure, although I did end up with a D, and could have continued in school without taking the course over. But all of this, plus the fact that I had run out of money, made me decide to drop out of Purdue. Perhaps I could return some time in the future, I thought.

But this never happened. Financially, since I soon got a summer job, I would have some money in the bank. Also I could have looked forward to an income from the R.O.T.C., because my friend Major Wallace was still the man in charge. But I came to realize that I was not destined to be an engineer, because I had not made better than Cs in shop courses or mechanical drawing, my knowledge of surveying was fuzzy, and I just barely passed a course in water analysis. Really, the course that I enjoyed the most was English, where we read a little literature and wrote essays and speeches. I also liked my course in European history.





Walter B. Hendrickson and Dorris Walsh, Butler University commencement, 1927

CHAPTER EIGHT

IN SEARCH OF A CAREER

WITH ALL THESE MATTERS FLOATING AROUND IN MY MIND, I took a day off from school to apply for a job at the Prest-O-Lite Battery Company, since it was chemistry related. I did get the job and started in June after Purdue let out. The Prest-O-Lite Company had a factory a few miles west of Indianapolis where it made batteries for automobiles. The company had begun with the automobile age as a manufacturer of carbide gas lights. When electric lights and starters were introduced, the company changed to the manufacture of storage batteries. In 1923 the Prest-O-Lite Company was *the* supplier of automobile and other kinds of batteries.

The Prest-O-Lite Company was part of the considerable automobile manufacturing industry that developed and flour-ished in Indianapolis until the 1929 depression. Cars made there included the Duesenberg, the Marmon, and the Stutz. Also the annual Indianapolis 500-mile race at Speedway made the city an automobile center. There was even an assembly plant for Model T Fords on East Washington Street. A number of factories making parts and accessories were also located here.

Although there have been improvements, the battery still used in automobiles is essentially like that used in 1923. Batteries were composed of the electrolyte (diluted sulphuric acid) which was placed in a hard rubber container along with a group of alternating lead and lead dioxide plates. Three of these sets of plates, or multiples of three, were placed in a wooden box. Together they constituted the "battery." The plates

were soldered together at the top along with a lead terminal. An electric current was passed through the electrolyte by means of a chemical reaction, and the resulting charge was reversed when the current was discharged through the electrical system of the automobile when the lights were lit or the starter was pressed. In use, the charge was continuously maintained by a battery charger. The battery ran down if too heavy a demand was placed upon it, and it had to be recharged by an outside current.

The first step in manufacturing batteries was making the plates. The lead grids (plates) were stamped out of large sheets that came from the rolling mill, and the lead dioxide plates were made by hand. A workman pressed a lead dioxide paste on to the lead grid with a wooden trowel, much like those used by cement workers or plasterers. The process was really dangerous because the handling of this substance could introduce lead poisoning into the body, but not much was said about it, nor was protective equipment other than rubber boots and apron required. There was, however, a ventilating system in the workroom.

When finished, the plates were assembled, alternating lead and lead dioxide, in racks, and a lead bar which included a battery terminal was attached by soldering. The spaces between the plates were filled by thin wood separators. (Each cell consisted of as few as five or as many as nineteen.) The cells were placed in the rubber containers, and the latter were assembled in the wooden boxes painted black with acid-proof paint. The tops were sealed with a black tar substance so that only the terminals were exposed. The battery posts were connected by lead bars that were soldered in place. Electrolyte was added, and the battery was complete. Fifty or so were placed on a large table that was moved about by a battery-powered forklift truck. They were charged and inspected before being shipped to customers.

The manufacturing process was carried on by means of an

assembly line consisting of a waist-high line of rollers along which the batteries proceeded from worker to worker. There were inspectors along the way, and at the end of the day the rejects were passed on to the Battery Repair Department, to which I was assigned.

When Purdue was out in June, 1923, I started to work. The factory was reached by taking an interurban electric car at the Terminal Station at Market and Illinois streets on the line that went to Crawfordsville. There was a special car to take Prest-O-Lite employees that left at 7:30 A.M. On my first day I carried my lunch wrapped in newspaper and wore a cotton khaki shirt and trousers—really an old Boy Scout camp outfit. On arrival I was processed by the personnel office, assigned a locker, and outfitted with knee-high red rubber boots and a large, heavy black rubber apron. I was taken to the factory floor where I met the foreman of the repair department, a short-spoken, but not unkind man who set me at my first job as an unloader of batteries to be repaired. They were placed in a lead-lined tank of water that was steam heated. This softened the sealer on top of the batteries so that the cells could be removed. The steaming and digging out of the tar sealer was a messy job, and I saw immediately why I was issued apron and boots.

The plates of the cell were examined and the separators were removed. A common fault in batteries was a crack in a separator and a consequent short. The parts that were in good shape were reassembled, along with necessary new parts, in the same way that batteries were made on a regular assembly line, except that there might be several kinds of batteries passing along the rollers. I and other men on the repair line were expected to do whatever job was required except the soldering, which was left to more experienced workers. I learned all the operations except this. I was also frequently assigned to duties on the regular assembly lines whenever they were short-handed, especially to take the place of the separator girls, because I was quick-fingered. I also spent a few days in the plate-making divi-

sion, checking out the work of individual men, who were paid by the piece for the lead dioxide plates they made.

I considered that I had a very good job—there was much variety, and I never knew until I arrived in the morning what I would be doing. I was younger looking than my twenty years, short of stature, but strong and a quick learner. I gained the confidence of the foreman and the older workmen, and when I left after nine months, I had a rating of "semi-skilled." I was invited to come back whenever I wanted to; there would be a job for me. I worked a forty-four hour week, eight to four-thirty with a half hour for lunch and a half day on Saturday. I think I earned about fifty cents an hour.

If there was a disadvantage to the job, it was that I had to provide special clothes. At the end of my first day I found my light cotton shirt and pants were full of holes where droplets of sulphuric acid had landed. The next day I appeared in these ragged clothes, and I was advised to get wool shirts and breeches from the army surplus store and to change into them in the morning when I came to work. This I did; the wool resisted the acid better than cotton, but the wool clothes had to be frequently replaced. At the close of the day I washed my face and arms thoroughly and changed back into street garb. Even so I experienced acid burns once in a while.

This ended my factory experience. At neither Diamond Chain nor Prest-O-Lite did I consider that I was doing work that was beneath me educationally or socially. It is true that not much skill, either physical or mental was required, but intelligent performance of manual operations was. My fellow workers all performed their jobs well. On the other side, I saw no sign of oppression or unkind treatment by the employers. Prest-O-Lite maintained an employee recreation program and had a rudimentary welfare department which sought to aid employees with their personal problems. All this was characteristic of the 1920s, a period in which there was much research by industrial psychologists on the matter of the kind of employee-employer relations that should prevail. They concluded that it was better for

production and corporate profits to have employees who were happy on their jobs. A worried, unhappy worker was subject to accidents, took time off the job, and so on. Many companies did just what Prest-O-Lite did.

It is true that wages were not high, the workday was long, and too many accidents occurred. Most states, including Indiana, had workmen's compensation and also factory inspection laws. Yet these laws were not very extensive in their coverage. There was little job security, few pension plans, and no unemployment benefits.

There was much talk of the bad effects on the worker of the monotony of the assembly line, and many employers were influenced by Taylorism and the gospel of time and motion studies. Many employees felt that such measures were dehumanizing, and they were joined by humanitarians among the clergy and other public figures. Unions existed, of course, but they were mostly old-line craft unions, and did not help the mass workers on factory assembly lines. All of these conditions, which were fermenting in the 1920s, came to overflow in the 1930s into the great C.I.O. strikes. My own factory experience made me sympathetic with their cause.

But I was not deeply touched by such matters in the 1920s; I knew that I was not going to remain a factory worker. Yet later I considered that all my jobs were an important part of my education. As I went on into academic life, I came to see that I had a special knowledge of a great class of Americans and was grateful that I had learned not to be prejudiced against the blue collar worker. And, as a teacher of United States history, I felt that I had a special insight into the American economy.

So much was I influenced by my factory experience that I enthusiastically urged my students to get summer jobs in factories and among people from different strata of society than their own. I was always pleased when some student followed my advice, and reported to me the high value he placed on his summer's experience.

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I left the Prest-O-Lite Company after a few months to take a job with the Hook Drug Company. All the time I was in the factory I remained active with Scout Troop 46, even taking responsibility as acting scoutmaster. August Hook was a troop committeeman, and Bud Hook (August, Jr.) was a fellow Boy Scout. So when an opening appeared, Mr. Hook remembered me. The job was to collect the daily receipts from the downtown Indianapolis stores and deposit them in the bank. This job had been held by August Hook's sister, a stockholder in the company. It paid twenty-five dollars a week. The hours were short and the salary was greater than I had ever been paid. At the moment I had no further educational plans, and I took the job, even though there was no immediate possibility of advancement.

Hook Drug Company had nine stores, all downtown, one on each of the principal corners. It was a time when chain stores of all kinds were comparatively new, and they enjoyed good patronage because they offered lower prices than independent stores. Hook stores, as was traditional in the drug business, offered many items aside from drugs, although they never carried such things as wallpaper and paint. The principal departments were drugs, both prescriptions and proprietary remedies, cosmetics, tobacco, and soda-lunch. It was for the convenience of the customer that there was a store on almost every corner. The soda-lunch business offered such quickly prepared items as sandwiches, hot and cold drinks, and ice cream desserts, all at modest prices. People who came in to lunch also bought other items, not only the standard drugs, toiletries, and so on, but such special items as small electrical appliances. The latter and other selected merchandise were frequently offered as special "deals" at reduced prices.

As I said, my job was to go to each store and collect the daily receipts. The money accumulated by each salesperson was placed in an individual bag in the cash register. The bags were taken from each cash register after the change for the day was counted out, and the manager checked the cash with the totals

rung up on the cash register. When I came into the store in the morning, I opened each bag, counted the money, and put it into a single package. I went on to the next store, carrying the money in a leather satchel—a Boston bag—held to my wrist with a chain, so that it could not be snatched from me. I finished my rounds about noon and went to the store at Market and Pennsylvania streets, where I had a desk on the balcony out of sight of the public. I wrapped the bills in packages, rolled the coins, listed the checks, and took the money to the Security Trust Company in the Lemcke Building a few doors away on Pennsylvania Street. I had my deposit in before three o'clock, and I was then free for the day.

It was an easy job for me, but it was a responsible one. I was not bonded, but I was trusted not to make away with the money. I did not let the responsibility weigh on me; perhaps I should have, because my successor was held up and robbed by two Hook employees. He was attacked as he entered his car and was forced to drive the holdup men out of town. There he was beaten, and the men made their escape in the car. They were caught and sent to prison. All my work was done on foot and I was always surrounded by the crowds on the street. I was just barely twenty-one years old when I started, and I handled about five thousand dollars a day.

During my days at Prest-O-Lite and after, I was enjoying an expanding social life, mostly centering around North Park Church. I had attended church and Sunday school off and on since the age of four. I went to North Park because my friends Harry Ice, Merle Miller, and other young men I knew went there. After I returned from Purdue, I began to go to the Sunday evening Christian Endeavor meetings to participate in discussions about religious, ethical, and moral matters and to attend church parties and picnics. Some of the young people I had known much of my life, because they were the sons and daughters of Mother's friends. The group was college age; some of them were students at Butler. Christian Endeavor and the

youth organizations of other churches were important institutions for bringing young men and young women together, and for many the religious aspect was less important than the social. On many Sunday evenings after the Christian Endeavor meeting refreshments were served or the group broke up into smaller ones, some of which went to individuals' homes where there was singing around the piano, and games were played and the parents of the host or hostess provided refreshments. These Sunday evenings were also opportunities for pairing off, and the young men walked their dates home. There were few cars available, and almost everyone lived in the neighborhood.

All this was new for me, because I had had no social life in high school and not much at Purdue. Like most of the other young men, I was not attached to a single girl, but all of us at one time or another dated some of the girls in the group. There were, however, inevitable pairings; some couples were recognized as going steady, but not a great many weddings came out of the group. My own was an exception, and it was furthered by the fact that my future wife and I attended the same college.

The one among all the other girls to whom I finally became attached was Dorris Walsh, a slight, dark-haired girl who attended Butler University and worked part-time as a librarian. We had our first contact when I was elected president and she, vice-president of Christian Endeavor at North Park. On the night of the election I announced her success by saying, "Dorris Walsh, whoever she is, is elected." But I soon found who she was, because that very night I walked her home. After all, as newly elected co-officers, we had much to talk about!

Our first real date came a little later in the fall, when she and some of her sisters in Zeta Tau Alpha sorority had a wiener roast to which she invited me. There were four or five couples. The men did not show that they knew much about the mechanics of a wiener roast, but sat around talking to their dates. It seemed to me that the party was disintegrating. I rushed into the breach by collecting wood, starting a fire, and cutting wiener sticks with

my Boy Scout knife. (I was just as square then as I have remained all through my life.) All the work being done, the others came around to roast their hot dogs and marshmallows. Afterward there was some group socializing and singing, but the couples soon departed. Dorris and I were left to see that the fire was extinguished in proper Boy Scout fashion.

Apparently I gained some good points in Dorris's eyes, because we began to see each other often, and I was inspired to go back to college—to Butler. (Much later I told the story of the romantic value of being a Boy Scout in *Scouting Magazine*.)

It was possible for me to go back to college because my job was really only part-time, and I figured out that if I went to college in the morning I could do my job in the afternoon, although I would not finish the collecting and counting of the money until after the bank closed. I solved this when I remembered that the bank vault stayed open until four o'clock, and I proposed that I leave the money there overnight. The next day I would pick it up, still in its satchel, and deposit it properly with the teller before I made my rounds. Mr. Hook and the company comptroller agreed that we might try this beginning in September, 1925. That summer, in order to make extra money, I worked occasionally at night in one of the drugstores, principally the one at Washington and Pennsylvania streets, where the manager, Mr. Perrin, was very kind to me. I worked at the drug counter selling patent medicines and aspirin, always with a pharmacist at my elbow to handle the prescription business. I found the other store managers and salespeople whom I came to know were very helpful and much interested in my efforts to get my college education.

With enough money in hand to pay my tuition and college expenses, I went to see Butler University Dean James W. Putnam. The problem was that I had so many hours of engineering and shop work from Purdue that I could not transfer to an arts degree. I did get credit for all the math, German language, science courses, and the hours in history and English. This still

left me with more work to do than I could take in two years, and, although I carried a full program, I had to go to summer school in 1926.

I decided to major in business administration and earn a Bachelor of Science degree. The major department required that I take five courses: economics, insurance, marketing, transportation, and public finance. The rest of my courses were in English, history, psychology, and sociology. I had to take more German on top of my two years at Purdue, because it was felt that what I had taken there was too scientific and not literary enough. I felt this to be unjust, but who ever successfully argued with a dean? I really also filled most of the requirements for a Bachelor of Arts degree, but that was not given in business administration. I made the decision on my major because, after all, most of my experience had been in business, and I thought that I could find a career in retailing, thinking from the time I started at Butler that I should like to work for L. S. Ayres and Company, the largest department store in the city. I think my business education would have been much better if had taken one or two courses in accounting, but I could not get them in and still meet the general requirements for a degree.

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During the years after I left Purdue I lived with my mother, and we had housekeeping rooms at several places on the north side of Indianapolis. When the chain store failed, she had to look for another job, and after a short time she secured a place as a bookkeeper at a laundry. My brother Bob also lived with us, but he was pretty much of a loner. He never went beyond the sophomore year at Shortridge, and went his own way, holding such jobs as soda jerk and grocery truck driver. But both he and I could now pay our own expenses and Mother was able to carry the rent and groceries. It was not until I was out of college that I began to pay board and room.

Soon after I started to Butler my mother was married again,

to Otto Apple, a good man and a member of a large workingclass family. He was the manager of a paper box factory. They rented a house at Fortieth Street and Graceland Avenue, and Bob and I continued to live with them. Neither of us looked upon Otto as a father but remained mostly on good terms with him, and we were welcomed into the large Apple family at picnics and anniversaries. Otto was a generous provider until he fell on hard times in the Depression, but even then, Mother was able to stay home and keep house and help in the large yard and garden where they raised vegetables and chickens for their table. The place on Graceland Avenue proved to be too expensive for Otto and Mother, and they moved to half a double on Graceland just south of Thirty-fourth, where they lived until they bought their country home in 1931.

I lived with them on Graceland at Thirty-fourth during my college years, leaving when I was married in 1929. The house was near the streetcar line by which I could go downtown and transfer to an East Washington car to get to Butler in Irvington. It was a forty-five minute ride, but I was saved this long trip, because Dorris, who lived at Fortieth Street and Byram Avenue, had a 1923 Ford sedan. She picked me up in the morning, and we drove crosstown to make our eight o'clock classes. Dorris's car was very dependable mechanically, but it had a door window on the passenger side that was broken out. In the middle of winter it was a long cold ride to Irvington but worth it to me so that I could be with Dorris.

Dorris's Ford was our faithful transportation during our years at Butler. She often loaded it with sorority sisters and their dates. Sometimes passengers were piled one on top of another, but that made for more fun. One memorable dance was held at the dignified Columbia Club on Monument Circle. We were in line with Cadillacs, Marmons, and Packards, and it was startling to see Dorris's little car with its broken window pull up at the door. The polite doorman was surprised when eight people in evening dress swarmed out. The car valet was



Butler University Drift, 1925

Butler University library

even more surprised when we grandly told him to take the car to the Circle Garage for parking. After the dance we delivered all our passengers before we ended the evening at Dorris's house. That is, she ended it there; I walked the ten blocks to my home. It was a little scary to hike along the empty streets, especially those that went beside Crown Hill Cemetery.

For a short time I had a car of my own, a new 1925 Ford roadster, but I could not keep up the payments, so I sold it and resumed riding with Dorris. Maybe one reason I sold my Ford was that Dorris had to have a car to go to her afternoon job at the library, and I was left to ride alone in my car. Also we both did not want to miss our daily visits as we rode to Butler in her old car.

Soon after I entered Butler, I was invited to join a local fraternity that was petitioning for a Sigma Nu charter. The charter was granted in the spring of 1926. I have to thank my friendship with Merle Miller, Harry Ice, Frank Teague, and other former Boy Scouts for the invitation to join them as they

petitioned Sigma Nu. The fraternity house was an old two-story residence of eight rooms on Layman Avenue. It was outfitted with secondhand furniture. There were only a few resident members, but the house was used by town members during their vacant hours and for chapter meetings. I was a pledge for only a short time, but since I was working so many hours, I was relieved of most pledge duties, and I avoided much of the annoyance of Hell Week simply by absenting myself. But I was glad to be a Sigma Nu because it was a decided social advantage and meant that I would have a pleasant extracurricular college experience.

The fraternity had several dances a year, and since the same was true of the Zetas, Dorris and I had some place to go at least once a month. Since Dorris and I rode to school together, attended some of the same classes, and were always together for dances, college football games, and so on, we were recognized as going steady, and one was seldom invited to a private social function without the other. Also, we had common intellectual interests in literature, philosophy, and many other subjects and we spent quiet evenings in her home talking about such matters. We also listened to a battery-powered radio, an entertaining novelty which did not provide much more than music and an occasional news program. Mostly we listened to find new stations, the more distant the better, which we could add to our "log."

I formed the habit of meeting Dorris at the library where she worked in the evening in order to escort her home. There I explored modern novels by Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy and others, as well as some of the earlier ones, such as Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*. Dorris, like every other librarian, always had at her tongue's tip a recommendation for my reading.

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Butler University in 1925 was located in the quiet suburb of Irvington on the then far east side of Indianapolis. It con-

sisted of a shopping area on Washington Street and a maze of winding streets to the north and south on which were located comfortable middle-class homes. The university occupied a small area three or four blocks south of Washington Street and east of Emerson Avenue. There were few buildings, most classes being held in Main Hall, a four-storied nineteenthcentury brick building with the business and administrative offices on the first and a chapel on the fourth floor. There was a small brick structure occupied by the science departments, a wooden building used for a gymnasium, and a dormitory for women. The college library was in a former Indianapolis branch library, a handsome building of classical design. The buildings were not well-maintained and the classroom furniture was shabby, because the college was about to move to new buildings on a campus on the grounds of Fairview Park, which the trustees had purchased from the Street Railway Company, Our class of 1927 was the last to graduate from the Irvington campus.

The university enrollment was eight or nine hundred, the greater number of them commuters. So many Shortridge High School graduates attended that it was called the "Shortridge Annex." Butler was a liberal arts college offering a full range of languages, English, and social science courses, as well as physical and natural sciences, business administration, journalism, and home economics. (It was a university because associated with it were schools of law and music.) At Butler I was among friends, many of whom found places in the life of Indianapolis so that attachments made in college persisted into later life.

I found many of my courses stimulating, especially those in history, sociology, and philosophy, because they awakened me to the social and political problems of the world. I had some excellent teachers, among them Professor Elijah Jordan, who taught philosophy and psychology. In his psychology class he taught the classical psychology of William James rather than German behaviorism, which was then popular. An exponent of the philosophy of Idealism, he wrote well-received books on the

subject. He was a campus character because he would not permit inattention or casual naps in his class, asking embarrassing questions or even tossing a piece of chalk or an eraser at an offender. Another teacher with a wide scholarly reputation was Professor Paul Leland Haworth, who had written the definitive work on the disputed Hayes-Tilden presidential election of 1876 and other books on American political history. He had his Ph.D. degree from Columbia University, then as now, one of the universities with outstanding history departments. I am sorry to say that I learned from him how not to teach history; in a summer course in the history of the First World War, he did little more than read a work which he had published in an encyclopedic history of the war.

More influential for my eventual career as a teacher of history was a young instructor in American history, a Mr. Keahey, who had a master's degree from the University of Wisconsin.⁴⁹ He was an exciting teacher, provoking lively discussion in class. I participated often as a result of his ability to goad me into disagreeing with him and forcing me to defend my point of view. I also remember him because he was the first person to suggest that I go on to study history in graduate school. But I was then committed to a life in business, so I brushed aside his recommendation.

I was not a very good student at Butler. I worked so many hours a week that I did not have much time for study, but I soon found that by regular attendance and by keeping careful notes, I could pass final examinations and thus pass the courses.

My classes in business were taught by young men with masters degrees who were working on their dissertations, except for the course in transportation which was taught by Dean James William Putnam, an authority on the canal period of

⁴⁹ Ralph W. Keahey received his B.A. from the University of Oklahoma in 1925 and his M.A. from Wisconsin in 1926. He remained at Butler only one year as an instructor.

American history. The young men were all eager and competent, responding willingly to students' questions. I took the second half of general economics at Butler, but I remember better the course I took several years earlier at Indiana University Extension Division, in which we used the text by F. W. Taussig, which taught classical Adam Smith capitalist economy.

As I approached my graduation in June, 1927, I had to think deeply about what I would do. I had given up any plans for a scientific or engineering future at the time that I entered Butler. In deciding on a business administration major I had committed myself to a career in business. Since so much of my experience had been in the grocery and drug businesses, I considered both. The grocery business was not well paying, and to go into the management side of the drug business required that I get a pharmacy degree. As I looked about Indianapolis I became aware of the L. S. Ayres and Company department store as the largest and most prestigious retail establishment in the city, and I decided that I would like to work there. I talked the matter over with Uncle Gene, who had so often been my mentor. Without expressing an opinion, he said that he knew Rowland Allen, the personnel director, 50 and that he would set up an interview for me. Mr. Allen listened to my story about my experience and education. He offered me a job whereby I and L. S. Ayres could mutually decide whether I had a future with the company. He offered me nothing specific, but indicated that I would have a good opportunity to learn the business, and thus make a career for myself. In other words, I would receive training in the Ayres methods of doing business. My starting salary would be twentyfive dollars a week, just what I was making at Hook's.

I was enthusiastic about the prospects, especially as I felt

⁵⁰ W. Rowland Allen (1897-1973) was personnel director at L. S. Ayres & Company from 1925 to 1962. A Harvard graduate with a strong civic conscience, Allen was also an important figure in social welfare movements in Indianapolis.

the need to get established financially. Dorris and I, although not formally engaged, had unspokenly decided that we would marry. But the need for a definite statement became pressing because Dorris decided to go to graduate school, a step which her teachers had urged upon her. It was suggested that she go to Smith College at Northampton, Massachusetts. She applied for financial aid, and when they found out that she had library experience, they offered her a well-paying assistantship in the college library, including remission of tuition, and she accepted it.

Faced with the fact that she would be gone for a couple of years, I asked her to marry me and gave her my Sigma Nu pin. (It was some time before I could afford a diamond.) With my future plans made, I went to my baccalaureate and commencement services. The latter was held outdoors on the lawn beside Main Hall. As noted above, it was the last commencement on the Irvington campus, for the school was moving to its Fairview campus. It was a damp, cold day so that we graduates wore something warm under our gowns. I remember that the speaker was the United States Commissioner of Education, but what he said is long since forgotten, as is the usual fate of all such addresses.

I spent my last day at Hook's, and was emotionally surprised when my fellow workers presented me with a gift. They had collected money from all over the Hook company to purchase a magnificent, jeweled Sigma Nu pin. I wore it but a few days, then gave it to Dorris.



L. S. Ayres and Company

Ayres, first floor, 1930s

CHAPTER NINE

A BUSINESS LIFE

APPEARED EARLY ON A MONDAY MORNING AT L. S. AYRES, was welcomed by Mr. Allen, and spent the day in orientation classes for new employees. We learned something about the founder, Lyman S. Ayres (his son Frederick was the current president of the company). We learned the policies of the store toward customers—they were always right, most of the time. We also learned the skills needed by a salesperson: promptness, politeness, how to use the cash register and keep accurate record of sales, and how to punch a time clock. We were told about the company services for employees—the cafeteria, the credit union, and the infirmary.

The next day I was assigned a job. Contrary to the usual practice of starting at the bottom to learn a business, I started at the "top" in the marking room. Located on the topmost floor, it was the place where merchandise from suppliers was delivered, unpacked, and marked with the price at which it would be sold.

All kinds of small items were received there; larger pieces such as furniture, appliances, and rugs were kept in a warehouse near the store. In the marking room goods were neatly stacked on large rolling tables. The buyers for the various departments came there to check and price the goods. The marking room people attached the proper price tags and delivered the items to the sales floor or the storeroom. I had a good opportunity to get an overall view of the kinds of merchandise sold, but I could not make much of it because I was kept at the manual labor jobs of sweeping up, unloading merchandise, and pushing tables around.

The marking room supervisor, a large-busted, overpowering woman, made life miserable for me, apparently having not been informed that I was learning the business. After a while I complained to Mr. Allen, and my condition improved somewhat, but, I think to get me out of her sight, she sent me to the ladies ready-to-wear marking room. There I helped to unpack dresses and coats and hang them on hangers. I was in much closer communication with buyers and learned much about materials, sizes, and so on. I was also trusted to take racks of dresses to the sales floor and hang them in the "tills," small stock rooms just off the sales floor.

After a few weeks there, when I thought I had learned all that I could, I reminded Mr. Allen of my presence, and this time he gave me a responsible job as assistant to the buyer of the boys' clothing department. My title was "head of stock." I was a sort of top sergeant in the department. I had to make sure that the shelves were kept full of the shirts, stockings, handkerchiefs, and other things, called collectively "furnishings." I assisted the buyer by keeping him informed of stock needs so that he could reorder. As I gained experience, I often sat with him when he looked over the goods shown by traveling salesmen. When I had done all these things, I waited on customers.

It was a good job and I learned much about merchandising: how to recognize materials and to spot poor workmanship. I also learned to fit boy customers with the proper size suits or trousers. Little boys, up to the age of twelve, were still wearing knickerbockers and shorts, depending on the season. I learned many of the fine points of salesmanship, such as showing the merchandise in the best light, making sure that clothing fitted, and giving the customer advice about the right clothes for particular occasions. A special point of salesmanship had to be learned here, because one had to please both the boy and his parents, remembering that it was Mother or Father who wrote the check.

The boys' department was a pleasant place to work; there

was so much variety that I was always busy. I had had much experience in selling so that I had only to learn the special things that I mentioned. I was able to get along well with customers, something that I had learned a long time before when I worked for Mr. Hayes in the grocery store. My daily sales volume was next to that of Miss Jessie M. Brady, who had been in the department for years and had a long list of customers.

I had no difficulty in working for the buyer, Fred Cotton-brook, who gave me much responsibility and taught me the details of merchandising boys' clothing. Miss Brady was a very kind person, but she did let her temper get away from her, not to her customers, but to her fellow workers. I did my best to please her, and I was rewarded by her big sister attitude toward me. I learned a great deal from her.

I remained in the boys' department until early in the depression, when it was broken up, half going to the new men's department and half to the children's department. I was then assigned to the floor managers staff. This was a responsible position that was still called "floorwalker" by outsiders. As section manager I was in charge of personnel in the departments which I supervised. It was my duty to make sure that we had the proper number of salespeople to wait on customers—not so many that they were not all busy, nor so few that customers could not be waited on promptly. I also handled customer complaints, seeing to it that they were properly adjusted so that the customer was happy. It was store policy that the customers came first; without them the store, or any retail establishment, would fold up. This was another lesson that I had learned from Mr. Hayes. It was the duty of the advertising department to get the customers into the store, the buyers and merchandise managers to have the goods that the customers wanted, and the salespersons and service units to see that the customers were satisfied with their purchases. These were the essentials of a profitable business, and equal weight must be given to all of them.

L. S. Ayres, like other department stores, was based on the

idea that a customer could satisfy all his/her wants and those of his/her family under one roof. This was a pattern laid down by A. T. Stewart, John Wanamaker, and Marshall Field, the great merchants of the nineteenth century. A keystone of the business was the "one price to all" policy, pioneered by R. H. Macy. It meant that no customer was favored over another, and the price of each item was clearly marked. Further, L. S. Ayres, like other great retail stores, was institutionalized and much effort was expended to project (and to back up) the idea of customer service.

In its personnel policy, Avres paid the same or better wages than did its competitors. It was true that wages in all department stores were low, but that was a criticism of the whole industry. At one point during the depression there was an attempt to unionize the truck drivers of all stores in Indianapolis. It did not succeed at Ayres because the company already paid better wages than the union was demanding. In 1934, during the depression when the government promoted a drive to improve the economy and called on employers to voluntarily adopt a common minimum wage, Ayres co-operated unreservedly. In part these moderately liberal personnel policies were adopted because of the leadership of Rowland Allen, a graduate of Harvard and a social liberal, who advocated the idea that a happy and satisfied work force gave the best service to the employer. But of course, credit also went to Frederick Ayres, who employed Allen and backed him against less liberal executives.

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Up to a point I did not mind being a section manager. I thought of it as being another step upward, holding this point of view until the depression hit and the chances for advancement were blocked. My first assignment as section manager was on the main floor. There were four of us there, my section being the northwest quadrant, which contained two of the highest volume departments—toiletries and jewelry—but at one time or another I served all departments on the first floor. Running

down the center of the main floor was a row of booths with low counters on which special merchandise from any department of the store might be sold. It had to have a bargain price or be distinctive in some other way. There was often a crowd of shoppers at the booths. Also, there was always movement on the floor and a constant noise of people's voices and shuffling



Bass Photo

Washington and Illinois streets, Indianapolis, 1927

feet. All customers going to and from the elevators and escalators passed through the aisles. I was stationed near the front door through which occasionally accident victims came for care. Sometimes street mendicants came in and had to be escorted out. Fire and police sirens and bells caused people to rush for the doors to see what was happening. A parade or other slow-down of foot traffic brought a surge of people into the store when the stoppage was lifted. There were a few occasions during the depression when distraught or hungry people wandered in. We took care of them until the Salvation Army or the Red Cross could be summoned to their aid. There were even occasions when people were fed in the employee's cafeteria at the expense of the store. Shoplifters were caught from time to time by the watchful store detectives. All in all, there was seldom a dull day on the main floor.

I have noted that I was transferred from a merchandising job because the boys' department was eliminated. This was of concern for me, because the best opportunities for advancement to better paying jobs were in merchandising. But with the general slowdown in business, there were few opportunities anywhere, and I was glad to have my steady job. I held it all through the hard times. After a couple of years on the main floor, where I had become familiar with a vast number of products. I was transferred to the third floor where women's dresses and millinery were sold. While there was no increase in pay, I did exchange a hard marble floor for a soft carpet under foot. It was a position of responsibility, because the items were generally of greater unit price. Adjustments with customers over merchandise had to be carefully made, so I had to learn how garments should be made, how clothes should fit, and how materials should stand up under wear.

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In 1929 when I was acting assistant manager of the boys' department, Dorris and I were married. She had spent the school

years 1927-1928 and 1928-1929 at Smith College, where she earned her Master of Arts degree in English and added to her knowledge of the librarian's profession by her service in the Smith College Library. She spent the summer of 1928 in Indianapolis, and she began to make plans for a June, 1929, wedding.



Dorris Walsh, 1928

At the store I began to save a portion of my salary, so that we would have something with which to start married life. I also bought a diamond on the advice of the buyer of the jewelry department. It cost one hundred dollars and was .59 of a carrat in size. Dorris hoped to get back her job in the Indianapolis Public Library. Our correspondence during her last year at Smith was mostly concerned with our plans for the future. I had a secure job, and we had a windfall when Dorris's mother decided that she would accompany Mr. Walsh, who was a traveling photographer, and that she would leave their furniture for us to start out with. (I should explain that Mrs. Walsh had lived a part of the time with Dorris at Northampton, and at other times traveled with her husband.)

It was a pretty tight squeeze for Dorris to graduate at Smith and get to Indianapolis about two weeks before the wedding on Saturday afternoon, June 29. But she had already done preliminary things, and she had arranged with her attendants about the dresses they were to wear. But she still had other decisions to make, so that she had a busy time because of the showers her friends gave her, the wedding rehearsal, the wedding party dinner, and last minute purchases that had to be made. But Dorris did it; we were married in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, then at New York and Illinois streets, where she was a member. The Rev. Lewis Brown, rector, who was our good friend, was the officiant and Aunt Edna Short, my mother's sister-in-law, sang.

As was proper at the time for an afternoon church wedding, Dorris's attendants wore dresses and hats in pastel colors and Dorris wore a white dress and veil. My best man was my friend, Glenn Negley, and my ushers were my old friends, Merle Miller and Frank Teague. We all wore black cutaway coats and striped gray trousers, but we balked at wearing the black silk toppers which would have been proper! The whole affair went off just as Dorris planned, and her picture in her wedding dress appeared in the Indianapolis *Star* society section.

After the wedding reception, which was held at the Zeta Tau Alpha sorority house near the Butler Fairview campus, Dorris

and I departed in a taxi. We were sure that if we used Dorris's car my "friends" would have attached a sign reading "Just Married" and a string of old shoes. We thwarted them by parking Dorris's new car a few blocks away. It was a 1927 Model T Ford given to her by her father as a graduation present.

Every wedding has its uniquely memorable aspects. Ours was this: after the wedding reception, Dorris changed into her traveling costume, locked her luggage, and placed the keys on a stand alongside her handbag. In the rush of leaving, she picked up the locked bag and left the keys behind. We planned to spend the night in the little town of Greenfield which had romantic memories for us. We were going to our honeymoon spot the next day. But with Dorris's luggage securely locked and the keys left behind, there was nothing for it but to drive back to Indianapolis and sneak into the house. Fortunately no one saw us because the Walsh relatives had all gone to a post-wedding dinner. Dorris and I spent our wedding night at the less-than-romantic Lincoln Hotel in downtown Indianapolis!

The next day we were on our way to Lake Wawasee, where, at the suggestion of Uncle Gene, I had arranged for a week's stay at a lakeside hotel. We did have a good time—swimming and boating by day and dancing by night at a hall on a pier extending out into the lake. But there were also long, lazy afternoons of sitting on the hotel lawn. As we exchanged our memories of the past year, our thoughts turned more and more to the future, so that at the end of five days we returned to Indianapolis to look for a house in which to start our new life.

We found a place at 1235 N. Grant Street on the east side of the city. It was a small, plain, five-room bungalow. We spent the second week of my vacation from Ayres in moving in the furniture Mrs. Walsh was letting us use, arranging for draperies, and putting away our wedding gifts.

But we were never satisfied with the house on Grant Street. We had always lived on the north side, and we found ourselves

at a distance from the part of the city with which we were familiar and far from our friends. Also, the house was undistinguished architecturally; it had only a tiny yard; and, worst of all, it was impossible to heat comfortably in the wintertime. For all these reasons, when the spring of 1930 arrived, we began to look about for a house we could buy. We had decided that, with the fall in property values that took place after the stock market crash in the fall of 1929 ushering in the Great Depression, we would find something that we could afford. It was not easy, however, and we looked about for several weekends before we found a house that satisfied us. It was a small white bungalow with an interesting roof line that set it apart from the usual five-room bungalow. It had a conventional interior of five rooms—living room, dining room, and kitchen on one side and two bedrooms, with connecting bath on the other. It had a good fireplace, and we thought we could decorate it so that it would be attractive. Its main rooms had a southern exposure; there were no houses next to us; and we had plenty of light and air. It had a backyard large enough for fruit trees, flowers, and a vegetable garden. The address was 6241 Buckingham Avenue, which was a dead end street just east of Broad Ripple Park; in the distance we could hear the lion roar and the merry-go-round playing. Transportation to downtown was by way of the Broad Ripple Park streetcars, and later by bus. It was a forty-five minute ride by public facilities and twenty-five by automobile.

We were well satisfied with the house and the neighborhood. We asked a contractor friend to look it over and he assured us it was only five years old and structurally sound, but he recommended that we offer \$500.00 less than the asking price of \$4700.00. It was for sale by the Washington Bank and Trust Company, and they quickly accepted our bid. If we had only known that the bank was on verge of receivership and would close its doors a few days after we had signed the contract to buy, we could have gotten it for much less, because the bank was seeking to sell off the property that it owned! We financed our

purchase by a down payment of five hundred dollars, which we raised by borrowing from the Ayres Credit Union, using as collateral ten shares of stock of Standard Oil Company of Indiana which Dorris had purchased out of money saved while working at the library when she was going to Butler. We repaid the loan on a weekly basis out of my salary at Ayres. We had a contract payment of \$37.00 a month. Dorris's stock was a nest egg that was useful several times in our early married life when we needed cash in a hurry.

After the Washington Bank went out of business, its properties were managed by the Fletcher Trust Company, which arranged for the purchase of our contract by the Home Owner's Loan Corporation, a New Deal agency. Its purpose was to relieve financial institutions of the burden of carrying mortgages that were not being repaid. We had never been in arrears with ours, but the monthly payment was a burden. Under the HOLC it was reduced to \$26.50. We were but one of millions of homeowners who were helped. Eventually we sold the house and had enough equity to make the down payment on our present house.

Our married life started just four months before the stock market crash of 1929. Men were losing jobs and not finding new ones. But, as I have noted, I was stuck at Ayres and glad to be there. Dorris soon applied for a job at the public library. She had made no arrangements whereby her old job would be held for her, but, nevertheless, she was shocked when the head librarian, an unmarried man, said that it was his policy not to employ married women. Dorris insisted that there were married women on the staff, and he replied that they were already employed when they were married. Dorris thought it was very unfair of him not to recognize her five years of service to the library and the fact that she now had an advanced degree.

After a bit she did find a temporary place in the library of the Indiana Dental School, but it only lasted a few months. We therefore did not have as much money as we had expected, but with prices of food and other commodities taking a drop, we managed to get along without any real problems. We were more fortunate than many other young people, who had to lower their standard of living considerably as one or the other, or both, lost jobs. Of course, the depth of the depression did not come until 1933 and 1934. Dorris had another temporary job in which she set up a library for Tudor Hall, a private school for girls. In 1934, she secured a WPA supervisory job directing a project at the public library which made a composite index of the standard histories of Indianapolis. Dorris got the job because a sorority sister was a WPA administrator. It rather surprised us, because neither of us was especially politically inclined. The incident tends to show that not all New Deal jobs were distributed on a politically partisan basis. Dorris's experience brought the depression and the New Deal close to us, because she came to know the women who worked on the project and shared their economic and emotional problems, the latter often caused by economic situations.

The effect of the depression was further brought home to us, literally, because in 1934 Dorris's parents came to live with us. My father-in-law, as I have said, was a traveling photographer, an occupation which he had followed for many years, and Mrs. Walsh assisted him by doing the photofinishing. His specialty was photographing children and family groups in his customers' homes. The depression dried up his business. He had done equally well in small towns and in large cities, but in both, with family income down, or even disappearing, money was scarce and customers were hard to find. The Walshes were in Detroit when that city was hit by the layoffs and even closings that took place in the automobile industry. They found their resources dwindling, and we invited them to share our home. Dad Walsh made a new start in Indianapolis, because he discovered one of the few spots where customers were unaffected by the depression. It was at Fort Benjamin Harrison where he found a market for his photographs among the several thousand soldiers, many of them with wives and children, who were stationed there. Many other families were like ours, doubling up and sharing homes so that the rigors of the hard times could be mitigated. It certainly came out right for both Dorris's parents and for us. They continued to live with us and helped Dorris when I left for graduate school in 1936.

Our life, with no unsurmountable financial worries, moved along smoothly. Since mine was an 8:30 to 5:30, six-day-a-week job and Dorris was only erratically employed, we lived a typical suburban life. We landscaped our backyard, spending much time working among the flowers. I made a rose bed on the pattern that my father taught me when I was a child living on Thirtyninth Street. We also had a productive vegetable plot at the rear of the yard. Many evenings we spent with our friends, Edna Schultz De Voe and her husband Leslie, playing bridge and exchanging house-owning experiences. Occasionally we attended large bridge parties, went to a dance, or took in a movie when we thought we could afford it. I joined Harry Ice and Merle Miller in Boy Scout activities, serving as assistant scoutmaster of Troop 82, and Dorris attended scouting events with me. We spent many Sunday afternoons visiting with my mother and my brother and his family. We went to the neighborhood branch of the public library, where we kept up with the new books or reread the old ones. I began to read works of history and biography. In the summer after work, we spent the daylight hours at various swimming pools. For a year or so we belonged to the Riviera Club, a private recreational club on the Northside. Some summers we had season tickets to the great pool at Broad Ripple Park. It was only a short walk from our house through the fence and down a wooded path.

We enjoyed my annual two-week vacation from Ayres. In 1934 we went to the Chicago World's Fair by bus, staying at a dormitory on the University of Chicago campus. Prices reached bottom in 1934, and the cost was only \$30.00 apiece for transportation from Indianapolis, including daily transportation to and from the fair. We were also given our breakfast.

Another vacation was spent in Chicago with Glenn Negley in his apartment while he was a graduate student at the university. We attended lectures, plays, and concerts on the campus. We also saw the sights of the city, taking the Illinois Central commuter train from the station near Glenn's apartment.

Other years we spent in Michigan, camping at the state parks. By this time we had a roomy 1928 Essex sedan which held all our camping gear tied to the left running board or placed in the back seat. Like most automobiles of the period, there was no trunk and the spare tire was carried on the back of the car. We went the length of Road 31 from Indianapolis to Mackinaw City, with a side trip up and around the thumb of the Traverse Bay Peninsula. We stopped at camps—one in an old apple orchard where the fruit dropped on our tent, making us jump awake, another under pine trees, and still others were directly on the white sand beaches. The Michigan parks, then among the best in the country, were well policed and clean. Each campsite had a small, efficient iron stove that burned wood supplied by the park staff. Practically every camping party used tents, which varied much in size and kind, but were mostly umbrella or wall styles. But we used an army pup tent, borrowed from Troop 82. It was simple to set up and we slept on a mattress pad—sleeping bags were not yet readily available. The tent was nicely air-conditioned: on a warm night we opened both ends, but if it was cold or raining we buttoned it up fore and aft.

A second vacation in Michigan was spent at Glen Haven State Park, which we had visited in an earlier year. It was in a quite remote part of Michigan on Sleeping Bear Point on the Traverse Bay Peninsula. There was not much to do except to wander through the forest trails, walk for miles on the white beaches, and swim for very short periods in the icy waters of Lake Michigan. It was a fine place to do bird-watching and wild flower hunting. It was also a good place to catch up on one's reading. I enjoyed all of Mark Twain's *Roughing It*, reading much of it to Dorris. (It was recommended to me by Professor

Logan Esarey, with whom I had just had a course in the history of the Far West.) Another camping experience of this period was at Indiana Dunes State Park, where we enjoyed long days on the broad beaches and in the exploration of the sand dune terrain. It was also an excellent spot for nature study because there were so many different kinds of habitat. At no place we had ever visited was Lake Michigan more beautiful—clear blue water, gently rolling surf, and clean white sand, not yet spoiled by day trippers from Chicago nor by the industrial pollution from the nearby steel plant at Burns Harbor. On unclouded days we could see all the way to the Chicago skyline.

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The year 1932 was a watershed in the lives of the Hendricksons. It was the year in which I decided that I was not getting satisfaction out of my employment at Ayres. It seemed that any possibility of a career was at an end. I was in the dead-end job of section manager. Also, I had had a couple of disagreements with the merchandise manager and I could expect no help from him. What's more, I had come to the conclusion that I did not want to continue in business at all. I could not get enthusiastic about the difference between profit and loss, which, as I have said, was the object of any business. All the talk about service to customers, all the institutional advertising about the civic-mindedness of business, was not of lasting importance to society. I had no grievance against Ayres; I did have a job and I was doing well enough to keep it. But I had had a glimpse of another kind of life from Dorris, who had experienced two years of academic life. I was also influenced by my friend Glenn Negley, who had himself had some experience in business, but had gone to graduate school and liked it. Also, in the back of my mind, was the conversation I had had with Mr. Keahey, my history instructor at Butler. I was also influenced by my instinctive gravitation toward the biography and history bookshelves whenever I went to the public library.

With all of these things vaguely in mind, without committing myself, and with the unreserved encouragement of Dorris, I enrolled in courses in history for graduate credit at the Indiana University Extension Center in Indianapolis in September, 1932. I found out that the classes were taught by full professors who offered the same courses on the campus at Bloomington. Times were hard, and they were glad to make extra money by making a weekly trip to Indianapolis.

I started in an experimental way by taking a course in American Political Parties and Elections. By the end of the semester I was satisfied that I wanted to go on. I inquired what I must do to get my master's degree—thirty hours of work including the completion of a thesis. I found that by taking two courses each semester I could more than satisfy the requirements in three years.

My first encounter with the serious study of history was when I took work with Professor William O. Lynch. His specialty was American history, particularly the history of the South and the history of political parties. I had already decided that my deepest interest was in American history. Lynch was doubtful whether my background fitted me for graduate school, especially when he found out that I had never had the second half of the general course in American history. But I convinced him of my serious purpose, and he gave me a chance to succeed. Certainly no one would choose an academic life at the age of twenty-nine years at a time when the prospect of getting a teaching job was slim. This did not disturb me, since I did have the security of my job at Ayres. Lynch agreed that I should take the regular undergraduate course in American history since the Civil War, and in addition write a term paper of sufficient importance to deserve graduate credit.

We agreed upon a study of the Hayes-Tilden election of 1876—a well-worn subject, but there was sufficient primary material for me to make a critical study of the book by Professor Haworth of Butler. After reviewing the sources that Haworth

used I concluded that he was right when he said that Tilden stole the election only to have it stolen from him by the electoral commission appointed by Congress. Lynch was reassured by my work and agreed that I could go on with graduate study. He quietly helped me at various times, not the least of which, some time later, was to get me on the program of the Indiana Historical Society's annual meeting in 1939. The paper I presented, an account of the David Dale Owen geological survey of the state, was published in the March, 1940, issue of the *Indiana Magazine of History*, of which he was the editor.

I labored on the Hayes-Tilden paper night after night while I was taking the course in American history, and when I could get away from it, I studied the textbook, did supplementary reading, and prepared for examinations. Our social life was severely curtailed. We bought a second-hand double shift portable Underwood typewriter which I used for twenty years. Dorris, with her knowledge of composition and grammar, was my constant reader and editor.

Because I had to get to my class by six o'clock, I asked Mr. Allen, with whom I had established close relations, if it could be arranged for me to get away from the store a few minutes early on the evening I went to school. He readily agreed to it. His co-operation continued all through the three years I was studying, and when I finally left the store, he wished me luck. Allen had a keen and reflective mind and I thought he should himself have been an academic. I think he thought so, too, and I felt that he envied my opportunity.

On the evening that I had classes, I dashed for the door as soon as the store closed and jumped into our car, which Dorris drove up to the curb. On many nights she brought along a hot supper, a casserole right from the oven and wrapped in many layers of newspaper. We parked at the War Memorial Plaza on Michigan Street and ate our meal while we watched the colored lights in the water fountain in the center of the plaza. It was a convenient place for us to stop because it was near the Extension

Center, which was on Michigan just east of Pennsylvania Street. Dorris parked the car and stayed in the student lounge while I was in class. I did my best to persuade her to go to class with me, but she said that she had never studied history and did not intend to start this late in life!

When I finished my first year, I met Dr. Albert L. Kohlmeier, the head of the history department. We had a long talk about a career in college or university teaching. He said I would have a hard row to hoe but that I could do it; many other students came back to the university after several years on the outside. I felt greatly reassured by his kind words. I did my master's thesis, a study of the government of the colony of Maryland in the seventeenth century, under his direction. Kohlmeier's special interest was in American colonial history. He had earned his Ph.D. at Harvard in the seminars of the famous Edward Channing, who had himself studied under Henry Adams, generally credited with the founding of the modern graduate seminar in America. Kohlmeier would later arrange for an assistantship on the Bloomington campus for me.

I had no courses with Kohlmeier at Indianapolis, but I did have another year with Lynch in the history of political parties and in the history of the South. My other work was a year with Professor Logan Esarey, not in Indiana history, his specialty, but in the history of the Far West, a subject on which he was equally well informed. I wrote long term papers for him and for Professor Lynch, much of the research and writing being done while I was also working on my master's thesis. Fortunately I found that I picked up the techniques of historical research readily, but when it came to writing, words tumbled from my typewriter so freely, and manuscripts were so scrambled, that much revision was necessary before a paper was completed. One of the papers for Esarey was in the history of the French in the Trans-Mississippi West, requiring me to use French sources—I, who had flunked courses in French in high school and college! But with Dorris's expertise in languages and

with the aid of a dictionary, I read explorers' accounts, even translating some paragraphs. Thus I learned early in my research career that one must go where the subject leads, no matter what the nature of the sources.



Walter B. Hendrickson, 1940

CHAPTER TEN

AN ACADEMIC LIFE

\ \ \ \ HEN IT APPEARED THAT I WOULD GET MY MASTER'S DEGREE in June, 1936, Dorris and I began to consider opportunities for financial aid so that I could continue for my Ph.D. Dorris and I agreed that we would cut loose from the security of my job at Ayres to become adventurers in the academic world. Rowland Allen was told of my plans, and, as he had done in the past, gave me support. He assured me that the job at Ayres was mine as long as I needed it. He also arranged for me to meet the dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, who was visiting in Indianapolis. The dean said that I should send in my transcripts; he could see no reason why I should not be admitted. I made a formal application for a fellowship or other aid, but I was turned down because my undergraduate record was not good. I also applied to Duke University, receiving a \$300.00 grant and remission of tuition. I was also offered an assistantship paying \$600.000 from Dr. Kohlmeier at Indiana University.

Dorris and I, taking our lives in our hands, decided that we could make it at Duke. We were confident from past experience that we could get jobs to support ourselves. But we didn't get far with our plans, because Dorris made the astounding announcement that, after seven years of marriage, she was pregnant and the child would be delivered in August of 1936. Of course, this ended our plans to leave our house in the care of Dorris's parents and take off for Durham. In fact, it seemed that all of our plans had come to a stop, but after a few weeks, we

worked out a way. I would accept the assistantship at Indiana on the Bloomington campus. It was only a couple of hours from Indianapolis, and, if an emergency arose, I could come home in a hurry. Otherwise I would only return on weekends. Dorris would take off a couple of months from her WPA job. When she returned to work, her mother would care for the infant. The plan went through without a hitch. Walter Brookfield Hendrickson, Jr., was born on August 24, 1936. I went to Bloomington when the university started, rented a small room, and made an arrangement with a student who went to Indianapolis on Friday after classes and returned to Bloomington on Sunday evening. I worked at Ayres on Saturdays, earning enough to pay my room rent and my transportation. My income was doubled after a couple of weeks when I was promoted from paper grader to tutor (assistant instructor) of a section of the freshman American history course. Dorris's father, now doing a good business in Indianapolis, took care of the grocery bills, and Dorris paid the other household expenses. I not only took care of my expenses in Bloomington, but was able to help out at home.

All of this was accomplished with the assistance of many people—Dad and Mother Walsh, Dorris, Rowland Allen and L. S. Ayres and Company, Professor Lynch, and Professor Kohlmeier.

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Walter, Jr., was a happy, well, easy-going baby, looked after by a fond grandfather and a kindly, duty-bound grandmother. Dorris had no difficulties and was soon back at her job. Working only eighteen days a month she had considerable time with the baby, whom we called Walter B. so that he would not be tagged "Junior."

I entered the world of the graduate student, finding myself one of a group of eight or ten candidates for the Ph.D., almost all of whom were four or five years younger than I. Most of us had assistantships or tutorships, and we soon were a cohesive group for mutual aid in solving our problems of research or teaching. We were in close touch with our professors, mingling with them in the departmental office and the library. Our common gathering place was in the Indiana history seminar room, established by Esarey when he was working on his history of Indiana newspapers and later on his history of the state. Lynch, as editor of the *Indiana Magazine of History*, had his desk there and Professor R. C. Buley worked on his monumental history of the Old Northwest, published some years later by the Indiana Historical Society.

Although Esarey was not around very much because he was in poor health, Lynch and Buley were models of modern historical scholars. Lynch frequently gave us aid when knotty problems of research came up, and Buley initiated us into the techniques of digging into newspapers to find the raw material of social history and grassroots politics. Another man whom we frequently found at the library was Professor William T. Morgan, an authority on the history of Queen Anne's reign. Although most of us were specializing in American history, Morgan was always interested in what we were doing and took time to talk to us. The Indiana history seminar room was not a good place for study because there was always much absorbing conversation going on, so I sought a quiet carrel in the stacks for my serious reading.

That year at Indiana I took a full course load, confining my writing to routine class papers. I had had already so much American history that I took only Kohlmeier's colonial history. Other than that I took Morgan's English history and a year of Roman and Greek history under Prescott W. Townsend. I had had some undergraduate work in these areas and had developed a deep interest in the subject; in fact, I also took a course in archaeology in the classics department where I made a special study of Roman coins. Townsend was an affable teacher, wearing large spectacles through which he watched his students closely as he lectured.

Since I had to have courses outside of history, I chose political science. Here I studied political thought and theory with Francis Wormuth, a recent Cornell Ph.D.⁵¹ He was very keen on his subject, and I had a rewarding experience with him. Under him I earned the only A plus I ever received in any course. I also had work in constitutional law which I enjoyed very much. I would teach these courses at MacMurray College where I became professor of history and government.

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As I said, I had been on the campus but a couple of weeks when Dr. Kohlmeier called me into his office and told me I was to take over a section of the course in general American history that another graduate student had to give up. I protested that I had never taught anything, but he assured me that he had confidence in me. He told me I could sit in on his eight o'clock class, take notes, and thus be prepared to meet my own class later in the day. I spent all my weekend in preparation, reading furiously from the textbook, Bassett's *History of the United States*. At eight o'clock on Monday morning I showed up at Dr. Kohlmeier's room, finding a seat in the back row alongside two other neophyte teachers. Dr. Kohlmeier was an excellent lecturer, organizing his material 1, 2, 3 and a, b, c, placing this careful outline on the blackboard.

Thus armed, I faced my own class. I admit to having had cold feet as I met the skeptical eyes of forty freshmen. I took the roll, gave the next day's assignment, wrote the outline of the lecture on the board, and started in. I suppose I should not have been quite so perturbed because I had long talked to groups of Boy Scouts and spoken as the leader of L. S. Ayres sales groups. After a few minutes, interest rather than indifference was notice-

⁵¹ Francis D. Wormuth received his Ph.D. from Cornell University in 1935. He taught at Indiana University from 1936 to 1948, when he was appointed professor of government at the University of Utah.

able in the demeanor of the students as they scribbled furiously in their notebooks. My feet had warmed up by the time the class was over. Two or three students stopped at the desk to ask questions. It may have been apple-polishing on their part, but it was confidence-building for me. I knew now that after much fumbling, I had found my true vocation.

. . .

I fell into a daily campus round. During the first semester I lived on Tenth Street. An early riser all my life, I got up at six o'clock, had breakfast at a little student restaurant down the street, came back to my room for an hour or so of study and then went to the history classroom building. In my few vacant hours during the day I went to the library. Lunch was at one of the several student eating places on the edge of the campus. My evening meal was in the large cafeteria in the Union Building. Then some more time in the library and back to my room for a nine o'clock bedtime, usually reading myself to sleep from a book propped on my chest.

Occasionally I broke the routine by an evening at the recital hall in the music building or by attending a free lecture. I went to the monthly meetings of the History Club, where undergraduate history majors and graduate students met in the homes of the professors. Since faculty members were familiar with my experience in writing papers, I was invited to present the evening program on a couple of occasions.

In the 1936-1937 academic year there were only about three thousand students on the Bloomington campus, which extended over a very small area compared with the great post-World War II expansion. Most of the buildings faced on a beautiful wooded area, which was especially lovely in the spring when it reminded me of an Indiana farm woodlot. Students followed the crisscross paths from building to building. All about were native wild flowers, and I renewed my bird-watching, especially observing the many warblers that paused in the tall trees during their

migration. I am pleased when I hear that the old campus remains much as it was when I was there.

. . .

As the school year drew to a close, I planned to come back for my third year of graduate study to complete my class work for an Indiana Ph.D. But one day Dr. Kohlmeier called me into his little office. He went through his usual ritual for holding an interview. He leaned back in his broken-spring, cane-back chair, carefully cut off a piece of cigar with his pocket knife, stuffed it into his pipe, carefully and evenly lighted it, waved his hand in the air, shut his eyes, and made a quite unexpected proposition to me. He said that I had done very well at Indiana and that I could look forward to a career in teaching. However, since I was considerably older than the usual fledgling Ph.D., I would have a better chance if I had an edge over the competition. The edge would be a Harvard degree. I responded, "Impossible!" "No," said the professor. He could arrange for me to borrow the money, to be repaid when I got a job.

Dr. Kohlmeier's degree was from Harvard; he had maintained his contacts and would recommend me to Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, the foremost historian of the American colonial period. The money? Prescott W. Townsend, professor of ancient history, whose class I had been in, would lend it to me. Professor Townsend had inherited wealth, and he was very generous in funding the careers of promising students, undergraduates as well as graduates. He did not charge interest so long as regular repayments were made when the borrower got a job. Otherwise he would charge 3 percent interest. I found that a year's tuition and board and room would cost \$850.00. I would also have my summer's earnings from L. S. Ayres for other expenses. If I needed more, there was Dorris's Standard Oil stock, our loan at Ayres having been long since paid off.

So my feet were firmly planted on the road to a Harvard Ph.D. Some years later I discovered that Dr. Kohlmeier had

sent another Indiana graduate student to Harvard a year earlier. He was Lynn Turner, whom I had known in scouting. He, too, was an older man and married. After Harvard, Lynn like me, found a job in Illinois, he at Monmouth College, I at Mac-Murray. After the Second World War, when students were crowding into colleges and universities, Dr. Kohlmeier wished to add to his staff. Both Lynn and I were interviewed, and Lynn got the job. So I think it was in Dr. Kohlmeier's mind that he should send future candidates away to be tested and seasoned. I think perhaps Lynn got the job rather than I because I had succumbed to Harvard modernism and had gone into social history, while Lynn pursued a more orthodox course. I did not mind not getting the job at Indiana because I was well established and happy in my teaching at MacMurray College.

. . .

On August 24, 1937, I celebrated my thirty-fourth birthday with Walter B., who was one year old. My birth date was really September 24, but by that time I would be in Cambridge. I went without worries. I knew that Dorris and Walter B. would be well taken care of, and I knew that I would be assured of a good future in teaching, even if it entailed a year's absence at Harvard. I left Indianapolis on the New York Central Railroad, going east by way of Cleveland, Buffalo, and Albany to Boston, I traveled coach class, sleeping in my seat for the one night on the road. I arrived in the late afternoon at South Station, was directed to the subway, and at Cambridge went by taxi to Perkins Hall on Oxford Street, a building which housed many students of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences and of the School of Law. A three-story structure, built early in the twentieth century, Perkins was a comfortable place in which to live. I had a roommate with whom I got along very well. He was Willard A. Smith, known for some reason as Jim Smith. Also a candidate for the Ph.D., his field was modern European history.

Jim and I did many things together, but we also had our

separate circles of friends. I spent the weekends of September and October exploring the historic sites of the Boston-Cambridge area alone, but with Jim I attended musical and theatrical attractions. In those depression days tickets were very modestly priced. So was food, and we ate our weight in sea food, from the lordly lobster to the lowly clam. With my special interest in colonial history, it meant much to me to be so close to where things had happened and to become familiar with the foods and customs of an area in which the traditions of early America were still so well observed.

The first person upon whom I called was Professor Morison, who received me in his study in Widener Library. But I was disappointed in the outcome of the visit. Morison, dressed in riding breeches, was in town only to pick up some things before he started on a year's leave of absence. He sent me to Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, who was the year's departmental chairman. Morison had sent Kohlmeier's letter about me on to him. Schlesinger received me cordially, and we worked out a program consisting of a seminar in colonial history with Morison's replacement, Curtis P. Nettels, professor of history at Cornell University and the author of the most recent text in colonial history. I took a reading course in English seventeenth- and eighteenth-century history under David Owen, another in United States constitutional history with Benjamin Wright, and a semester of political thought in the seventeenth century with Charles H. McIlwain, I also audited several courses for longer or shorter periods, the most important being Roman history under William S. Ferguson, American social history with Schlesinger, and Roscoe Pound's history of the common law. I made a particular effort to take courses under men who were distinguished in their fields. I should say that auditing classes was not frowned upon, and anyone could attend any class he wished.

My year at Harvard was an enlarging experience for me. I had never before been out of the Middle West, and the atmosphere of Harvard Yard was stimulating. I had never met a

black person on a social and intellectual level. This I did one evening, when a black student from New York was one of a group that had dinner in one of Cambridge's best restaurants. Also among the graduate students were persons from all parts of the country and of different backgrounds. I also became aware of Italian, Polish, and Irish enclaves in Boston, Nevertheless I felt that Harvard was dominated by native New England and Massachusetts men and ideas. It was scornfully said by westerners that such historians as Edward Channing and Samuel Eliot Morison, both of whom wrote American history textbooks, did not tell about anything that happened west of the Hudson River. Back in Indiana I had been accustomed to a friendly bending of rules at Butler and Indiana. It was frustrating to me that at Harvard there was rigid observance of rules and tradition. I wanted to take my preliminary Ph.D. examination during the second semester. My friends said I was crazy; no one took this exam before his second year in Cambridge. But I was not going to have a second year, and I was already a third-year graduate student. What was more, I wanted to leave Harvard with everything done except my dissertation. I wanted nothing to interfere with doing a good job teaching at the Indianapolis Extension Center, a position which Dr. Kohlmeier had offered to me.

In spite of all the warnings, I did take the preliminary exam—and failed. I was devastated and had a bad few days, even though I received I-told-you-so words of sympathy. At the session with the examiners, I learned that I had passed all the units except the one in English history. My inquisitor was Roger Bigelow Merriman, a New Englander of ancient family and "to the manner born." He said that I had done as well as could be expected, and that I should try again. I think the committee members were somewhat irritated at his action, but the esprit de corps held. Professor Merriman, however, very kindly, but somewhat condescendingly, invited me to his study and gave me some tips on preparing for taking the exam again.

The next October, Dorris and I went back to Harvard where

I passed the exam handily. My committee chairman was Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., a middle westerner himself. I had audited his class in American social history. It was socialled, but included intellectual, cultural, religious, and educational aspects. It was sometimes said that the course included all of American history except economic and political topics. This was not quite true, because all aspects are interrelated. Professor Schlesinger was considered by many to be the founder of the modern school of social history. I took to it at once because it was so diverse, and it has been my major field of interest ever since.

I talked to Professor Schlesinger about doing a dissertation with him. I wanted to select a topic that I could work on while I was teaching in Indiana. By a fortunate coincidence, Richard W. Leopold had just completed a dissertation which was a full-length biography of Robert Dale Owen, the eldest son of Robert Owen, the founder of the secular community at New Harmony, Indiana. Schlesinger suggested that I write about another of the sons of Robert Owen, and that Leopold direct it under his, Schlesinger's, supervision. This appealed to me. I talked to Leopold, and after I returned to Bloomington I did some reading and determined to do a biography of David Dale Owen, one of the two brothers who were geologists. The other was Richard Owen, but while his work was confined to Indiana and Kentucky, David Dale Owen's had national significance.

As I read about Owen and his geological surveys, I found that my own science and nature study background gave me an understanding of the significance of Owen's contributions. It was Leopold who, although not well informed about science, read my manuscript, chapter by chapter. He also advised me about the sources for Owen biography and coached me on the technique of biographical writing. Richard Leopold eventually left the field of social history for American diplomatic history, becoming a professor at Northwestern University, where he made notable contributions to his field.

My Harvard year ended in June, 1938, and I went back to Indianapolis to resume my role as husband and father. I worked at Ayres for the summer, and planned to continue there parttime while I taught two courses at the Indianapolis Extension Center. But as September approached Dr. Kohlmeier called me and said that I should come to Bloomington to teach, in addition to the courses in Indianapolis, two sections of American history. This posed a question of where to make our living headquarters. We decided that we should all move to Bloomington and commute to Indianapolis to teach my classes there. This worked out satisfactorily. I met my classes and stayed the night with my mother, did some work in the Indiana State Library in the New Harmony material there, and came back to Bloomington. My traveling expenses were paid, so the arrangement did not take any money out of my pocket. We rented our house in Indianapolis and found a satisfactory place in Bloomington, at 1234 South Rogers, not the most elegant part of town, but we found our working-class neighbors to be friendly. It was our first experience at small-town living. We found that we liked it immensely. There were little children with whom two-year-old Walter B. could play, and in the next house was a kindly grandfather who was an expert child entertainer. Dorris got a WPA job in the Indiana University Library. Her father and mother moved with us; he found customers to buy his photographs, and she continued to help with the photofinishing while she took care of Walter B. in Dorris's absence.

During this year I did not get much done on the dissertation. After all, I was now on my own; no more auditing Dr. Kohlmeier's class to prepare for my own. Too, I was teaching general European history for the first time, which required a lot of reading.

As soon as classes ended in June, 1939, I put in full time on my research, making the first of many visits to New Harmony. My guide to the "Town of the Fearless," as Mrs. Caroline Dale Snedeker called it, was Ross F. Lockridge, the famous educator

and lecturer on Indiana history. A bluff, charismatic man, with all sorts of historical lore at his fingertips, he was much involved with the historical restoration that was going on in New Harmony under a state agency, the New Harmony Historical Commission. Not much had been accomplished, but the Harmonist labyrinth had been replanted and the Fauntleroy house had been restored. Some other private work was going on. Lockridge held some of his "historical recitals" there, which attracted sizable audiences. He was one of the moving spirits in the celebration of the 125th anniversary of the founding of New Harmony in 1939. The book *The Old Fauntleroy Home* was largely a product of his research for this occasion. It is one of the early modern contributions to New Harmony history, and I reviewed it for the *Indiana Magazine of History*, the first of many books that I have reviewed for historical journals.

In spite of the stimulus of the 1939 pageant and celebration, tourism was in its infancy when I first visited New Harmony. Sponsored as I was by Mr. Lockridge, I was warmly received, and I talked to many of the older residents and became steeped in local lore. What people told me was not always historically accurate, but I did learn much about the spirit of the place. On another level, I studied in the New Harmony Library, whose librarian was Miss Louise M. Husband. Working with inadequate resources, she had done a heroic job of preserving precious manuscripts and books.

Among the people I interviewed was the daughter of Richard Owen. She still lived in the house that David Dale Owen had built as a residence and geological laboratory. The geological collection, containing specimens from all of Owen's surveys, had been sold to Indiana University. It had been almost completely destroyed by fire, and only a few items remained, which, as the result of my interest, were on display in Owen Hall, the building which housed the university department of geology.

My stack of notes grew rapidly as I spread my research further. After exhausting Indiana sources at New Harmony and elsewhere, Dorris and I went to Cincinnati to look up Owen connections with the early scientific society of that place, and then on to Lexington, Kentucky, to look up Owen's contacts when he surveyed that state. In the summer of 1939, Dorris and I packed our little 1935 Chevrolet and took off on a long trip to track down other Owen material. Our first stop was at Albany, New York, to go through the massive correspondence of James Hall, the former New York state geologist and paleontologist, an Owen contemporary who seemingly knew every other geologist in the country and corresponded with them all. From Albany we went through the Berkshires to Cambridge, where I found a few items in Widener Library and consulted with Professor Schlesinger. From there we went to Nantucket Island, which was the summer home of Mrs. Caroline Dale Snedeker, Owen's granddaughter. She was not at home, but her sister let us spend a day in their home while we copied a group of family letters, mostly between Owen and his wife, Caro (Caroline).

Next we stopped briefly in New York City and Philadelphia, where we found bits of information, and finally reached Washington, D.C. Here we explored the basement of the Interior Department, in which we found Owen's correspondence concerning his surveys of the Northwest. I was the first person to use this material, which was part of a vast collection of letters and papers concerning many United States geographical and geological surveys. It has since been transferred to the National Archives, where it is accessible to scholars.

Although ours was a hurried trip, in order to save on expenses, we did some sightseeing. We made side excursions to see Niagara Falls, stopped at the Shaker villages in western Massachusetts, and spent a day seeing some of the sites of Cambridge. The voyage by ferry from Wood's Hole to Nantucket was Dorris's first contact with the Atlantic Ocean. It was a rough passage, but we both escaped seasickness. We had a couple of days on Nantucket dunes and beaches, each followed by supper consisting mostly of quahog chowder. In Washington we stayed with

Dorris's aunt and uncle, who showed us the sights, including Mount Vernon. Altogether the trip was an excellent supplement to my knowledge of historical places, useful in my teaching.

We returned to Bloomington for the school year 1939-1940, and I continued to teach at both Indianapolis and Bloomington. More at home at teaching, I spent as much time as possible on the dissertation. I haunted the Owen building where there were adequate files of necessary geological reports. I also talked with the members of the department about what I was doing and received much good advice about using my material. But I also spent hours writing in the Indiana history seminar room. I did so well that only a few odds and ends were left for me to catch up before the summer was over. In the summer of 1940 we exchanged houses with my fellow graduate student, Donald Carmony, and his family. He was teaching at Fort Wayne Extension Center, but wanted to spend the summer in Bloomington. I taught his classes in Fort Wayne.

We had already decided that the time had come for me to leave the sheltering care of Indiana University and to strike out on my own. I resigned my position in Indianapolis and looked about for a job, calling on several colleges in Indiana and Illinois. Following every lead that came to my attention, I also sought to generate others by writing seventy-five individual letters to likely colleges in the states surrounding Indiana. It was a bad time to hunt for a college job. The effects of the depression still lingered. The war in Europe created great uncertainty in the United States. There were strong forces pulling the country into the support of Great Britain and France. Preparedness and rearmament efforts were unsettling the economic system. The possibility of raising armies created so much uncertainty that colleges and universities did not know what plans to make for the future, and they marked time on the employment of new faculty members. I received a few nibbles from my letters but no job offers.

When we returned from Fort Wayne to Bloomington in Au-

gust, I was much disturbed. For the second time in my life I was threatened with the possibility that I would not have a job. But this time I had a wife and child to support. Also we had put in four years of subsistence living, and we hoped to live a more normal life. I talked the matter over with Dr. Kohlmeier, but he said that he had done all he could for me. There would be no job on the Bloomington campus for me. I did not blame him; he had given me generous support, and his obligation was now to other, newer graduate students. In my extremity I cast about for a job of any kind in Bloomington, but there were none to be had. I was reduced to attending a sales course at a local dairy that was embarking upon a door-to-door campaign to promote the sale of its products.

But the wheel of fortune made a great spin and landed on a job, a good one. Dr. Clarence P. McClelland, the president of MacMurray College for Women in Jacksonville, Illinois, was impressed by my letter, and he wrote a kind answer wishing me success. Now, on the first of September, with the opening of college just days away, the teacher of American history had resigned, and President McClelland remembered our correspondence. He phoned me in Bloomington, inviting me to come to see him. Dorris and I left Bloomington immediately, arriving in Jacksonville late in the afternoon. Through some misunderstanding, Dr. McClelland had gone to Chicago. Dorris and I drove most of the night to get to Chicago in mid-morning of the next day to call on him at the Allerton Hotel.

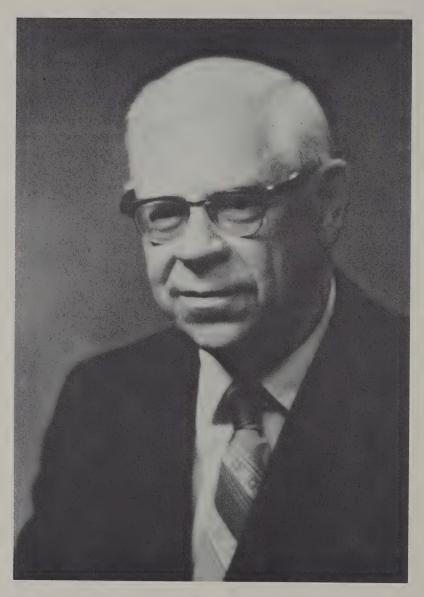
He received us cordially, seemed especially taken by Dorris, was impressed by my one published article, and was pleased that I was so close to getting my Ph.D., because, he said, it would permit me to devote my full energies to teaching. I found out later that he and Dean Roma Hawkins, a Bostonian herself, were influenced by the prospect of having a Harvard Doctor of Philosophy on the faculty. How wise Dr. Kohlmeier had been when he sent me off to Cambridge!

We went back to Bloomington with hopes soaring. The next

day Dr. McClelland called and gave me the job as assistant professor of history, with a salary of \$2400 a year and a place to live at a nominal rent. I had to go at once to participate in Orientation Week, and Dorris and her parents came a week later.

The Indiana years were over. My future and that of my family was in Illinois. But Indiana and her people had nurtured me at every stage of my life. Although it is forty years and more since we crossed the borders into Illinois, I am still a Hoosier!





Walter B. Hendrickson, 1972

AFTERWORD

Walter Brookfield Hendrickson taught United States and European history at MacMurray College from 1940 until his retirement in 1968. He was also cofounder of the department of government at MacMurray and taught courses in that subject.

Hendrickson's research interests continued to be in the history of science. His David Dale Owen: Pioneer Geologist of the Middle West was published by the Indiana Historical Bureau in 1943. He received research grants from the National Science Foundation (1960), the American History Research Center (1958, 1959), the Illinois State Academy of Science (1965), and MacMurray College (1967). In 1962 Western Reserve University Press published his study of Cleveland's early science organizations (The Arkites and Other Pioneer Natural History Organizations of Cleveland). The first of two works on the history of the education of the blind appeared in 1968 (Frank H. Hall and His Braille Writer) followed by From Shelter to Self-Reliance: A History of the Illinois Braille and Sight Saving School, published in 1972. Hendrickson's history of MacMurray College was also published in 1972, and two of his essays on early midwestern science were published in Science in America since 1820, edited by Nathan Reingold, 1976.

Mrs. Hendrickson was for some years a member of the staff of the Jacksonville *Journal-Courier*. The Hendricksons' son, Walter B., Jr., is a professional writer who has authored a dozen or so books on space travel, most of them designed for younger readers, providing for the children of today the kind of scientific information his father sought from "boys" books around the turn of the century. He is also the author of a book in the history of science, *Who Really Invented the Rocket?*, the story of Robert Goddard and his predecessors.



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